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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

AUGUST 1, 1852.

- ART. I.—(1.) *Inauguration of the New College of the Free Church, Edinburgh.* 1850. With Introductory Lectures. Fcp.
(2.) *The Introductory Lectures delivered at the Opening of New College.* Fcp. London. 1851.
(3.) *The Hulsean Lectures for 1845 and 1846.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, M.A. 8vo. Second Edition.
(4.) *Notes on the Parables of our Lord.* 8vo. Third Edition.
(5.) *Notes on the Miracles of our Lord.* 8vo. Second Edition.
(6.) *The Religions of the World in their Relations to Christianity.* By F. D. MAURICE, M.A. 8vo.
(7.) *The Old Testament.* Nineteen Sermons. 12mo.
(8.) *The Prayer-Book.* Nineteen Sermons. 12mo.
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(10.) *The Mission of the Comforter, and other Sermons; with Notes.* 2 vols. 8vo.

DEPARTURE from the simplicity of the Christian profession in the primitive churches took place by slow degrees. Through succeeding generations—through one long century after another, the darkness deepened, and corruption became more corrupt. At length, by the close of the twelfth century, the outward form of things properly Christian had wholly disappeared, and the inward spirit proper to such things had ceased to be, or was to be found only as studious of concealment—as a dweller in secret. The Man of Sin was then fully *revealed*. The seeds had become fruit, after their kind. Principles had attained to development, according to their nature. Hitherto, the struggle had been for progress. Henceforth, its object is to retain what it has realized. The reaction called forth by the full-blown evils of this apostasy is wide, varied, resolute, but, through a long

interval, is unsuccessful. Machiavelli lived, when the Protestant Reformation was about to burst on the states of Europe—but even his far-sighted intellect saw not, suspected not, the change at hand, the judge who was even then at the door.

Now we have many Christian people among us who need to be reminded, that as it is with the *growth* of corruption, so is it with its *extrusion*. It does not come at once, it does not go at once. If long ages be necessary to bring it to maturity, long ages may be necessary to bring it to destruction. When nations become corrupt, that is the work of time; and if they are ever regenerated, that also is the work of time. Hence, it will only be in accordance with the laws of nature and providence generally, if the time occupied in giving maturity to the middle-age corruption of Christianity, should be the time occupied in bringing Christianity back to its primitive purity. In all such cases, there is some relativeness, as regards space and labour, between doing and undoing. Heavy blows may come upon abuses, and each blow, at the time, may seem to be fatal—but religious evils, like social evils, are tenacious of life, and commonly die hard.

Let it not be supposed, then, that the three centuries since the age of Luther can have sufficed to undo all that was done amiss during the fifteen centuries which preceded his appearance. To expect that would be to expect a miracle. Christianity, as we believe, takes with it a supernatural influence; but it is manifest, both from its own records and from history, that it does not take the divine influence along with it in such form or measure as to supersede natural laws. It works by means of these laws. It does not displace them. It does not act independently of them: Art, science, learning, polity—all, in the history of nations, make their way by slow degrees; and the history of the church demonstrates, that so it is in substance with regard to religion—and that, whether the change in relation to it be for the better or the worse.

It is not a matter of conjecture, therefore—it may be taken as a matter of certainty, that the efforts of our Protestant forefathers to cast off the entanglements of a Romanized Christianity have not been more than partially successful, and that the same may be said of our own efforts. In this view, it behoves us to hold to the notion of *progress*. We have much yet to *learn*, which the middle-age church had *lost*. Much to *unlearn*, which that church had *acquired*. Great, accordingly, is the work still to be done, if we would succeed in extruding from the Gospel whatever is not properly of it, and if we would see in the Gospel all that properly belongs to it. The progress needed—the progress really to come, is not a progress to place

us in *advance* of the Gospel, but simply a progress which shall place us *abreast* with it. We owe much to the Reformers, to the entire succession of them, from Wycliffe to Calvin. We owe much, also, to the enlightened and devout ones who have entered into the labours of the Reformers in our own history, whether Episcopalians, Puritans, or Nonconformists. In so far as the great doctrines of revelation are concerned, we have no doubt that these labourers have discovered the truth, and have separated the ore considerably from the many baser substances which had fastened for ages upon it. But we are far from thinking that this work of purification has been conducted with such success as to have left nothing to be done by ourselves, or by those who shall come after us. Jeremy Taylor and Isaac Barrow, Owen and Baxter, Watts and Doddridge, and other men of their class, have done much, not only towards clearing the ground, but towards laying the foundation, and constructing the edifice. It becomes us to avail ourselves gratefully of the assistance of such men. But it does not become us to suppose that they have discovered all truth, or that their truth has come to us without any mixture of error. So to estimate their labours would be to sin against all probability, and to overlook the distinction between the use of authority and the abuse of it.

But if the authority of our English Protestantism is to be admitted only within these limits, the Protestantism of the continent is still less entitled to our deference. French Protestantism was much too limited, fluctuating, and, we may almost say, evanescent, to supply any fixed standard for itself or others. German Protestantism soon degenerated into the bigot's broil. The 'mint and cumin' element, in respect both to doctrines and institutions, too soon became its great element. In place, accordingly, of becoming an attractive centre to men of intelligent and independent thinking, it became, in their view, a wretched scarecrow, and disposed them to every sort of excess in an opposite direction. In this manner, a dead, fossilized Protestantism, prepared the way for those manifold antichristian speculations, which, if they had not life of the right kind, had life of some kind to recommend them.

If we descend from what has gone before us in the history of Protestantism on the Continent and in this country, to the history of Methodism, we scarcely need say that this movement had no mission to settle any of the theological or ecclesiastical questions it found unsettled. It was in no sense a mission of crudition or inquiry. It was a mission of pious feeling. It did not concern itself with learned arguments, or with learned men. In its whole form and essence it was popular. Its great aim was

to send forth a more vital influence along with admitted truths. In its pious earnestness there is much we should do well to imitate. In nearly all other respects, it has not only left religious opinions where it found them, but has overlaid them with a mannerism of its own, in which there is much we should be concerned to avoid, and little we should care to adopt.

Now what are the inferences fairly deducible from this brief retrospect? Clearly we ought to accept with gratitude and reverence all that has resulted from the labours of the past, in so far as it is found to take satisfactory evidence along with it. But this is the extent of our obligation in that quarter. We owe it to ourselves, and to truth, not to erect the past into another papacy—an infallible tribunal. Truth is one, and the manifold differences of opinion among our forefathers, on nearly all subjects, demonstrates that it was not their privilege to attain to truth more than in part.

Looking to the sacred writings as they are now before us; to the means of testing and interpreting these records, which have long been at the service of the church; and to the common and settled capabilities of the human mind in respect to the use of such means of knowledge—the presumption is, that the great body of the men professing themselves Christians in these later and Protestant centuries, have not erred, in the main, with regard to the great substance of the Christian revelation. The disease affecting the present condition of humanity is too palpable to be denied; and even the church of Rome is in error, not so much by *rejecting* the remedy provided in the Gospel, as by attempting to convert it into a *monopoly*, for the benefit of a *priesthood*. But supposing the great outline of the Gospel, in its *remedial* aspect, to be a matter ‘concluded,’ this scheme consists of something more than outline; and has, moreover, many adjuncts connected with it, about which our worthy predecessors may have needed further light, and to which we may possibly be able ourselves to bring something of the required illumination.

Enough, we think, has been said, to show, that if to adopt the new, merely because it is new, must be folly; so, to cleave to the old, simply because it is old, must be folly. Men should not need to be admonished that truth is not identical with novelty. As little should they need to be reminded, that among the oldest things in the world we may find some of its greatest follies and falsehoods. The scepticisms of our age are indeed rife enough; and for ourselves, where we see these to be hollow, we shall do our best thoroughly to unmask them. Little, however, will be gained, now-a-days, by a disposition to detect heresy in

every shade of opinion, even on important topics, which does not happen to be our own. In the case of the young and inquiring, if the difficulty expressed be that of ingenuousness and modesty, much forbearance may be due.

In attempting to determine, as far as we may, what the Christian ministry to come must be, it is expedient that we should look to it briefly as it has been, and as it is at present. It is only by so doing that we can bring the light of experience to our subject. What has been tried, gives us the results of trial. It is well to be able to see where preaching has been successful, and why; where it has failed, and why. The ascertained truth and wisdom of the past, it will of course behove us to retain, discarding the untrue and the unwise, always making the reasonable deductions for difference of circumstances.

In looking for this purpose to the ministry of the past, we need not say much about the old orthodox school of churchmen—the gentlemen whom our Tractarians have not inaptly designated as the ‘high-and-dry.’ With that class of persons the Christian ministry has been, for the most part, a ministry of mere ethics; and if orthodox doctrine has been insisted on, it has been more because such doctrine has happened to *be* orthodox, than with a view to any devout or spiritual end that should be subserved by it. With such men, the great lesson to the flocks committed to their care has been submission to authority in church and state. According to these learned divines, attention to social order in this world must be the best preparation for the next. But these excellent judges of good port and good dinners have greatly diminished since the commencement of the present century. The Evangelical party and the Tractarians have caused them sore trouble, and left them little standing-room.

Methodism was eminently a reaction against the influence and authority of the high-and-dry people in the Established Church. It seized on the orthodox doctrines, but it did so that they might be made to produce their proper spiritual fruit. The nation had seen enough of a barren orthodoxy; the time in which its uses and value should be made evident had now arrived. These doctrines are the truth, said our orthodox churchman; be ye therefore christened, confirmed, come to the communion, and, above all, be ye obedient to magistrates and ministers, or it will not be well with you. These doctrines are the truth, said our orthodox Methodist, therefore ye must be born again. Our Methodist friend is right; and far be it from us to take exception to the warm-hearted energy with which he insists on being so regarded. Given the orthodoxy avowed by both, the consequent teaching of the Methodist is immensely the more rational. It

sets forth a result befitting the expenditure—an end worthy of the means. If orthodoxy be true, the religion of orthodoxy should be a grave matter. It may be allied with ritualism, it may give its sanction to everything favourable to social order, but its purpose must embrace results of a much higher import—results eminently spiritual, or there is no wise relation between the cost which it incurs for the sake of the religious, and the religious as realized.

Our praise of Methodism, however, must have its limitations. We honour it most sincerely, as compared with its unmeaning, proud, and heartless antagonism in the condition of our Established Church at that time. But Methodism, in its turn, errs in many respects, both in the way of excess and of defect. We admire its spiritual purpose, its zeal, its courage, its many labours, its frequent spirit of self-sacrifice. With the substance of its teaching, moreover, we are in cordial agreement. But, in our judgment, that substance wants discrimination, wants enlargement, and wants, not unfrequently, something very different as regards the mode of presentation. It seizes on truth, but it is on truth in its strong characteristics, not in any of its finer modifications. It is in too much haste to do its work, to allow of its being detained by inquiry about the points in which the things that differ may still be alike, or about the degree in which rules may be softened by exceptions, or one truth by another. What it does it must do as at a stroke, or not at all.

The natural consequences follow. Truth is stated in a tone of exaggeration which mixes something of the false with the true; and these narrow or extreme conceptions are given forth in a manner which shows that more is expected to result from iteration and earnestness, than from means better adapted to produce conviction. Much reliance is placed on a ceaseless proclamation of truth, little on any formal reasoning in support of it. Hence a marked ascendancy of the emotional. Everything converges on the movement of the passions, and, as may be supposed, these often become so excited as to bear little control. This aim of the preacher naturally affects his manner: and in his attempts to adapt his instruction to the popular taste, he often descends to very bad taste. The great schism which soon took place, separating the Calvinists from the Arminians, may seem to indicate that there was really more tendency to speculate on theological questions among the early Methodists than we have appeared to cede to them. But it is not so. In respect to these antagonist opinions, the same one-sided and exaggerated tone obtained with both parties. The one insisted, that Calvinism could not be distinguished from Antinomianism;

the other, that Arminianism could not be distinguished from Popery. We can give these good men credit for strong religious feeling, but not for great perspicacity in judging of religious doctrine, nor for a largeness of religious charity. Their history, however, shows what may be done by religious earnestness, though working upon a very narrow, and, it may be, a very faulty basis.

The Methodist element, with all its good and its not good, soon diffused itself freely through other religious bodies. The pulpits both of the Established Church and of the Nonconformists came very perceptibly under its influence. The preaching of dissenters needed this new impulse scarcely less than the preaching of churchmen. But in neither of these connexions did the gain come without evil. The imperfections and aberrations of Methodism came along with its better qualities. Clergymen from the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and Nonconformist ministers from the academies of Dissent, went largely with the stream, and the danger came to be, lest the more instructive kind of preaching, which had been sadly wanting in life, should give place to a kind of preaching which, while possessing life, would be sadly wanting in instruction. We feel bound to say also, that the evil to be feared in this form, did in great part come.

Even worse came—for the iteration of common-places remained, when the fire which had given to them emphasis and effect had in great part ceased to burn. Things came very much into this state during the first quarter of the present century. But considerable effort was made by intelligent men, both among churchmen and dissenters, to check this dangerous tendency, and to bring a greater degree of thought and culture into connexion with the ministry of Evangelical truth. Effort of this description in connexion with the church of England is associated with the names of Mrs. Hannah More, Wilberforce, Macaulay, Stephen, Rider, Venn, Simeon, Biddulph, Scott, Wilson, Cunningham, Pearson, and of others in similar positions. Of this more thoughtful portion of the Evangelical party, the *Christian Observer* was the accredited organ. During many years, at the time under review, that monthly journal was conducted with much ability. In general, its review department consisted of one article only, but that article was of considerable length, and carefully written. Subsequently, a more ambitious attempt was made by this party, in starting a quarterly, of the same dimensions and cost with the *Edinburgh*, under the title of the *British Review*. But this was to begin to build without first counting the costs. The work always bore upon it the

marks of comparative failure; and after struggling for existence through a few years, it ceased to appear. The difficulties of the publication did not arise wholly from the want of a sufficient number of competent writers, but in a great degree also from the want of readers. For the narrow—we may almost say the ascetic spiritualism which had taken possession of the majority of Evangelical church-people at that time, disposed them to look with not a little misgiving on the current science and literature, as agencies much more likely to be turned against religion, than to be used in its favour. With these persons the *Christian Guardian* was the great favourite, because, to use their own phrase, it was ‘so much more spiritual in its tone’ than the publications above named. The *British Review*, accordingly, ceased to be. Its history resembled that of a plant doomed to grow up in an atmosphere where nothing of the kind could live. Hannah More sorrowed over this disgrace, did what she could to prevent it, but without effect. It is true, Lord Byron did a good deal towards bringing about this catastrophe, by describing the journal as ‘my grandmother’s Review.’ But had there been anything really British in the publication, its conductors would have hailed the onslaught as an occasion on which it would have been possible to give a distinguished assailant his own with usury. Richly did he deserve the lash, and it would have been a most Christian thing to have made him writhe beneath it.

Nonconformist preachers, speaking of them generally, had received something more like a theological training than the clergy. Greater care had also been exercised to qualify them for their work as preachers—everything being dependent in their case on their acceptance in that capacity. But the essay of John Foster, on *The Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion*, shows clearly enough the state of things in this respect at that time, as present generally to men of observation and sagacity. We are far from thinking that all the deference to the prepossessions of these ‘men of taste’ which the essayist recommends should be ceded to them. But the strength of the proposed remedy, suggests much as to the nature of the disease. Methodist common-places, and a Methodist style of setting forth those common-places, had become much too prevalent. By this means, a great gulf had come to have place between the mind found in our Evangelical pulpits, and the mind of the educated portion of the community. To such persons, Evangelical religion bore the appearance of a cabalistic science. Its terminology seemed strange and difficult. Its substance, moreover, so far as that was indicated, did not seem to promise a sufficient return for the labour necessary to a right understanding of it. Excep-

tions there were, no doubt, to this course of things. Such men as Robert Hall and William Jay, as M'All and Fletcher, supplied examples of a better sort; and even among the Methodists, such men as Watson and Bunting became models of a much higher order as preachers than had hitherto appeared in the history of Methodism.

In the meanwhile, the Nonconformist institutions for the education of the ministry began to show signs of improvement; and the Nonconformist press bespoke a steady aspiration towards something higher. The origin and progress of the *Eclectic Review* was one of the most observable signs of this nature. For many years that journal was conducted in a manner which Evangelical dissenters should have felt to be greatly to their credit as a party. But, like the *British Review* among churchmen, the *Eclectic* among dissenters had too much reason to complain of being left to labour in the cause of a party, which, as such, was scarcely worthy of such effort in its favour. When the *Eclectic* passed into new hands, some sixteen years since, its circulation had fallen so low, that its death was almost to be desired rather than its life.

In Scotland, the work of Methodism was much more limited than in England. The secession and relief churches—living offshoots from the Established church in the course of the last century—did much to preclude the agency of Methodism by supplying its place. The genius of the people, moreover, was much less favourable than that of our own countrymen, to a reception of this influence, even in its Calvinist form—while the distance was very wide between the theological creed of most earnest Scotchmen and the creed of Arminius.* At the same time, one only needs read Witherspoon's *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*, to become quite aware that less than a century since, the high-and-dry school in the Church of England had its strict counterpart in the Church of Scotland. But the men who coveted spiritual life for Scotland wished to see it there in alliance with their favourite polity. The call was for a presbyterianism that should give signs of vitality, not for something else that should supersede it. Nor was this call made altogether in vain. Nevertheless, in the early part of the present century, it was manifest that a schism, fraught apparently with much evil, had grown up between the theological mind of Scotland, and the more educated and scientific mind among the laity in that country. Scotch orthodoxy was no more to be moved by the new impulses which had come into play about it, than the old hills beneath whose shadow it had taken the shape in which it had long since settled. It was much more hard and systematic than Methodism, and every

whit as positive—only with this difference, that it attempted to justify the air of infallibility which it assumed by some show of reasoning. The sort of mind of which the *Edinburgh Review* may be taken as the type, and the sort of mind which found its utterance in the theological publications, and from the pulpits, of Scotland, came not unnaturally into strong antagonism.

But at length a man appeared capable of doing much towards bridging over this chasm, and of combining in himself the main elements of the literary and scientific mind of Scotland on the one side, and of its theological and religious mind on the other. We scarcely need say, that the man to whom we refer was Dr. Chalmers. During some thirty years did the spirit of this last of the fathers in ecclesiastical history, come as a power, at once blending and elevating, on the thinking and feeling of the mind of Scotland with regard to religion. In his hands, Evangelical doctrine became reasonable, beautiful, the only doctrine sufficing to meet the sense of want in humanity. It was his work to fill the mind of the Scottish clergy with that religious earnestness, and that passion for spiritual independence, which have issued in the disruption, and in the founding of the Free Church. But this great man has ascended to his place, and on no second man does his mantle appear to have fallen. We much fear that the tendencies of the Free Church since his decease are to retrograde, rather than to advance—to look to the ‘standards’ of the past, in a manner hardly consistent with what is due from Christian men to the present and the future.

However this may be, the feeling is prevalent in Scotland, as in England, and, in fact, as in every part of Protestant Christendom, that the existing ministry, greatly in advance as it is of that which has for some time preceded it, is not the ministry that will suffice to meet the demand now made upon the church, and that will be made still more imperatively by the future. It is admitted that great improvement has taken place, and is still in progress; but the impression seems to be pretty general, that in realizing this measure of advancement, the Christian ministry, in all our Protestant churches, has done little more than conform to that impulse in the onward direction which has come upon everything about them. Whereas, if Christianity be from heaven, this is far from being the position natural to its teachers. Men so commissioned, should assuredly be men to act, more than to be acted upon—men to lead, more than to be led. Whether endowed by the state, or sustained by the people, the proper place of such men is in the van of all human improvement. If they cannot take that position, and retain it, their pretence to be pre-eminently the lights of the world must be a mockery. It is not

sufficient for them that they should be classed with the common herd of priests, as these are before us in the histories of nations. Indeed, the feeling seems to be widely spread, that the vocation of the Christian ministry is nearly at its close, if it is not speedily to become a vocation of a higher purpose, and of a much greater efficiency.

We are aware that there are not a few in this ministry, who, while they cannot be insensible to the existence of this feeling of dissatisfaction, restlessness, and foreboding, fail to interpret it aright. In their view, this is nothing more than the inquietude natural to man, as a being opposed to spiritual religion, and to religious truth. The common-places of religious doctrine, given forth in very common-place fashion, is all, in the judgment of these parties, that the preaching of the gospel should be, and it is only a vitiated and carnal appetite that can dispose a man to ask after fare in any respect different. Appeal is made to the fact, that such preaching, especially when the preacher has the advantage of a ready and earnest manner, is found to bring the popular mind under religious influences, as the preaching regarded as of a higher character does not, and the apparent quantity of the result in such cases, is allowed to outweigh all thought of its quality. On this ground, the slightest attempt to look at our received doctrines or principles, as being in any degree open to reconsideration, and possibly to wiser conception and statement, is scowled upon as betraying a tendency towards every sort of error and mischief. These good men do not either read or think so as at all to understand the difficulties by which other minds are often involuntarily perplexed, and, it may be, greatly distressed; and, as the consequence, they take the ground of parties in whose case everything is so settled, that the idea of change of any kind becomes identical with that of the beginning of a departure from all truth and wisdom. We might bear with this wilful or stolid ignorance, if its mischiefs rested wholly with the persons themselves; but the case is different when we find this utter incapacity to see danger disposing them to cast injurious imputations and ill names upon men who cannot but see it, and seeing it, must feel bound to do something towards guarding against it. No doubt there is a considerable layer or stratum of society which may be reached, and brought under wholesome influence, by the ministry of the class of men adverted to. But besides this stratum there are others of greater substance and richness, which are to an alarming extent untouched by such agency, and shifting away from all contact with it more and more every day. We say not of an agency of this description that is not good—it is good of its kind. But this kind is one, while the wants of

the public mind, as resulting from the cross currents of speculation everywhere at work about us, are manifold.

It may be true enough, that attempts made to improve upon the ministry as it has been, or as it is, are not always wisely made. It would be strange if some amusing instances of conceit and folly did not come up, in the shape of attempts to do the new thing demanded in these new circumstances. It is in the nature of experiment that many forms of failure, and it may be of very absurd failure, should precede a large measure of success. In the space left to us in this paper, our first object will be to glance at some of the attempts made to meet this generally felt need of improvement which cannot be regarded as being more than partially, if at all successful;—indicating as we proceed, and before we close, what we regard as the characteristics that must distinguish the ministry to come, if it is to possess adaptation to the times opening upon us.

Age is naturally conservative. We expect, accordingly, that the old will be disposed to adhere to the old. Such is the rule, but it has its exceptions. There are minds which, while rich in experience, are open to new impressions. Though they have long ceased to be classed with the young, they retain much of the freshness and hopefulness of youth. It is well for youth when it falls under such guidance—guidance in which age includes enough in common with youth to ensure sympathy, and enough in advance of it to inspire confidence. Our young men are not left without aid from minds of this order; and, in general, they are not, we think, insensible to its value.

But as age is naturally conservative, so the tendency towards innovation generally manifests itself in the young, or in the comparatively young. The operation of this tendency is sometimes amusing, sometimes mischievous. Frivolous conceits are sometimes mistaken for profound wisdom; and error, because it is new, is allowed to come into the place of truth, because it is old. But it is not always thus. Youth, for the most part, is ingenuous and natural. It is in a great degree with youth as with woman—it is often more right from impulse or intuition, than some graver authorities are found to be by means of processes of greater promise. The cases are not rare, in which young and strong hearts, do much more for the world, than old and calculating heads. Many heads of that sort were in Oxford when young Whitfield and young Wesley had their home there; but on which side lay the real wisdom—the feeling which became as a prophecy of the future? We see, then, that the tendencies natural to youth and age have their evil and their good; and a wise man will

endeavour to distinguish between the good and the evil in the case of each.

With a large class of writers and their admirers, just now, the received doctrine is, that the Christian ministry is about to be superseded altogether by the teachers of philosophy. These parties differ somewhat in their notion as to the place which should be assigned to the Christian religion, as compared with other religions; but they are agreed in their judgment that no religion is to be accounted as having more of a divine origin than another, except as it is found to include, and that purely as a matter of natural history, more of divine truth than another. This is in substance the judgment of some who still linger within the pale of modern Unitarianism, and is the avowed and settled doctrine of many who, with more consistency and honour, have ceased to desire a place among professed Christian sects of any description.

As we have intimated, one of the characteristics of this school is, that it aims to put an end to the special claims of Christianity by *superseding* it. The days of this ancient religion must be numbered, because these new teachers are prepared to give us something better in its stead. They profess themselves competent to derive all the religious knowledge necessary for man, and all the religious knowledge to be reasonably expected by man, from the primal laws of man's nature, and from the relations of his nature to his fellows, and to the universe. Their mission is not simply to destroy, but to fill up the void they would create with something more worthy. In their theosophy, there is, as they conceive, a positive grandeur, to which it behoves them to do worship—a refinement and a beauty, with which they profess to be much enamoured. They sometimes rise, accordingly, into strains of eloquence and poetry in the exposition and defence of their conceptions.

It must be confessed that the trial to which Christianity is exposed from this quarter is new in its recent history. Its modern assailants have been for the greater part simply destructives—they have shrunk from the difficulty of attempting to displace it by such elaborate schemes, of a philosophical or poetical complexion, as are now in vogue. But if we look to the history of Christianity more largely, we shall find that this is not the first time it has had to cope with this kind of antagonism. In fact, it may be described as a revival, with a singular degree of exactness, of the struggle conspicuous in the history of the church in her earlier centuries. The philosophy allied with classical Paganism arrayed itself against Christianity precisely after this manner. Alexandria and Athens were for many gene-

rations the centres of a conflict in which all the modes of assailing the religion of the cross now resorted to, were placed in skilful and zealous requisition, and in which nearly all that is now said in praise of philosophy, as being something far nobler, was said, and with no mean power. In the philosophical schools of those cities, and in the same schools everywhere, the exceptions taken both to the external and internal evidences of Christianity, embraced every material exception now urged from our own press. Many of the discoursings in those schools in favour of the divine philosophy of the ancient world, would only need be given in our modern speech, to pass for the productions of some of our modern illuminati. The works of Plotinus, and the fragments which have descended to us from Celsus and Porphyry, are sufficient to furnish us with the means of judging as to the nature of that great controversy between heathen speculation and the Christian doctrine which reached its culminating point in the age of Julian the Apostate.

The weapons on which the persecutors of the early Christian church naturally placed their chief dependence, were those of authority and coercion. But side by side with these were the forces of the old philosophy, and of the old literature of the empire. These forces, however, had never been called out against Christianity, as in the time of Julian, partly because until then it had been hoped that the power of the state would ultimately suffice to crush this new faith, and partly because until then no chief had arisen to ally the imperial influence and authority with the use of such means as was done by Julian. He had been educated as a Christian, by relatives professing Christianity. But he suffered wrong in his youth from these relatives; and he listened to men who were careful to insinuate, that such deeds were the fruit to be expected from such a creed. From this cause and others, Julian conceived a violent hatred of the Christian religion. For awhile he dissembled, but once in a condition to throw off the mask, he cast it from him, and left no means unemployed that could be safely used to bring discredit on Christianity, and to restore the old worship.

Persecution having failed, the church had now to meet antagonism in a shape less noisy and less violent, but more subtle and more formidable. Platonic piety now becomes exceedingly pious. It has its visions, its commerce with the unseen, its ecstasies after an extraordinary fashion. Philosophers are encouraged to write most pious books—books breathing a religious spirit so like that of the Christians, that it is marvellous to see how unblushingly men can pilfer material from the religion of the Gospel, wherewith to conduct their onslaught upon that

religion. For in this manner do these writers study to show that men may be quite as spiritually-minded without the Gospel as with it. The doctrine in the schools where such works are produced is, that there is one Supreme, infinitely perfect Being; that the gods of the Empire have been delegated by that Being to their place in the history of the ancient nations; that the anthropomorphic fables of the ancient mythologies are not to be interpreted literally, but to be regarded as rich in all allegoric wisdom; that the human mind itself is the grand interpreter of all history and of all phenomena, and sufficient of itself, if rightly exercised, to distinguish everywhere between wisdom and folly, truth and error, the noble and the mean. It is true, the people who still adhere to the ancient worship do so with little faith, and the priests who conduct that worship are often narrow and depraved men, while in the general conduct of priests or worshippers you see little of the earnestness, energy, and self-sacrifice, by which the Christians are characterized. This is felt to be mortifying—is bitterly deplored. But the fault, it is said, is not either in the philosophy, or in the religion, but in men, who disgrace the profession they make, in place of acting in accordance with it.

So spoke the emperor, and so echoed the new school of apostles about him. In the plenitude of his authority as the Pontifex Maximus, Julian addressed pastoral letters to priests and archpriests, exhorting them to the practice of virtue, especially of such virtues as might enable them to outvie the Christian clergy in the eyes of the people. They were never to be seen in theatres, or in places of popular amusement of any kind. In manners and habits they were to be simple and unostentatious, and given to reading and study; and they were to be especially zealous and self-denying in their attention to the poor, and most decorous and exact in the performance of all the prescribed ceremonies of religion. In a word, they were to do their best to extrude Christianity from among the people, by showing that there was nothing which it could pretend to achieve, to which the religion that preceded it would not be found equal.

But while the mythology of the old nations was to be construed on a principle so considerate and friendly, and to be placed before the mind of the people as so much inspired wisdom, though under a garb of earthly folly, and as a setting forth of high virtue, though under the appearance of something very different, no such exercise of ingenuity was to be brought to the interpretation of the Hebrew or Christian Scriptures. In this connexion, everything must be taken literally, at least in all

cases in which to do so may suffice to fix the charge of the absurd, the untrue, or of the exceptionable in any way, on the sacred records. In all matters where the ancient faith is concerned, the credulity of the emperor and of his coadjutors is found to be exceedingly flexible. Julian prays to be guided by dreams and omens, and he assures us that they come to him in his exigencies, and he professes to be guided by them. But in dealing with the supernatural in the Hebrew Scriptures and in the New Testament, the credulous man becomes sceptical. Whatever those records contain which may by any process be turned against their pretensions—anthropomorphisms, discrepancies, incredibilities, all are brought under scrutiny with a most hostile purpose.

As it is with the Christian Scriptures, so is it with Christian character. This is estimated from the side of its real or supposed faults, and from that side only. The man who, in his endeavours to stimulate his priests to decency, is obliged to do homage to the general worth of the Christian clergy, has no such concession to make in their favour at other times. In the literature of his men of letters, in the discourses of his philosophers, in the harangues of his priests, and in his own published orations, we see little of the virtues of the Christians, by reason of the prominence carefully assigned to their faults. Much is said about their coarseness, their ignorance, their formalities, their superstitions, their inconsistencies, their insincerities, their sins of the temper, if not of the flesh, their endless disputings, and their bitter intolerance; but with these exaggerations of the evil, we find no willing or honourable mention of the good. If, as we have said, the good be at all admitted, it is, that their rivals may be urged to surpass them in the reputation founded upon it. And if Christianity itself be ever recognised as pure and noble, it is, that point may be given to the censure pronounced on the men who, while professing it, are said to show themselves unworthy of it.

Now it is scarcely necessary that we should attempt to give the many points of parallelism between the controversy—Philosophy *versus* Christianity, as it stormed its way along in ecclesiastical history for some four centuries after the age of the apostles, and as it is in action at this day among ourselves. Clear enough it is, that the old thing has come round. The age of Julianism is revived, but happily without a royal propagandist to be the leader in the crusade. The opponents of Christianity now found everywhere through Christendom, constitute a great sect, resting very much upon the Julian basis. They are prepared to accept of Christianity as *a* religion, but not as *the* religion. It has its good—but there is much and higher good beyond it. Its

recognition of one supreme divinity is to its praise, not so its antagonism to hero-worship, which is the worship that should now come into the place of the same kind of worship as prevalent in the ancient world. Man brings an inner light with him into the world, which is in all respects sufficient for his guidance. He needs no external authority beyond what nature supplies. This is said, though it is at the same time felt that this inner light leaves our existence environed by awful darkness, and though this light, feeble as it is, is a light stolen from the Christian altar, rather than kindled from within. But philosophy, poetry, oratory, science—taste in every way, all are made to do homage to this supposed power within, and to the forms of the pure, the great, and the worshipful, which are regarded as proceeding from it. The credulities exercised in favour of the religious dreamings which proceed from this source are enormous; while the incredulities which come into play wherever the claims of the Bible are concerned, are not less remarkable. In the one case, the camel disappears as a gnat—in the other, the gnat becomes as a camel. Time was, when men of this class heaped great scorn on all those mental exercises and fluctuations of spirit to which devout men have given the name of Christian experience:—but we now have writers among us exhibiting these secrets of the soul to the public gaze and scrutiny, as being as much the fruit of philosophy as of the gospel. Nor is it enough that the very spiritualism of Christianity, and something even purer and loftier than it, should be thus assumed as available to man from his own nature, quite independently of the system from which, in fact, it has been borrowed—but great pains are taken to denude the Christian communities of our time of the reputation which their many virtues have naturally secured to them, by confounding those virtues with every base motive or adjunct that may be allied to them; while the admitted imperfections of such communities—imperfections inseparable from our nature, are fastened upon with eagerness, and proclaimed to all passers-by as from the house-top.*

We have seen that the assaults made upon Christianity in the early ages of the church were precisely of the nature above described. The manner in which the Christians of those times met these assaults was not uniform. Through a considerable interval, the civil power had been their persecutor, but in the

* For an admirable exposure of some of the errors and foibles of this Julianist school among us, we would earnestly direct the attention of our readers to a volume recently published under the title, 'The Eclipse of Faith.' From the temper of the notice bestowed on this publication in the quarters of the enemy, we infer that it is destined to do some service. The sooner all truce is at an end, and the war shall wax hot, the better.

age of Julian, some time had passed since the professors of Christianity had been taken into favour by the state. The hate of those who adhered to the old religion was, as we may suppose, deepened, rather than removed, by this change in favour of the Christians. Passion was strong on both sides, and often broke forth into acts of violence, little creditable to either party. The great majority of the Christians had worked their way, especially by reason of their recent controversies with the Arians, and with many forms of heresy, into a sharply adjusted, and a most resolute orthodoxy. With a large party—we may, no doubt, say with a large majority, the maxim was—no concession. Pagan refinements were, in their view, the blandishments which had ever been in the service of error—of error most dishonourable to God, and ruinous to the souls of men. Heathen philosophy, heathen literature, and heathen science, could, as a matter of course, only lead to heathenism. Men given to such tastes were men given to the world, and must share in the fiery condemnation awaiting the worldly.

But while men of intelligence often descended to wield this mass of indiscriminating and passionate orthodoxy to their own ends, among the more thoughtful a different course of proceeding appeared to be the more reasonable. Some of these, while moving in an opposite direction, knew pretty well where to stop; but others showed themselves wanting in such wisdom. Men there were, even then, who saw with some degree of clearness the difference between the elevation possible to humanity apart from the gospel, and the truth and feeling to be derived only from that source. Such men were disposed to accept of truth, whether as falling from the lips of heathen or Christian. But others, in a more ambitious temper, ventured much farther. They would fain slay the enemy with his own weapons. With this view, they applied those principles of interpretation to the Scriptures which had been applied to the mythology of heathenism. By so doing, they gave a character of obscurity and uncertainty to the sacred text; and ceding, at the same time, more than was expedient to the doctrine of the enemy, prepared the way for the corruption of Christian truth in many forms. Origen was a leader of great renown in this last connexion. The apostles of heathenism did their utmost to foster these divisions among Christians, and to inflame party against party, on the maxim—divide and conquer.

Again, as we fear, the likeness between the past and the present returns with only too much exactness. With the majority of our orthodox Christians, the orthodoxy is precise, passionate, and unyielding. But with a considerable portion of the minority, this tendency towards extremes on the one hand, is generating a

disposition towards extremes of a contrary nature. Because some men will cede nothing, others are inclined to cede too much, so that truth becomes impaired and obscured, if it be not, in effect, given up. Men, however, are still left, who bring a ripper thinking to the task of endeavouring to determine, what is, in fact, the great question of the age—the line which connects the province of Reason with that of Revelation.

Concerning the first of these parties—our resolute orthodox majority—we may observe, that as it is likely to be with these in the future, so will it be, to a large extent, with the ministry of the future; in fact, so *must* it be, if the ministry of the coming time is to be a ministry for *them*. Now we must confess, that with all our sense of the good qualities of our evangelical friends, there are aspects of character sometimes observable among them which we could wish to see somewhat changed. In our judgment, the truth they hold is, in its substance, *the* truth; but we sometimes feel bound to lament that it is not allied with a larger thinking, and with a more expansive feeling; with less worship of the letter, and a richer inhaling of the spirit; and with a much higher admiration of the pure, the generous, and the noble, as these are apprehended by the better class of minds even among men of the world. The virtues of this class of professors of Christianity, we rejoice to think are great; but we regret that they are so often conventional, sometimes ascetic, verging often, as the consequence, upon the pharisaical delusion which is ever ready to suggest that orthodoxy is in itself so virtuous a thing that it cannot fail to cover a multitude of sins. Manifest it is, that a man may have his fixed ecclesiastical relationship, may be most orthodox as to the rate of his contributions towards religious objects, may stand high by reason of the figure he makes at religious meetings, and especially on account of the edifying zeal with which he denounces all the known or reported heresies of the times—and, nevertheless, be pitifully deficient in respect to any habit of inquiry that might give him a right to be a man of positive opinions, and in respect to many of those moral qualities which even the schools of heathenism might have sufficed to teach him, and in which many of his worldly neighbours are allowed to surpass him. There was too much of this sort of orthodoxy in the age of Julian. There is too much of it among ourselves. In that age it was dissected to the core, and exposed on all hands; and let those whom it concerns remember, that it is taken to pieces, and proclaimed abroad, quite as freely now. And if this be only faithfully done, there is nothing in it either to justify complaint, or that should occasion surprise.

The ministry to come has a difficult work to achieve in this

direction. To meet the demand made upon it, the doctrines of the gospel must be presented prominently and earnestly. But to acquit itself faithfully, more than this must be done. While care is taken to shield the Christian profession against the shafts of calumny, the nature of the frauds which not a few within the pale of our Evangelical churches are constantly practising upon themselves must be laid bare. Religion must be expounded as something more than a creed or a worship—as something more even than the possession of spiritual affections. It must be so presented as to give the Christian a fitness of his own for exercising the virtues of this world, no less than for enjoying the pleasures of the next. Judging from the thought and temper of society as it is now rising up, and forming on either hand, we may be assured that the Christian ministry will become daily more and more powerless, if it does not take with it a moral breadth, and a manifest reasonableness of this description.

But if orthodoxy may be much too rigid, there is something else that may be much too lax. It may be in the nature of bigotry that it should fail to do justice to an adversary's truth: but it is in the nature of latitudinarianism that it should fail to do justice even to its own truth. There is a maudlin candour, in comparison with which a stout-hearted conviction, though it should lead to some intolerance, is manly and brave.

Far be it from us not to cede even to the assailants of revelation, whatever praise may be due to them on the ground of their truth, their virtue, or their ability. But bold men are not always wise. Innovation is fully as likely to be on the side of error as on the side of truth. As we have said, if to cleave to the old may be anile, to run after the new may be childish. In our recent pulpit literature we have some indications, especially in the case of a few of our younger men, of a tendency to look for models as religious teachers in quarters where it is hardly likely the best models will be found. One of the symptoms of such a tendency meets us in a certain mannerism of style, which sufficiently betrays its origin. Another effect of such evil communication is observable in a verbose and cloudy method of dealing with the distinctive doctrines of the gospel—so much so, that if the nature of these doctrines be not learnt from other sources, there is nothing in this new style of exposition to afford you the least assistance in attaining to a just conception of them. Nor is this all—where such tastes are perceptible, it is commonly found that the preacher is much more disposed to dwell on what is collateral to the gospel, than upon what is properly of its substance; the sympathy of the preacher being, it would seem, not so much with what is really Christian, as with that ethical, or border

truth, which is common to Theist and Christian. Men to whose public instructions, and to whose utterances from the press, this description will apply, should not be surprised if they find the impression concerning them to be, that they are seriously the worse for their visits to the schools of the Julianists. The facts, in this case, warrant the inference, that not only the taste of the preacher, but that his Christian convictions, and his Christian sympathies, have suffered greatly from such intercourse. It was not a good day for Christianity when its professed teachers began to discourse about it in the pulpits of Alexandria more after the manner of the Platonists, than after the manner of the apostles.

We have admitted that the style which has obtained very largely in our pulpits greatly needs amending, but we wish to see it amended by a larger infusion of nature, not by the substitution of one mannerism in the place of another, and least of all do we wish to see a style, the worst fault of which is a too close adherence to the language of scripture, superseded by one, the characteristic of which is a not less servile adoption of language put into vogue by the enemies of the Scriptures. We are painfully sensible, moreover, that the doctrines of the gospel are often presented from the pulpit, by professed Evangelical teachers, in a manner so bald, exaggerated, and coarse, as to produce impressions of the most undesirable complexion, not only on cultivated minds, but on all minds possessed of correct natural feeling. It is one thing, however, to feel that these lines of the picture need a chaste softening, and another to require that they should be washed wholly away—or, at least, be so obscured that no satisfactory tracing of them may be any longer possible. In like manner, we admit that the distinctive doctrines of the gospel are not the whole gospel. It has its many related truths which demand attention, but if not to assign these related truths their just place be an error, to thrust them beyond their true place must be not less an error. These truths have value in their place—they become mischievous when made to take the place of higher truth.

It may be well to adduce an illustration or two of our meaning on these points. These will be taken from writers whom we hold in much esteem, not merely from the promise of their talents, but on higher grounds. The following is an extract from a sermon, in which the preacher has been led by circumstances to speak concerning the origin and design of government, and he is here especially insisting that the necessity for a government of some kind among men should be taken as proof that the institution of government has been a matter 'of Divine Will and Foresight.'

‘We are quite at a loss to understand how the sharpest scientific precision may not co-exist with the most reverential faith. Grateful for every new induction of facts, we accept it as another syllable spelt out and articulated from what is the lesson-book of man, and, in a figure, may be called the working-plan of God. Material laws and cosmical arrangements have a glorious completeness; so has eloquent, well-chosen language. Speech, however finished, is the birth and utterance of mind; worlds and their conditions of being come out of the mind of God.

‘Having this faith, the basis of our political belief is the persuasion that ‘God is not the God of confusion, but of order.’ That which an Apostle writes, nature echoes, and history reiterates. NOT DISCORD, BUT PEACE; NOT CONFUSION, BUT ORDER. Starry heavens bear that saying on their foreheads; the great tidal wave of oceans wears it into continents; in the breath of Summer and loud Autumn winds it may be heard; and, amid March showers and verdure, Winter bequeaths it to the Spring. This burden of creation’s song—has it no word to say of man? To all else true to a symmetrical and faultless outline, and the greatest, the sovereign creature, wholly left to blind conjecture and fortuity? *Or is the plane of human nature, individual and social, not the level on which the separate scenes and scattered parts of this terrestrial system are to be combined, and put before the universe in one stupendous drama?*

We presume that the purpose of all this is to say, that the material universe is manifestly governed by laws; that these laws should be viewed as expressing the mind of the law-maker; and that the being who designed that there should be law and order in the world of matter, must be supposed to have intended that there should be the same in the world of mind. The truth is weighty—but how simple, how obvious, how completely a household thought with every man! Nevertheless, what a forest of dark verbiage has the preacher thrown about it! Much less labour than has thus served to obscure the idea, might have sufficed to give it a clearness at once instructive and beautiful. It would be easy to multiply extracts of this nature from various quarters, in which this Carlyle taste does its mischiefs, often after a manner amounting to a palpable juggle, thoughts the most familiar being thus made to pass for something wonderfully novel, and conceptions the most simple being dressed up as matters of the greatest erudition and profundity. But, while some are too much disposed to take the Chelsea philosopher as their model, others betray a high admiration of the trenchant Theodore Parker style, pouring forth their antitheses and alliterations in bits of sentences, which seem to pelt you as they come with all the multitude and mercilessness of a hailstorm. Here is a specimen, which occurs as the introduction in a discourse recently published:—

'The divine paragraph which we have selected for exposition has been the subject of much controversy. It is an old battle-ground of polemic creeds. Hard and long Papist and Protestant have struggled here in sectarian disputation. They have laid waste this 'green pasture' which the Good Shepherd has provided: they have trodden down its blooming verdure, and well nigh trampled out of sight its living germs. Party feeling is a great hindrance to truthful interpretation. Every object in its horizon it tinges with the jaundice of its own eye. It builds up systems, but buries Scriptures. It cares more for grammar than grace. It lives more in the roots of words than in the reason of things. Verbal criticism is its great instrument—an instrument that, though useful in its place, is very dangerous in such hands. The measure of man's words determines not always the dimensions of God's ideas. A truth-loving heart is a better interpreter than all your lexicons. The unlettered saint often seizes truths which elude the grasp of the verbal scholar. The Bible is addressed to the man, not to the critic. Thank God! the necessary canons of interpretation are the genuine dictates of our common souls.'

Now such a style of writing may be very clever, but surely to go through many pages of it must be to feel that it is very monotonous, and anything but natural. To our feeling, it is as though a man who might walk with his two legs, and in so doing walk with ease and dignity, should resolve to restrict himself to the use of one, and so make his way by a succession of hops. It is ever much more costly to be unnatural than to be natural, and the result is commonly in the inverse of the extra labour.

We have instances, also, which show that a man may not use language to disguise thought, and to put it upon obtaining credit under false pretences, after the Chelsea manner; and that he may not use it so as to reduce thought to infinitesimal doses, after another manner—and his attempts to amend our pulpit style be still anything but successful. He may avoid every trace of our pulpit conventionalism, and the effect only be to express himself in a manner so purely bookish and philosophical, and so much tending towards an abstract and generalized view of things, as sadly to transcend the perceptions and sympathies of his hearers—so much so, in fact, as to seem wholly to overlook the difference between a Platonic philosopher addressing his pupils from the chair, and a Christian preacher addressing the common dwellers in this working-day world from the pulpit. In this case, there may be great clearness of its kind, and great earnestness too; but the clearness is only for persons of a certain trained vision, and even the earnestness is more that of the rhetorician, than that of the steady and simple-minded preacher of the Gospel. The aim of the preacher is not towards the range of apprehension which was ever present to Him to whom the common

people listened gladly. If there really were anything in the style of our free-thinking authorship so peculiarly good as to render the adoption of it expedient, we should expect the sincere Christian to feel in some degree humbled by the necessity of having to borrow from such a source ; but for Christian ministers to take their place at the feet of such masters, that they may there learn how to vitiate their manner as public instructors, in place of improving it, is a painful exhibition of weakness, if not of something worse. Surely the field of our general literature has not been so poorly cultivated down to the middle of this nineteenth century as to have left us under the pressure of any such necessity. The men who pursue such a course have not, as every man of education must know, the shadow of an excuse for what they do.

But, as we have intimated, it is not merely the style, but the substance of the teaching, which not unfrequently suffers deterioration in the case of men who put themselves under such influence. We have already hinted that men may become unfaithful to the essential truth of Christianity in two ways—by not presenting it with sufficient *prominence*, or by not presenting it with sufficient *clearness*. In either case the result is mischievous. We must be allowed to express it as our conviction, that with all men professing to be Christians, the writers of the New Testament should be taken as authority, not only as to what Christian truth really is, but as to the laws of proportion and of distinctness with which that truth should be presented. Many of the allusions and illustrations in the pages of the New Testament are no doubt of a nature to admit of being described as local and temporary. But the doctrines set forth by the writers of those pages as being **THE TRUTH**, the **SPACE** assigned to this special truth in their general teaching, and the **EXPLICITNESS** with which they deliver themselves concerning the nature of the truth thus prominently given—these are all facts which Christians are bound to interpret, not as being of a merely transient significance, but as meant to operate in the way of a permanent authority. But there are men who say strange things on this subject, some in direct terms, others by the manner in which they acquit themselves as public teachers. While professing to regard the New Testament as containing a divine revelation, their language, either in words, or in their manner of proceeding, is, that it would be a matter of sincere regret with them, if their friends should suppose them incapable of seeing the doctrines of the Gospel in other lights than those in which they appear to have been present to the mind of the apostles, or of presenting those doctrines in a manner much less open to exception than is

the manner observable in the first preachers of the Gospel, both as regards the extent in which such themes should be introduced in popular discourses, and the kind of language in which they should be clothed. Some men take the extreme ground in this respect unblushingly; others, of better meaning, proceed far in this direction without being alive to what they do really say, by allowing themselves to be thus influenced. What is done in this way is done for the most part insidiously, and the inexperienced are perhaps little sensible to the inroads thus silently made on all manly taste and consistency, and on the convictions and feelings that should distinguish them as Christian ministers. It is an old policy of the enemy, to neutralize what may not be superseded, to emasculate what may not be destroyed. We fear much less from the open assailants of the Gospel, than from those who allow themselves to be used as tools in corrupting it, in reducing it to a mere name, devoid of its proper substance and effect.

We have a school of theology growing up among us just now, which, while distinguished by many excellencies, is open, as we think, to a large extent, to the above kind of exception. We refer to the class of writers and preachers who may be said to be represented by Hare, Maurice, Trench, and Kingsley. These gentlemen, while they do not by any means take their place among the evangelical clergy, are very far from showing any disposition to substitute the cold ethical teaching of the high-and-dry priesthood in the place of the Gospel. Nothing, indeed, could be more repugnant to their thinking and feeling, than the notion that the chief design of the Gospel is to teach the poor to obey magistrates, to touch their hat to the parson, and to be sure never to enter a conventicle. Not that these writers are unmindful of the bearing of the Gospel on social duties. On the contrary, it is one of their characteristics, that they aim to diffuse a Christian influence over everything human. Religion has been made to consist too much, in some connexions, in the receiving of a certain creed, the performance of certain ceremonies, and the cultivation of certain religious affections. But according to this class of divines, there are lying beyond everything of that nature, the manifold every-day duties of life, all of which should have their relation to Christian motives, and be imbued with Christian feeling. The true fruit, it is maintained, of a Christian creed, of Christian observances, and of Christian affections, will be, that a man's every doing shall become a part of his Christianity—his buying and selling, his marrying and giving in marriage, his duties as neighbour, patriot, and philanthropist, being all, in themselves, and in the temper in which they are performed, a part of his religion. We scarcely need say that

we regard this view of the nature of religion as just and scriptural. It is at once true and beautiful. This is to deal with religion as an inward life, not as a mere outward manner, as a leaven which should pervade everything, not as a restricted, conventional feeling, affecting few things.

Among the oriental nations, religion has been connected, after this manner, not merely with particular acts of a directly religious nature, but with everything domestic and social, by means of a complex ritualism instituted for this purpose. These signs, when invented, had of course their things signified. The form was of a nature to denote what the spirit should be. Under all these symbols there was to be a soul, and that soul was to consist in a ceaseless acknowledgment of human dependence and of human obligation, in relation to the power above humanity. This ritualism would never have existed, but for this reasonable feeling which lay at the root. And when the ritualism became for the most part a pitiable formalism, it was the reasonableness of this feeling, as that which *ought* ever to go along with it, that still upheld it. But while orientalists are content, in this respect, to possess the form without the spirit, our countrymen above named are aiming to diffuse the spirit without caring much about the form. This conspicuous fact, however, in the history of religions, is enough to show that the conception of religion as thus comprehensive, to which these writers give so much prominence, is far from being an original idea. It is a just conception, but there is nothing in it of the nature of a discovery. Nevertheless, the earnestness with which it is iterated by the parties adverted to, entitles them to high commendation.

Of course the teaching of men who would thus connect religion with everything, will naturally be, in a very marked manner, *religious* teaching. Morality with them will never stand alone—after the fashion of the expounders of the principles of pure ethics. In their conception, morality will always be as a part and form of godliness. They will insist that the one should ever involve the other. They are only two parts of the same thing—different aspects of the same condition of mind. Accordingly, in this school there is a strong element of *religiousness*, even where the subject directly treated is not religion. Take the following passage as an illustration on this point:—

‘The Great Physician healed the blind and the lame in Judea; and why?—to show us who heals the blind and the lame now—to show us that the good gift of medicine and surgery, and the physician’s art, comes down from Him who cured the paralytic and cleansed the lepers in Judea—to whom all power is given in heaven and earth.

‘So, again, with skill in farming and agriculture. From whom

does that come? The very heathens can tell us that, for it is curious that among the heathen, in all ages and countries, those men who have found out great improvements in tilling the ground have been honoured and often worshipped as divine men—as gods, thereby showing that the heathen, among all their idolatries, had a true and just notion about man's practical skill and knowledge—that it could only come from heaven, that it was by the inspiration and guidance of God above that skill in agriculture arose. What says Isaiah of that to the very same purpose? 'Doth the ploughman plough all day to sow? Doth he open and break the clods of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the vetches, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley and the rye in their place? For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him. This also,' says Isaiah, 'cometh from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.' Would to God you would all believe it!

'Again, wisdom and prudence, and a clear, powerful mind—are not they parts of God's likeness? How is God's spirit described in Scripture? It is called the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of prudence and might. Therefore, surely, all wisdom and understanding, all prudence and strength of mind are, like that Spirit, part of God's image: and where did we get God's image? Can we make ourselves like God? If we are like him, He must have formed that likeness, and He alone. 'The Spirit of God,' says the Scripture, 'giveth us understanding.'

'Or, again;—good nature and affection, love, generosity, pity,—whose likeness are they? What is God's name but love? God is love. Has not he revealed Himself as the God of mercy, full of long suffering, compassion, and free forgiveness; and must not, then, all love, affection, all compassion and generosity, be his gift? Yes. As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a pure, weak image and reflection of Him, yet from Him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy. If there is the light of love in us, it is a ray from the full sun of His love.

'Or honesty, again, and justice,—whose image are they but God's? Is He not THE Just One—the righteous God? Is not what is just for man just for God? Are not the laws of justice and honesty, by which man deals fairly with man, *His* laws—the laws by which God deals with us? Does not every book—I had almost said every page—in the Bible show us that all our justice is but the copy and pattern of God's justice,—the working out of those six latter commandments of His which are summed up in that one command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?'—*Kingsley's Village Sermons*, pp. 39—42.

It will be seen from this passage that it is not enough that godliness should be made to find its natural expression in every form of moral feeling and action, but morality, in this view,

inasmuch as the power to realize moral feeling and to do moral acts must be from God, is to be accounted as godliness. Men who strive to do justice to a neglected truth, are always in danger of pushing it to extremes. Of this more presently.

In harmony with this general idea as to the connexion—we may say the identity, between morality and religion, the writers under consideration, while they are bound to be quite as moral as they are theological in their teaching, so are they bound to be quite as theological as they are moral. Theology with this school, accordingly, is no slighted science. Its claims are admitted. Its questions are often elaborately treated. It connects itself, in their hands, with the erudition and with the philosophical thought of the times. In their pages it is never presented as a cold, angular orthodoxy, but is ever allied with an elevated and devout feeling. There is a degree of poetical beauty and impressiveness in their mode of dealing with such topics. The cultivated power of perception, the chastened imagination, the affections refined by the influence of good taste—all are there. In the effect produced we trace much of the better feeling found in the better class of Evangelical believers, but feelings partaking of more discrimination, of more breadth, of more mellowness, and altogether of a larger style in its relation both to taste and thinking.

Concerning the great fact of the world's depravity, these writers express themselves with grave emphasis, at the same time with care to avoid the blind, undistinguishing style of denunciation too common on that subject. With great emphasis, too, do they pronounce that the deep need of this world is the need of a remedial dispensation of religion of the kind placed before us in the Gospel. Men, in their view, are everywhere more or less conscience-smitten, sensible to a state of moral degradation, and casting about for some means wherewith to provide against the exigencies of their condition, everywhere devising for themselves false gospels, when they have not access to the true. Religious sentiment is thus at the root of all religions. Religious ideas ever come up from that source—they are not of priests, nor of lawgivers, but from humanity. Priests and lawgivers may be observant of these susceptibilities, and may strive hard to make their own uses of them, but they do not create them—they cannot destroy them. In Trench's *Hulsean Lectures on 'The Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom,'* and in Maurice's *Lectures on 'The Religions of the World,'* these views are worked out with much learning and ability. In the views themselves there is nothing of novelty. Orthodox divines, of the more intelligent class, have always looked substantially thus on the condition of

humanity, and on the religions which that condition has generated. But the class of writers of whom we speak have done better than their predecessors in this field, bringing to the cultivation of it much more discrimination than we commonly find in our Evangelical pulpits, and, at the same time, more warmth of imagination, and more Christian feeling, than will be found in the old dry orthodox mode of writing about it.

As will be supposed, the style of these writers is altogether devoid of those Methodist conventionalisms, which come upon us so monotonously, and so unceasingly, from many quarters. It is in the main elevated and scholarlike. The only exception is when Archdeacon Hare or Mr. Kingsley attempt to express themselves in a manner not natural to them, with a view to the edification of the poor.

But in expressing these opinions, we have said nearly all we have to say in favour of this school. Its excellencies are many, but they are subject to some heavy drawbacks; and its inconsistencies, of more than one complexion, are such as must impede, and in great part frustrate their great and common object.

Even their style, though rich and beautiful of its kind, is by no means of the best kind for their purpose, whether that purpose be to affect the popular mind generally, or that portion of the more educated classes, who, from their active, alert, independent cast of thinking, are the most likely to go astray on religious matters. We have said their style is scholarlike, but unfortunately it is so much so as to be fit only for scholars. It is the sonorous, lengthy, verbose, half light, half dark sort of style which is sure to be acceptable to clergymen, and to others with whom reading is a lounge or an amusement, rather than an outlay of time and attention, from which an adequate return is expected. Every paragraph gives you its gleam of thought, but it is as of light traced through darkness. Often, at every available halting-place, you feel the need of retracing your steps, that you may ascertain what you have learnt or understood from what has gone before. But to effect this, you have not unfrequently to do something like translate your author, though what has been written is in English; and, when you have so done, your patience perhaps is not a little tried on finding how fragmentary and how obvious is the thought which this huge, high-sounding vehicle of words has been employed to convey to you. This may all be very well in drawing-rooms, or in the libraries of ladies in rich houses, but it is not easy to conceive of anything less adapted to that impatience of the obscure, the tedious, the roundabout—of the much talk and little work style, which is so characteristic of our age. But a specimen or two will best illustrate our meaning.

We select these without search for them, and the first is from Mr. Trench's Lectures on 'The Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom.'

"Leaving aside, as not belonging to my argument, what there was of positively divinely constituted preparation for the coming of Christ in the Jewish economy, I shall make it my task to trace what, in my narrow limits I may, of the implicit expectations which there were in the heathen world—to contemplate, at least, under a few leading aspects, the yearnings of the nations for a Redeemer, and for all which the true Redeemer only could give—for the great facts of his life, for the great truths of his teaching. Nor may this be all: for this, however interesting in itself, could scarcely come under the title of Christian apology; of which the idea is, that it is not merely the truth, but the truth asserting itself in the face of error. It will, therefore, be my endeavour further to rescue these dim prophetic anticipations of the heathen world from the abuse which has sometimes been made of them, to show that these dreams of the world, so far from helping to persuade us that all which we hold is a dream likewise, are rather exactly that which ought to have preceded the world's awaking; that these parhelions do not proclaim everything else to be an optical illusion, but announce and witness for a sun that is travelling into light; that these false *ancilia* of man's forging, tell of a true which has indeed come down from heaven. I would fain show that there ought to have been these; the transcending worth and dignity of the Christian revelation not being diminished by their existence, but rather enhanced; for its glory lies, not in its having relation to nothing which went before itself, but rather in its having relation to everything,—in its being the middle point to which all lines, some consciously, more unconsciously, were tending, and in which all centred at last."—pp. 144—145.

The following is from Mr. Maurice's 'Religions of the World:—

'The evidence furnished by the great political revolution at the close of the last century seems slowly to have undermined the whole theory respecting the invisible world, and men's connexion with it, which possessed the teachers of that century. Men are beginning to be convinced that if religion had had only the devices and tricks of statesmen or priests to rest upon, it could not have stood at all; for that these are very weak things indeed, which, when they are left to themselves, a popular tempest must carry utterly away. If they have lasted a single day, it must have been because they had something better, truer than themselves to sustain them. This better, truer thing, it seems to be allowed, must be that very faith in men's hearts upon which so many disparaging epithets were cast, and which it was supposed could produce no fruits that were not evil and hurtful. Faith, it is now admitted, has been the most potent instrument of good to the world—has given to it nearly all which it can call precious. But then, it is asked, is there not ground for supposing that all the different reli-

gious systems, and not one only, may be the legitimate products of that faith which is so essential a part of man's constitution? Are not they manifestly adapted to peculiar times and localities and races? Is it not probable that the theology of all alike is something merely accidental—an imperfect theory about our relations to the universe, which will in due time give place to some other? Have we not reason to suppose that Christianity, instead of being, as we have been taught, a revelation, has its root in the heart and intellects of man, as much as any other system? Are there not the closest, the most obvious, relations between it and them? Is it not subject to the same law of decay, from the progress of knowledge and society, with all the rest? Must we not expect that it, too, will lose all its mere theological characteristics, and that what at last survives of it will be something of a very general character—some great ideas of what is good and beautiful—some excellent maxims of life, which may very well assimilate, if they be not actually the same, with the essential principles which are contained in all other religions, and which will also, it is hoped, abide for ever?—pp. 8—9.

These extracts may be taken as indicating the vein of learning, and of philosophical thinking, generally found in these writers, no less than as showing the peculiar style in which instruction is very commonly conveyed by them. The rhythm of the composition is so continuous, that discourse in it seems at times to become a song—a something to be sung, rather than a sermon—or a something to be said. Men employed in preaching are the only men who could have been tempted to fall into such a mannerism. In the reading of such composition, the song of the voice is all but certain to adapt itself to the song of the words; and the effect in that case, one should think, must be a drowsy affair. That the attention of an auditory should be in some sense secured by such means we can understand, but it must be, we should imagine, as by a kind of mesmerism, the natural influence of such an ever-returning course of notation being, to rock the hearer into a sympathy with sound, if with nothing else. It is true, the style of Dr. Chalmers partook of the diffuseness, verboseness, and monotony observable in these writings; but in his case, these opiate tendencies were counteracted by the fire which he always diffused through his composition, and still more through his utterance.

The authors from whom the preceding extracts are taken, write evidently under the impression that they have a work to do in their generation, and we earnestly wish to see that work prosper in their hands. But had Luther spoken in tones so softened into music, so much in the smooth, subdued, lullaby strain, as we find in the case of these gentlemen, we fear that his labours would have tended rather to hush the world into a

deeper slumber, than to have called it into wakefulness. The demand of the order of mind among us most needing to be brought under the help which these writers are otherwise so competent to give, is not for a professional style of writing, however good of its kind, but for a style which shall be natural—natural to religion as to everything beside. We have, of course, in a state of society like ours, many dreamy, poetical, sentimental people, who are much more desirous of being soothed by melody, than of being startled by force; who would rather see thought glide before them like beautiful figures, all but lost in the silvery clouds through which they float, than see it stand out as an object defined and settled, ready, as with a trumpet tongue, to call the indolent to action. The style required by the men who are doing the work of our generation, is a style which shall be characterised by directness, by clearness, by vividness, by force—in a word, a style which shall give you thought as a mirror gives you back your countenance, in a manner which fits you to see it as a reality, wholly forgetful of the medium through which it comes. But this style neither Mr. Maurice nor Mr. Trench has realized. They have simply given us the mannerism of an Oxford or Cambridge pulpit, in place of the mannerism of our early Methodists, or of our later Evangelicals. The one thing needful—a pulpit-style which shall not be a mannerism of any sort, but nature, is still to come. When we say that this is still to come, we of course merely intend to say that it is not now to any large extent the style of the pulpit; we do not forget the admirable examples of this description supplied by such men as Arnold and Whateley. We should say, also, that the taste of which we complain in the writers before named, is mostly observable in the more elaborate of their works. In some of Mr. Maurice's sermons it is less perceptible than in his lectures and treatises; and in Trench's volume on the parables, which is occupied almost wholly in exposition, we trace nothing of the kind.

It may be thought that our observations on the style of Mr. Trench and Mr. Maurice will not be applicable to Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Kingsley. To the archdeacon they are, we think, applicable in a considerable degree, though not to the same extent; but to Mr. Kingsley, we admit, they may not be applied at all. Mr. Kingsley, when writing after his own manner, shows himself to be master of great power of expression. To much of the simplicity and directness of Arnold and Whateley, he adds a vividness and fire of his own. Should he not be found wanting in judgment, he is capable, from his literary aptitudes, of doing both religion and the state some

service. But we cannot congratulate Mr. Kingsley, still less the archdeacon, when they attempt to do the simple as village preachers. Both have given themselves to effort in this way, and with the most praiseworthy intentions. But as commonly happens in such cases, the *condescension* of the effort, in place of being concealed, is so manifest, that even the most obtuse among the poor must be painfully alive to it. At every step it is felt, that a scholar and a gentleman is trying to make things plain to the ignorant and the poor. It can never be pleasing to the humbler classes to *feel* that they are so dealt with, and this in the presence of their rich neighbours—who are not so much seeking instruction themselves, as observing how the clergyman is endeavouring to instruct minds so much below their own. Attempts to do this thing—to preach to the humbler classes as a class—degenerate almost uniformly into something overdone. It is within our knowledge, that among the poorest who listen to efforts of this nature in the case of the very preachers now in our view, there are those who feel that religion loses dignity, and is degraded, by the strain of homely expression and illustration resorted to for the purpose of making it intelligible to village dulness. The feeling of the poor man, and of the poor woman, too, is often, in such circumstances, not so much admiration of the good intentions of the minister, as pity for his want of the common sense, or of the sort of experience, which he might acquire, if he would only travel a little further beyond the margins of his books. It is a too frequent mistake among preachers, to underrate the popular understanding. The common people may fail to apprehend what the preacher has overlaid with conventional phrases and mannerisms; but let language be used for the simple purpose of giving the utmost clearness to thought, and if the thought be worth caring about, the popular mind will be sure to see it, and to see the uses that should be made of it.

We should not omit to observe, that the discourses of all these preachers are distinguished from those usually heard in Evangelical pulpits, as being without any formal indication of plan. The scholastic method of division and subdivision has no doubt been often pushed to a ridiculous extent. But we greatly distrust the wisdom of the modern fashion, which seems to proceed upon the idea that, if you are to convey your instructions with method, the art to be exercised by you is not in giving that method clear announcement, but in concealing it from the auditory as completely as possible. The conclusion would appear to have been, that it is not desirable that the hearer should be at all assisted by break or halting-place of any

kind, and that if he cannot be sufficiently attentive to retain the connexion of a discourse without such helps, he deserves to lose it—a conclusion not exactly in accordance with professions of special solicitude for the improvement of the class of minds which are sure to need assistance in that way and in every other. The natural effect of a taste of this sort, where the style of composition is itself flowing and monotonous, is to add to that monotony, and, at the same time, to expose the preacher to the danger of becoming superficial and rambling. Faults of this latter description are observable, and in great part, as we think, from this cause, even in the case of the gifted men whose works are now before us.

But the gravest fault in the writings of this class of divines, is in their manner of presenting theological truth. We see not on what ground they can be charged with deserting the standard of orthodoxy. That they hold in substance the doctrines usually so designated we do not doubt; but speaking generally, they do not present those doctrines with the requisite clearness, nor do they always assign them their due prominence.

They cannot be said to reject the doctrine of the atonement. They speak often of Christ as dying for our sins, and of his death as a sacrifice—the sacrifice which the old law had so long prefigured. But they never present this doctrine with the largeness and thoroughness wherewith Paul presents it. Its relation to the spirituality of the moral law, and to the rectitude of the divine government, are themes but lightly touched. The idea of the Innocent One sorrowing and dying that the guilty might be pardoned, is presented in phrases and general expressions as a great fact,—but as a fact the depths of which we cannot hope to comprehend. In their care to avoid some of the exaggerations of orthodoxy in relation to this doctrine, they fail to give us its whole truth. Men of cultivated feeling may well be shocked by the bargain-making, commercial spirit which some theologians have brought, in all its arithmetical minuteness, to their expositions of this tenet. But in rejecting the coarseness of the fanatic, it behoves us to guard against placing ourselves at issue with the example which the apostles themselves have set before us. Paul, and Peter, and John speak clearly and fervently in regard to this doctrine. In the Epistle to the Romans it is given with elaborate development, and given, as we suppose, for our learning.

But if the references to Christ in his relation to the *cross*, are less frequent, and less distinct and emphatic than they should be, in this class of writers, they dwell with much interest on the beauty of the Saviour's *character*, and from the attractive influ-

ence of so much goodness they expect large results. It is not so much the *Cross* as the *Incarnation*, that makes the gospel to be what it is to their feeling. Mention is made of the sacrifice of Christ, and of help to our weak nature from the Holy Spirit—but it is the beauty of goodness stooping so low, and enduring so much, and all this as a manifestation, not simply of the human, but of the divine in the human—it is this which calls forth the highest admiration of these writers, and is the great instrument by which they hope to move the hearts of men towards goodness. Hence it happens, that, without being Unitarians, or even Arians, there is scarcely anything in the religious feeling of these persons with which a devout Arian, or even a Unitarian of the Channing school, might not fully sympathise. The points of belief to which such persons would object are so softened, and those in which they feel their chief interest are given in such lights and such fulness, that the boundaries between orthodoxy and something supposed to be very different, almost cease to be perceptible.

We repeat, it would be unjust to charge these gentlemen with having surrendered their orthodoxy, but we feel bound to say that their manner of presenting the doctrines of Christianity is not Paul's manner; that over some departments of truth, in respect to which he is elaborately explicit, they are as elaborately hazy; and that through their whole system, the *assimilating* element of the gospel, as resulting from the *character* of Christ, is much more prominent than the *redeeming* element as resulting from his *death*. For ourselves, we are ready to admit that modern orthodoxy was open to some improvement in this direction; but we regret that religious truth should have been obscured, in this attempt to make it productive of a deeper religious feeling. We covet, most earnestly, all the spiritual influences from the doctrines of the Gospel, which these writers aim to realise, but we wish to see these influences realised after the apostolic manner, by a full, clear, scriptural inculcation of the facts of the Christian redemption, and not by such an artistic treatment of them as shall throw any one phase of them into undue shadow, out of deference to our modern tastes or philosophies.

Of the manner in which this may be done, we have already given some intimation; and it may be proper to advert for a moment to a tendency, proceeding from this same source, to confound the scriptural difference between the natural and revealed, and to raise the simply natural virtues of humanity, into the place of the Christian virtues. Thus the sermon in Mr. Kingsley's volume from which an extract of some length is given in a preceding page, is intitled, 'The Work of God's Spirit.' But the whole drift of the discourse so designated, is to show that every capacity

and possession of man, inasmuch as it must come from God, is a part of 'The Work of God's Spirit!' The work of the Holy Spirit on the soul, as commonly understood, is glanced at towards the close of the sermon, but the great purport of the discourse is as above stated. Surely this is a manner of attempting to give a religiousness to the whole life of man, which is hardly consistent with doing justice to what is distinctive of the gospel, or with a due regard to the manner in which that distinctive truth is set forth by the inspired writers. Most proper is it that effort should be made to bring men to feel that every good gift must have come to them from the Father of Lights. But is it not possible to do that, without losing sight of those theological, and of those moral distinctions, which the writers of the New Testament are so careful to keep in view? It would be easy to give further illustration to this effect, showing how the spirit of reaction against a frequent narrowness of modern orthodoxy may run into excess of an opposite kind, so as to displace an alleged bigotry by a mischievous latitudinarianism.

Some portion of this misconception and confusion may be traced to a German origin. Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Trench are largely indebted to our Teutonic theologians; and the influence of writers of that class on Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley, though less direct and less obvious, is still considerable.

Concerning the good or evil to be derived from such sources, the most extravagant notions are abroad, and sometimes find utterance, not only in conversation, but through the press. It is no doubt true, that there is in many minds an unmanly fear of all speculation known to have been excogitated by our German neighbours. But it is not less manifest, that in some other minds, there is a disposition to admire whatever comes from that quarter, which is every whit as far removed from a manly discrimination—from common sense. With some, the very sight of German text would seem to be enough to conjure up imps of all sorts, as ever weaving their mischiefs there. While with some others, there seems to be so strange a charm in those same characters, that when they once become the vehicle of thought, the most common-place matters of information pass into something extraordinary and profound; and reasoning so puerile, that the youths of a Scotch logic class would laugh their brother stripling to scorn who should be caught indulging in it, is converted into something so cogent and resistless, that the hint, the mutter, and the significant shake of the head about it, seem almost to say, that it must be purely from forbearance on the part of those wonderful Germans, if we poor English Christians have a shred of our ancient faith left to hold by! Now we scarcely know

which we pity the most in this case, the fear on the one side, or the worship on the other, for they are much on a level as regards the ignorance or stupidity from which they proceed.

It is high time that such exaggerations, on either hand, should come to an end. Twenty years ago it might have been reasonable to allege that the man who could not read German, must, of necessity, know but little of the German style of thought. But that time has passed. The best authorship of Germany, in theology and ecclesiastical history, as well as in general literature, is now before us in our own language, and it is the fault of the English student if he is not in a position to have a right to judge as to the characteristics of German genius, and as to the fruit which has come from it.

It must suffice, at present, to say that, in general, the German stand-point, whether looking towards man or towards his Maker, is not ours; and from what is characteristic of the German in this respect, theological truth, as presented by him, is almost sure to be obscured to the English understanding, by a haze coming either from the higher philosophy in the case of some, or from a dreamy mysticism in the case of others. It seems to be in the nature of the German, that he should find his Messiah, his Salvation, his Gospel, by the light of his own consciousness, if he ever does find them, more than as a fact in history—by the aid of his metaphysics, more than by any external evidence, either past or present. This remark, as every one knows, applies even to such men as Schleiermacher and Neander. This inversion of the English mode of investigation, naturally leaves but very partial and feeble affinities between German thought and our own. Strauss's argument, indeed, whether we retain or discard his mythic theory, is mainly historical, and for this reason, Germany has given us the poison in this case, without giving us the antidote. What has been written in reply to Strauss in Germany, will not be accepted by the English student as an answer. It consists of contributions only towards that object—of materials which, to the mind of an Englishman, need to be collected, sorted, sifted, and worked up afresh, if they are to serve their purpose in a manner at all satisfactory. What is true of the literature of Germany on this question, is, in the main, true of its theological literature generally. But many who meddle with Germanism will be sure to meddle with it crudely, and the result will be a measure of obscurity, and more or less of mischief. There never has been a people who have possessed so much of the show of reasoning, with so little of the substance. Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Trench have known how to work this soil with skill and advantage, but with some of its better products

they have given us some admixtures which might have been spared. In common, too, with all students of their class, they have sometimes travelled far in search of material which they might have found, and have found better digested, nearer home.

Most of our readers will be aware, that in the attempt of Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Maurice to extend the influence of Christianity more thoroughly to the relations of every-day life, they have committed themselves to certain speculations of an economic description, to which they have given the name of Christian Socialism. These speculations, however, do more credit to the feeling of our authors than to their judgment. With all due respect, also, be it said, they are such as would be much more in place with Christian ministers in some other connexions, than with the clergymen of the Church of England. To pour forth lamentations over the hardships of the relations between employers and employed, as in the case of tailors and their masters, and in the same breath to become loud in the praise of a system which, at the cost of the people, and largely of the poor, raises the ministers of religion to a baronial greatness, and endows them with a baronial wealth, is not exactly the most edifying exhibition of consistency the world might witness. Nor can we estimate the general ethics of this school so highly as we might otherwise have done, when we call to mind the web of sophistries by which alone such men can retain their place in this system—the condition of an unfeigned approval of all and everything in that system being insisted upon in terms the most rigid that could be devised for the purpose. But this is a tender point, and, for the present, we leave it.

With regard to ourselves as Nonconformists, we can scarcely be said to have a pulpit literature at all. Our divines rarely print sermons; partly because, as being the production of dissenters, few churchmen would read them, and partly because dissenters scarcely ever read sermons, write them who may. The article is to be obtained so cheap on a Sunday, that our people seem to have no idea of its being wise to obtain it at considerable cost on any other day. They do much more foolish things, however, than they would do, if they were to discard this notion, and to encourage such a literature. The theological education of Nonconformist ministers is greatly in advance of the theological education of clergymen. Preaching, too, is an exercise to which the dissenting minister is trained as the churchman is not. As a rule, accordingly, Nonconformist ministers *should* be better divines, and better preachers, than the clergy; and, as a rule, we think they are so. But clergymen

who give themselves from choice to the scientific study of theology, often do so with great advantage. If men of thorough education, their previous grounding in general literature gives a largeness, freedom, and richness to their treatment of theological questions, to which men whose antecedents have been less favourable rarely attain. Archdeacon Hare, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Trench are all instances of this favourable kind. But speaking of matters in their average, our judgment is, that the theology of the Bible is better expounded, and better presented to the popular apprehension, by Nonconformist preachers than by clergymen. Our own observation, which has been somewhat extended, certainly forces us to the conclusion, that in respect to fulness of matter, and skill in manner, the scale does thus turn as between the two classes of teachers. In respect to general education, and the general taste arising from it, the advantage is with the clergy; in respect to theological education, and the consequent power of handling theological topics, the advantage lies the other way.* Hundreds of sermons are heard from Nonconformist pulpits every Sabbath-day, rich in nearly all the qualities of goodness, such as deserve to be far better known, but of which nothing survives beyond the hour in which they are delivered. Of course, these hundreds may leave some thousands, concerning a great part of which, perhaps, the less that is said the better.

But it is time we should bring these observations to a close, and that we should now pass from this estimate of the Christian ministry, as it is striving to adapt itself to the times, to state in a few direct terms, what, in our view, this ministry must be, if the demands of the coming time are to be met by it.

I. We say, then, that the Christian ministry to come must be a ministry the doctrine of which shall find its grand utterance in the two old words, REDEMPTION and REGENERATION. We say that such *must* be the ministry to come, because we believe in the destined progress of Christianity, and we see this agency in the order of means necessary to that end. But we say this also on other grounds, much broader and less open to exception. Any-

* In support of this statement we may appeal to two volumes of sermons recently published by two Nonconformist ministers—one by the Rev. George Smith, the other by the Rev. Mr. Katterns. These discourses, without aspiring to the rank of *great* sermons, and while wanting, no doubt, in qualities which a better acquaintance with the theological literature of the Church of England, as well as with that of our Puritans and Nonconformists, might have secured for them, are nevertheless discourses which may be described as containing an amount of theological truth, exhibited with a distinctness, freedom, and force, which we find only occasionally in the discourses of evangelical clergymen. We say this without being forgetful of the labourers in this field who do so much honour to the Church of England.

thing short of this will not be the message which the Bible contains—will not be the message which man needs. Nor must there be any paralyzing hesitancy as to the fact that such *is* the message which the book brings to us. The ministry to come must be ready with its reasons, of various kinds, for having a mind thus made up on this point—but thus made up it must be. The authority which attaches to holy Scripture must be clear and settled, if it is to be an authority wielded to any purpose. The doctrine announced as contained in those Scriptures must be of the old compass, embracing the substance of the old views in relation to guilt and sin, to redemption and renovation—pointing with a steady finger to God's world above us, into which Paul so much longed to enter; and to the Devil's world beneath us, which commends itself so little to the taste of some of our moderns. Men content to preach these doctrines in a dubious, peradventure tone, to a sensuous, luxurious, and sceptical age like ours, are the men to do the Devil's work, not the work of God. So to preach, must be to leave the sensuous to their filth, the luxurious to their selfishness, the sceptical to their doubting. The men to move other men, must be men who can earnestly say—'*We believe, and therefore speak.*'

We commend this course, and we believe that this course is to constitute the strength of the ministry to come—not because the theme of the Christian minister is one that does not admit of being dealt with in the way of jealous scrutiny, but because it has been so dealt with times and often, dealt with so long, and with such results, that we have a right now to look upon it as a settled matter, and have a right to speak of it accordingly. We say this in full memory of the endless exceptions that have been urged against this theme, and of all the silly boastings we sometimes hear about the supposed effect of these hostilities. The withes have been laid on, but Samson is not bound. Christianity, which, according to the Platonists and pagans of the first five centuries in its history, was always about to die with the next generation, is not yet dead. The faith which Voltairism was to annihilate, is still in the field, and doing battle there with a stronger hand than ever. Each new onslaught has been proclaimed as surely the fatal one; but somehow, the blow does not perform its expected office, the antagonist keeps his footing, and seems only more likely than ever to continue to keep it.

How is this? It is because the strong side of the controversy is with us—because, if we may so speak, the *humanity* of the controversy is with us. There is nothing in the world so white, but that men may reason to prove it black, and that with a sufficient degree of plausibility to puzzle the wits of the

uninitiated. It argues great ignorance—an expectation of the monstrous from the Almighty, to suppose that if a revelation come to man, it must so come as to preclude all ground for objection, or for difference of opinion. Moral truth knows nothing of such evidence. It is not on earth, it is not in heaven, it can never be. That infidelity and heterodoxy have their case we admit; but that it is, when rightly viewed, in either instance, a good case, we deny, deny with no puling hesitancy of speech, but in terms the clearest and strongest we can command for the purpose.

Nor is the strength of evidence on the Christian side, the strength of mere learning. It is much more a strength derived from the consciousness, the experience, the sense of religious want, in man. Men of research have found this sense of voidness and evil, and this consequent feeling of need, everywhere in the past. They see, also, that everywhere this feeling has been putting men upon expedients to find a deliverer, who may be to them what they cannot be to themselves, and a purifier who may do for them what they may not do for themselves. The lore to this effect which has been brought together by modern scholarship, is great, and a sort of digest from it has been given of late to our own reading public.* But the very philosophical process of reasoning which this digest is intended to sustain, is to the effect, that as men were so long and so generally employed in seeking a Gospel in the ancient world, without finding it, all hope of our ever finding a Gospel to be a fit object for human trust must be a delusion! Whatever may be the judgment of some of our philosophers, it may, we think, be safely left to the common sense of the unsophisticated everywhere to say, whether the natural inference in this case be not precisely the reverse of that which is thus pressed upon us. It had used to be the doctrine of philosophers, that capacity must imply object, and that where a sense of want in man is evidently from his nature, provision has been made for that want somewhere in nature. If this be not denied—if this law be found to obtain through all gradations of existence, from the lowest upwards, until we reach the human spirit, are we to expect that it will fail there? No. Reason affirms, that it will not only be in force there, but there more than elsewhere. It is manifestly in the nature and condition of man, as we know him, that he should feel his need of a deliverer and a renovator, as the great want of his being; and all his self-devised religions, accordingly, will be found to consist, in their main features, of so many attempts to construct for himself this needed Gospel. Now the history of every false Gospel, so

* Makay's *Progress of Intellect*.

originated, points, with strong presumptive evidence, to the existence of a Gospel somewhere which is not false. Egypt and Asia, Greece and Italy, proclaim to us from of old, that this feeling was in them, and they relate to us the search they made in the hope of finding a provision for it. Hindooism, Buddhism, and our own Romanism, all proceed in these later times on the same ground. The great heart of humanity, through the past and the present, is thus imperative in its demands of a Gospel—of instruction that may lead man to a deliverer and a renovator. Is this language of humanity, so diffused and so imperishable, a lie? Then humanity itself is a lie. If our nature be false here—in these its most widely-spread and deeply-rooted instincts, where can it be true—wherein may we trust it?

In cleaving to our old truth, then, the truth of a religion founded upon the old doctrines of redemption and regeneration, we are not vesting our faith in notions called forth by accidents, or in a narrow formula which the peculiarities of race or country have originated and fashioned. On the contrary, in so doing, we take our stand on ground as broad and as permanent as humanity, and we have authority to say to men everywhere, that the necessity of our nature, which heaven has permitted, is, as reason might suggest, a necessity for which heaven has provided. Surely the Being who has given men the capacity to feel that their present condition is degraded and unhappy, has not left them wholly without the means of rising to something higher and more felicitous. Belief in a Gospel existing somewhere for humanity, is the most rational of all beliefs; and to believe thus, must be, in our circumstances, to believe in the Gospel which has come to us through the Anointed One as in the 'Heath' designed for all nations.

During the early centuries of the church the controversy raged, as we have seen, without ceasing, between a Philosophical paganism and the Christian faith. But nearly a thousand years followed in which a dominant church tolerated no rival. Those years closed with the age of Luther. Since that age changes so great have come over the conditions of mind and of society, that the old antagonist parties are now fronting each other again upon the same battle-field. It is true, we have no reason to expect that the modern Julianism will be put down by the arm of the civil power. But it is to be remembered, that even in the fourth century, that power came in the wake of the Christian victory, not in the van of it, and that it would not have come at all, with any permanent effect, if it had not come in that order. Now, also, as anciently, the Christian may be sure of thus much in respect to his antagonists—with all their talk about *earnestness*,

there are very few earnest men among them, and with all their talk about *faith*, they have to learn, for the most part, what such an exercise of mind, as directed towards anything above the earthly, really means. As a rule, loosened from Christianity, they settle in nothing. Rejecting that external authority, like their precursors in the remote past, they find nothing steady to put in its place, and are like sands drifted to a new position by every action of the tide. Either they have no convictions, or, in Stirling fashion, they get a new supply about every two years. Let the men set for the defence of the Gospel preach it—preach from the pulpit and the press—with the manly fulness wherewith the apostles preached it, and with the earnestness to be expected from men who feel that it is no fable, and the first memorable discomfiture of Julianism will be followed by a second not less memorable.

But it must never be forgotten that the doctrine of the Gospel is the doctrine of a Renovator, and the spirituality of feeling proper to the preacher of such a doctrine must, after all, be the great secret of power in the pulpit. With regard to many of his hearers, the minister cannot hope to be, to more than a very limited extent, an instructor. Not a few of them will be his equals, if not his superiors, in general intelligence. But there is one high department of influence that will always be open to him. It will be within his power, as often as he ascends the pulpit, to make himself felt as one giving a hallowed impulse to the thoughts, affections, habits, and lives of those who listen to him, causing heavenly contemplations to act as an anchor to the heart, and so keeping the whole man sure and steadfast.

II. From our observations elsewhere, it will be seen that we fully sympathize with the feeling that the ETHICAL element in Christianity has not been inculcated on its just grounds, or in its proper breadth, in the general teaching, either of the orthodox or the evangelical schools, by churchmen or nonconformists. In the ministry to come there must be no assigning of reasons taken from religion for what is wrong in its own nature. No preaching up of creeds or forms, or even of spiritual experiences, to the neglect of those virtues of truthfulness, honesty, and kindness, which society has a right to expect in the every-day conduct of men who profess to be Christians. The pharisaic error which once allowed church-going to pass as evidence of piety, is no longer found available; and the delusion which has allowed the profession of a particular creed, and the possession of certain religious experiences, to pass as the evidence of sanctity—the necessity of such moral virtues as are named above being tacitly ignored, that, too, must come to an end. All the natural

virtues have a basis of their own, and are not to be superseded, but strengthened and elevated, by religious influences. This doctrine may seem to be one of the most obvious and simple kind, but it is one of the hardest things in the world to bring a large class of religionists to act as though they understood and believed it. To be a sensualist, in the sense of being a drunkard or an impure person, excludes from recognised Christian fellowship; but in a healthy state of religion that effect would follow hardly less certainly in the case of the man who is immoral in the sense of being insincere, virtually untruthful, virtually dishonest, or devoid of all nobleness. In the ministry to come the preachers themselves must be men of this order of goodness, and men who will dare to insist on it in others. If in the fiery process before it, Christianity is to come forth as gold, there must be more—much more done to separate between its pure gold and the dross thus adhering to it. In the category of the proscribed must be the lusts of the *spirit*, no less than the lusts of the *flesh*.

It may be right to add, that by the healthy moral teaching that will be demanded from the ministry to come, we mean something other than the feeling which often finds its outlet in speeches or pamphlets on prison discipline, against capital punishment, against the evils of war, or in the talk which seems to regard the forgiveness of injuries as the beginning and the ending of Christian morality. Let the wise and humane be done, say we, in relation to all these things; but let not our morality come to be of that morbid kind which spares the wrong in sparing the wrong-doer, which does dishonour to virtue by making light of vice, and which overlooks the fact, that as are the reasons which bind us to love the good, such are the reasons that bind us to hate the evil. The Christian spirit is a spirit of truth, and a spirit of rectitude, and it is not to be a spirit of love at the cost of either of these. Consideration for the infirmity of sinners is a Christian duty; and so is that deeply principled repugnance to sin, without which to pretend that we approve of the government of God, as before us either in providence or revelation, must be to utter the language of self-deception or of hypocrisy.

III. With regard to the **STYLE** and **MANNER** which must characterize the ministry to come, our idea is simple. It must cease to be professional—it must become natural. All that we could wish to say on this subject is included in that statement. We are far from wishing that the language of Scripture should not be frequently heard from the lips of the preacher. If the commerce of his spirit with the writers of the New Testament be what it should be, intimate and habitual, it will be sure to be thus with him. Their words will often come with their thoughts,

their manner with their matter. But the nomenclature of the New Testament, really peculiar to it, goes within a small compass. In its general style, it differs from the usual style of the scholar, only in the degree in which that style needs to become different if it is to possess fitness for popular instruction on any subject. It is remarkable, that a book which is ours to make us acquainted with the sublimest truths that have ever commended themselves to the human mind, is a book characterized, almost from beginning to end, by the exceeding simplicity and naturalness both of its language and its illustrations. It is said that the greatness of genius is in nothing more conspicuous than in the fact that it generally utters its greatest things without any apparent effort, and without seeming to be aware of their greatness. In the writings of the apostles, and in the records of His teaching who was greater than they, the man of taste must often have felt the beauty of this peculiarity—this total absence of any thing like a straining for effect, or of a conscious attempt to give a shade either of artificial brilliancy, or of artificial mystery, to truth. We so *feel* the natural in these writings as never to think of meeting with anything else. Admirable models! How little in the manner of the *great* sermons of our great preachers!

We have seen that it is not an easy thing for men to whom an academic and artificial style has become familiar to become simple. In the effort to do so they too commonly pass the proper line. It requires a nice discernment in such cases to distinguish wisely between the simple and the puerile, the familiar and the vulgar, so as to use language that shall give a popular clearness and impressiveness to truth, and still be in harmony with its sacredness and dignity. The writers of the New Testament have shown a wisdom in this respect that never could have been theirs apart from that special guidance under which they spoke and wrote. In nothing is the man of matured culture and taste more unmistakably seen, than in the care with which he gives the result of processes of thought, without any trace of the processes themselves, and with which he can use the simplest forms of speech so as to combine the familiar with the graceful. The well-known ballad, 'Those Evening Bells,' &c.—how simple the words there, nearly all monosyllables, or short words from our most familiar Saxon—but what a silver clearness, what a pathos, what an elevation, what a combination of the beautiful! Young men who begin to get some acquaintance with the hard words of philosophy, and with writers who are accounted great because they indulge in a tumid Ciceronian style of expression, are sometimes tempted to take scientific phrases, and imitations of such a style into the pulpit, the effect of which is just to

tell everybody that, in respect to aptness for teaching their babyhood is still upon them. Men—finished men, though they may have spent much time in class rooms, never so express themselves as to suggest that they were ever there; and though well up in authors who write in a stately style, very well suited to stately people, you never hear them talk after that fashion, and rarely do you find them teaching or writing according to such models.

The artificial style of which we speak naturally generates an artificial delivery. In the Church-of-England pulpit, it has given prevalence to a recitative sort of delivery, which begins every sentence with the same key note, and then runs on monotonously until the end, where two or three other notes occur, and which come round at that same place as regularly as the dactyl and spondee at the end of an hexameter. The sentences may be longer or shorter, but to this the recitative readily adapts itself, the elocution of every sentence being made up of three parts—the key-note at the beginning, the monotony in the middle, and the fling up at the end, the monotonous middle being so very accommodating, as to admit of being cut short, or of being stretched to any length. We are happy to know that in many Church-of-England pulpits you find scarcely a trace of this vice, but so common has it been there, and so rarely do some of our upper classes hear public speaking except at church, that we have known many scions of our noble families take this clerical tune with them into public meetings and into our houses of parliament.

The vice of our puritan pulpit, too, has been on the side of a song or twang, which, except in the case of those who have been familiar with it from their infancy, is unendurably offensive. Oh that song—that twang!—what a help has it been to the devil's work. It would be difficult to devise anything more fitted to sever the pulpit from all contact with the department of mind in modern society which it is of the first importance to bring under such influence. In England, this evil has been diminishing year by year, during the whole of the last half century; in Scotland, even, it is now made to give way considerably to something better; but in both parts of the island we have a good deal, in this respect, not so much to learn as to unlearn. Nature is ours from the hand of our Maker; the unnatural is from ourselves.*

By what *measures* a ministry equal to the demands of the

* There is a story which says that a pious old lady, in a village of Scotland, one day gave her grandson the newspaper to read to her. The boy, who had not been wont to listen to much reading, except as performed by the minister at church on Sunday, began reading the contents of the journal with the true minister intonation:—whereupon, to his surprise, the good lady gave him a box on the ear, exclaiming at the same time, 'What, dost thou read the newspaper in the *Bible twang*!—so deeply wounded was her pious feeling by this profane use of a melody so sacred!

coming time may be best secured, is a large question. It must suffice for us here to say that, in our judgment, no doctrine can be more fraught with evil to the Christian cause than that which would convert the Church of God into a debating club, and leave the supply of Christian instructors to appear as a spontaneous product from such discussion meetings. This theory certainly has the recommendation of simplicity, but it is a simple affair, we suspect, in more senses than one. In recent times, several experiments of this description have been made. Sandemanianism, Plymouth Brethrenism, Derbyism—all have proceeded on this principle, and a very pretty *ism* each in its turn has proved. As to the *result* of such theories, there is nothing to fear in that respect. But there is a good deal to be feared in the shape of faction, conceit, fanaticism, and such like mischiefs, during the process of any such experiment. If the parties disposed to test such a theory would only be good enough to select a field apart for their purpose, they might be safely left to their own course. But the work of illuminati of this order is rarely so much to construct churches as to distract them—not so much to flank the old with something new and better, as to fill it with all the feud that may bring distress and weakness. For ourselves, we are satisfied that the usages of our nonconformist churches, as regards the measures taken to give efficiency to the ministry among them, are, in their substance, usages in accordance with common sense, and with both the letter and the spirit of the New Testament.

ART. II.—(1.) *The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knt., in his Voyage into the South Sea, in the year 1593.* Reprinted from the Edition of 1622. Edited by C. R. DRINKWATER BETHUNE, Captain R.N. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1847.

(2.) *Select Letters of Christopher Columbus, with other Original Documents, relating to his Four Voyages to the New World.* Translated and Edited by R. H. MAJOR, Esq., of the British Museum. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1847.

(3.) *The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the great and golden City of Manoa (which the Spaniards call El Dorado), &c.* Performed in the year 1595. By Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Knt., Reprinted from the Edition of 1596. With some Unpublished Documents relative to that Country. Edited, with copious Explanatory Notes and a Biographical Memoir, by Sir ROBERT H. SCHOMBURGK, Ph.D., Knight of the Royal Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, of the Royal Saxon

- Order of Merit, of the French Order of the Legion of Honour, &c. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1848.
- (4.) *Sir Francis Drake, his Voyage, 1595, by Thomas Maynard, together with the Spanish Account of Drake's Attack on Puerto Rico.* Edited, from the Original Manuscripts, by W. D. COOLEY. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1849.
 - (5.) *Narratives of Voyages towards the North-West, in Search of a Passage to Cathay and India, 1496 to 1631. With Selections from the Early Records of the Hon. the East India Company, and from MSS. in the British Museum.* By WILLIAM RUNDALL, Esq. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1849.
 - (6.) *The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia, expressing the Cosmographie and Commodities of the Country, together with the Manners and Customs of the People. Gathered and observed as well by those who went first thither, as collected by William Strachey, Gent., the first Secretary of the Colony.* Now first Edited, from the original Manuscript in the British Museum, by R. H. MAJOR, Esq., of the British Museum. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1849.
 - (7.) *Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America and the Islands adjacent.* Collected and published by Richard Hakluyt, Prebendary of Bristol, in the year 1582. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by JOHN WINTER JONES, of the British Museum. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1850.
 - (8.) *Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* Edited, with Notes, by THOMAS RUNDALL. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1850.
 - (9.) *The Discovery and Conquest of Terra Florida by Don Ferdinando di Soto, and six hundred Spaniards, his Followers.* Written by a Gentleman of Elvas, employed in all the action, and translated out of the Portuguese by Richard Hakluyt. Reprinted from the Edition of 1611. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, and a Translation of a Narrative of the Expedition by Luis Hernandez de Biedma, Factor to the same, by WILLIAM B. RYE, of the British Museum. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1851.
 - (10.) *Notes upon Russia: being a Translation of the Earliest Account of that Country, entitled Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii, by the Baron Sigismund Von Herberstein, Ambassador from the Court of Germany to the Grand Prince Vasily Ivanovich, in the years 1517 and 1526.* Translated and Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by R. H. MAJOR, Esq., of the British Museum. Vol. I. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1852.

THE Hakluyt Society seems to be one of the most useful of the numerous associations which at present exist for the purpose of printing or reprinting ancient works. It has little or none of the dilettantism by which most of the publishing 'clubs' and associations are characterized. The works hitherto printed by the

Hakluyt Society, for the most part, possess the character which constitutes a proper claim to resuscitation by this kind of association; they are generally interesting, useful, and deserving of preservation, but they are not popularly interesting and useful enough to make it worth any bookseller's while to publish or republish them upon speculation. The editorship of the Hakluyt publications has been hitherto confided to gentlemen of appropriate and acknowledged qualifications. Every kind of information necessary to illustrate the texts, and connect them with the general knowledge which may fairly be assumed in the majority of those who will become the readers of these works, is amply supplied in the notes and introductory dissertations. Indeed, the publications of this society seem to be open to complaint rather for being over, than under, edited. The 'introductions' by which most of these works are accompanied generally rival the works themselves in bulk, and do not fall far behind them in interest. Another good feature in the management of this series of publications is the wise economy and foresight, through which it is likely to maintain for a long time a degree of attractiveness at least as great as that with which it made its first claims upon the favour of its subscribers. The best books have not all been taken first, or even in undue proportion. Works of great interest and value are made to alternate with others of humbler pretensions, and there is no reason why the society should not for many years continue to publish works up to the average mark of those hitherto issued by it.

There is no class of ancient writing which carries us back so completely into ancient times as the accounts left by the old travellers of their journeys and voyages. Probably few persons have any idea how largely our present knowledge of the geographical and political position of all nations of the globe enters into the formation of the modern mind. Although, upon the whole, light is always better than darkness, yet when we contemplate certain qualities of feeling which depended, in old times, upon geographical ignorance, or rather, upon the curiosity and vigour of research originated by that ignorance, we cannot help lamenting, like Alexander, that there is not another world to be conquered. Indefiniteness, in its effect upon the mind and heart, is often as beneficial as infinitude; and in the times of the old travellers men possessed, in the common earth, a source of elevating and humiliating wonder, which we moderns have quite lost, and for which we have as yet been only partially compensated by the vaster, but less immediately interesting, fields of research opened in the heavens by the powers of the telescope. It is true that by men of science vast tracts of the globe must still

be regarded as realms of undiscovered wonders. The zoology and botany of Central Africa; the volcanic and meteorological phenomena of the new continent at the South Pole; the social condition of the Japanese; the languages of many savage tribes,—still present ‘fresh fields and pastures new’ for the delectation of the philosopher. But these undiscovered regions of science exert little or no effect upon the popular imagination; this is excited only by material facts upon an imposing scale. It can take no further interest in a world of which the sphericity is no longer doubtful; the contour of its isles and continents has been made commonplace by maps and globes. The civilization and characteristics of its people stand represented by certain sufficing symbols, such as the little feet and long pig-tails, the passive obedience and pagodas, of the Chinese; the Juggernaut festivities and funeral fires of the Hindoos; and the black teeth and exclusiveness of the people of Japan. Its most striking physical phenomena are well known, and it is felt to be probable that no future research will develop rivals to the volcanoes and ice-walls of the southern continent; the northern aurora, the falls of Niagara, the Norwegian maelstrom, and the Indian tornado; its dragons and great sea-serpents have dwindled into alligators and Yankee fables; its most interesting tribes, the cannibals, have scarcely survived the encroachments and propagandism of the mutton-and-potato-eating European; the existence of

‘Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,’

has become more than questionable; and, worst of all, gold has now been found in such abundance, that the idea of undiscovered El Dorados scarcely touches the imagination.

There is no class of writing, we repeat, like the writings of the old travellers, for enabling us to enter into the spirit of those times when men were less wise in their own eyes than they are now, and the world was still wonderful. How strangely different from our modern ‘Eothen,’ and our ‘English women in Egypt,’ are these simple old narratives; how refreshing is the absence of the all-absorbing modern egotism: how heroic the silence with which vast hardships are passed over, or the careless and indirect glimpses of them which the writers give us, almost unintentionally, at intervals, in their manly records of hard won results; how strong and simple, in most instances, their piety; how romantic and imaginative their very faults: their foolish longing for gold, as the first terrestrial good: their credulity in accepting the most incredible stories from waggish or roguish savages; their rashness in leaping to the most preposterous philosophical conclusions from natural phenomena. There is something in

the character of their very phraseology which speaks to the heart of the sense of wonder, that constituted an element of their common life. We feel, while reading their records, that they had fed so much upon the marvellous in nature, that nothing could have much exceeded their belief and expectation. It would not at all have astonished them to behold, at a few cables' distance, the verge of the flaming zone, which was supposed, at one time, to surround the earth at the equator. Had they met with the race of men whose heads 'did grow beneath their shoulders,' they would have calmly captured a specimen, for the amusement of their friends at home; a centaur would not have taken them by surprise. Indifference to danger and to selfish gain, is also strikingly perceptible in the tone of these old writers—an indifference so great, as almost to amount to oblivion. They were inspired with an instinct of travel, and the fulfilment of this instinct was its own reward; they said in their hearts,

'It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
'It may be we shall touch the happy isles;'

but like all mighty seekers, their joy was in the pursuit, and not in the spoil.

The first book issued by the Hakluyt Society was *The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knt., in his Voyage into the South Sea*. It was selected, we are told, not so much as a rare work, as on account of its great merit, to which Admiral Burney bears testimony in his *History of Voyages into the South Sea*. 'It might 'with propriety,' he says, 'have been entitled a book of good counsel; many of his observations being unconnected with the voyage he is relating, but his digressions are ingenious and 'entertaining, and thus frequently contain useful or curious information.' The work is simply republished from the edition of 1622, with such alterations as were deemed necessary, from evident misprints in the original; and with notes of explanation wherever there occur obsolete words, or technical phrases which might puzzle an unprofessional reader. The editor, Captain Drinkwater Bethune, R.N., has done his work extremely well, and has added to the book an interesting little preface. Here we find a curious code of regulations, drawn up for the use of a ship that sailed in Hawkins's time, which gives us some idea of the spirit in which these expeditions were undertaken. Among others, there are rules ordaining that 'No man shall swear by 'the name of God, nor use any profane oath. That no man shall 'speak any vile or unbecoming word against the honour of his 'majestic. That no man shall speak any doubtful or despairing 'words against the good success of the voyage, or shall make any 'doubt thereof, in public or private.' The captain by whom these

regulations were drawn up, says, 'My greatest care was to have my men of Godly conversation, and such as, their years of time not exceeding thirty-five, had gained good experience.' This extreme care seems to have been the re-action of the buccaneer-spirit that animated the first adventurers who sailed to the Spanish possessions in South America.

Sir Richard Hawkins, who was bred to a sailor's life by his father, himself a distinguished commander, assisted in the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and shortly after set out, commissioned by the Queen, upon the voyage of which he has written an account. Far from incurring the name of a pirate, he was remarkable for his humanity and benevolence, wherever he went. As this book is better known than most of the Hakluyt Collection, we will at once pass on to the next, the *Select Letters of Columbus*.

It is true that in these letters, which, with one exception, are translated into English for the first time, there is little that is not already familiar to us all; for who has not read of Columbus's high aspirations, and the carelessness with which his scheme was regarded by those to whom he applied for aid in prosecuting it: of the long-sought, and at length grudgingly bestowed assistance of the Spanish monarchs? of his difficulties and dangers, his undaunted courage, his hair-breadth escapes, and of his final success? Most of us, in our youthful days, have burned with indignation on reading of the cruel and successful plots of his enemies, and the ingratitude of that king whose name, by a mere reflection of Columbus's glory, has become memorable to all generations. But in the volume before us, we have the essence, as it were, of the various dilutions we have been accustomed to, in the form of biographies and romances. Not, however, a complete life of Columbus, but minute descriptions of some of the most interesting parts of it. Of the seven documents therein contained, five are letters written by Columbus himself, and the remaining two accounts drawn up by companions in his labours: the one, Dr. Chanca, physician to the fleet during the second expedition; and the other, Diego Mendez, an officer who accompanied Columbus in his fourth voyage, and to whose fidelity and friendship Columbus was almost entirely indebted for his preservation and return to Spain. This document, which is an extract from the will of Diego Mendez, gives an account of several adventures, of which Columbus has left no note, and in some of which Columbus was not present. These translations are preceded by an introduction written by Mr. Major of the British Museum, the principal object of which is, in the first place, to give a bibliographical sketch of each one of the letters; and secondly, to

present us with a just statement of the claims that have been put forth at various times by others than Columbus, to the first discovery of the new world. In the former part of this preface it is stated that Columbus's first letter was printed immediately on its arriving in Europe; and in the space of a year, no less than ten editions of it were issued from the presses of Rome, Paris, Strasburg, Basle, and other towns. Eight of these were in Latin, one in German, and one was in Italian, being translated into 'ottava rima' by Giuliano Dati, a popular poet of those days, and sung about the streets of Italy. These facts give us some idea of the excitement caused in the old world by Columbus's great and unexpected success. The versified letter announces the discovery of San Salvador, North Caico, the two Jaqua islands, Cuba, San Domingo, and several smaller islands. It is addressed from Lisbon to Raphael Sanchez, the treasurer of the Spanish monarchs. A very loose translation of this letter appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1816.

Many are those, however, who, with more or less apparent justice, would deny to this letter the honour of being the *first* announcement of the discovery of American land. Some give to the Egyptians, some to India, others to the Chinese, or to their neighbours, the Japanese, the credit of having not only discovered, but of having colonized America. Others contend that the whole race of American Indians is descended from the Tartars. Marc Lescarbot, in his *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, affirms that the Canaanites, driven by the children of Israel from their land, flowing with milk and honey, put to sea, and were driven by storms to the opposite side of the world, and took refuge in America! And, to go further back, that Noah was a native of America, and after the deluge, showed his descendants the way to their paternal country, assigning to many of them lands and possessions there. Paracelsus, making a still bolder stride backwards, affirmed that a second Adam and Eve were created to people America.

The first distinct statement of a supposed migration from the eastern world to the shores of America, is that which the learned De Guignes founds upon the narration of the Chinese historian, Li-Yen, who lived in the early part of the seventh century. He describes some of his countrymen as having made long journeys to various countries, which might appear, from their distance from the starting point, in the direction of America, to have been a part of the western continent itself. But Klaproth, in answer to this surmise, has satisfactorily shown that the furthest point that could have been gained by these Chinese wanderers, in the time mentioned as having been spent by them in sailing, was

Saghalian. Humboldt, in touching upon the subject, says, that the number of horses, the manufacture of paper, and the practise of writing, mentioned as existing in the newly-discovered land, are points which are of themselves sufficient to disprove its having been America. Accounts are to be found in Scandinavian history which make it likely, indeed almost certain, that some of the northern parts of America were visited by Icelanders prior to the era of Columbus. Mr. Major gives very interesting accounts of these, and of all other travellers who have any claim to having achieved the same exploit. We must pass over this very amusing part of the introduction with a recommendation to all who are interested in such matters, to read it; and must content ourselves with stating that the conclusion to be drawn from it is, that Columbus was not the first who landed on American soil; but that he nevertheless deserves the name of the discoverer of America, since his precursors were driven or led by mere accident to strange shores, the exact position of which they themselves seem scarcely to have determined, and which have subsequently become known to us, not through their accounts, but by the labour of Columbus and his successors, who, instead of being indebted to these early travellers for information, have, by their own light, made clear to us the half-forgotten accounts of these various wanderers.

In reading the writings of Columbus and his companions, it is impossible not to be struck with the accurate truth of all the statements they contain. It is true that we have mention made of men born with tails, but we are told only that such were affirmed by the savages to exist in certain provinces, into which the writers did not penetrate. All that they themselves saw is described with a careful regard to truth.

One of Columbus's first wishes seems to have been the conversion of the newly-discovered tribes to the Christian faith; and his whole conduct was modified by this desire. In speaking of the inhabitants of Española, (San Domingo,) he says,—

‘They exhibit great love towards all others, in preference to themselves; they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little, or nothing, in return. *I, however, forbade that these trifles and articles of no value should be given, such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps; although, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world.* It happened, even, that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles; and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, especially newly coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required; as, for instance, an ounce and a

half, or two ounces of gold, or thirty or forty pounds of cotton, with which commodity they were already acquainted. Thus they bartered, like idiots, cotton and gold for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles, and jars; which I forbade, as being unjust, and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable articles which I had brought with me, without taking anything in return. *I did this that I might the more easily conciliate them, that they might be led to become Christians.*

His way of proceeding seems to have proved successful as far as it went; he attempted little beyond making a favourable impression that might prepare the savages to receive instruction. His conduct even led the simple Indians to suppose that the strangers were descended from heaven. Three or four of the men, who lived and travelled with the Spaniards in the capacity of interpreters, did not lose this impression upon a nearer acquaintance with them, but cried out, at each new village, 'Come, come, and look upon beings of a celestial race!' Columbus rejoices in the similarity of language prevailing in all the islands he visited during his first voyage, inasmuch as this circumstance would greatly aid the work of converting the inhabitants. In one of his later voyages, he sends home word that in all the countries he visited, he caused crosses to be erected upon every headland, proclaiming at the same time, 'the high estate of their majesties and the court of Spain,' and telling the Indians as much as he could make them understand of the faith 'of the holy mother church,' which has its members in all countries of the world; of the 'courtesy and nobleness' of all Christians, and of the faith they have in the Holy Trinity.

We cannot help contrasting with Columbus's idea of Christianity, and of the best method of preparing people to receive it, the following remark of Dr. Chancé, who, in the true spirit of his age, seems to have believed religion to consist in observances widely differing from the practice of honesty, good faith, and 'noble courtesy.' 'My idea of this people is,' says he, 'that, if we could converse with them, they would all become converted; for they do whatever they see us do, making genuflexions before the altars at the Ave Maria and the other parts of the devotional service, and making the sign of the cross. . . . I made a pretence of throwing them (wooden idols) on the fire, which grieved them so that they began to weep.'

It seems strange, that after expressing so much good-will towards the savages, and so hearty a desire to make them Christians by kind treatment, Columbus should have been the first to propose making slaves of them; yet such is the case. He suggests that the Caribees should be given in exchange for labour and merchandize, and seems well to have considered the

best means of capturing the poor victims of his scheme. To judge of such apparent inconsistencies we must transport ourselves to the age and country in which Columbus lived. The frightful character of the Caribees seems, too, in a measure, to account for his hardness of purpose towards them. They are represented as carrying off women by force from the neighbouring islands, and devouring the children they had by them. Such men as they could capture alive, they would take home and feast upon with great rejoicing, while the dead they devoured at once. Women and boys were declared by them to be unfit for eating. The former were useful as breeders of tender young babes; and the latter were dismembered and suffered to attain their full growth, when they were, in their turn, devoured. Dr. Chanca affirms that he saw proofs of these things. 'Three of the boys,' says he, 'thus mutilated, came fleeing to us. The Caribees say that a man's flesh is so good, that there is nothing like it in the world: and this is pretty evident, for of the bones which we found in their houses they had gnawed everything that could be gnawed; so that nothing remained of them but what, from its great hardness, could not be eaten: in one of the houses we found the neck of a man in the process of cooking.'

The justice and kindness with which Columbus invariably treated the Indians, secured him their entire good-will; and we find that they readily acknowledged the supremacy of the Spanish monarchs, and were at all times ready to assist the Spaniards, either by giving them food, or by directing their search for gold and pearls. This gold and pearl seeking occupied Columbus and his companions almost to the exclusion of less immediately lucrative, but, in the end, far more important, investigations. The mines of copper, the various woods and spices, as well as the cotton, drugs, and other natural productions of the new Indies, are named as things of considerably less than secondary moment, as compared with gold and pearls, and no amount of knowledge concerning them seems to have been considered sufficient reward for letting go an opportunity of obtaining ever so little gold. The narrow policy of this proceeding was evidently as obvious to Columbus as it is to us modern Europeans; but he was urged on to the acquisition of gold and pearls by the reproaches of his enemies and the avarice of all his countrymen. In a letter written to Ferdinand and Isabella during his third voyage, he excuses himself at great length for not having sent home larger quantities of gold. He explains his reasons for having satisfied himself, at present, with discovering the spots in which future adventurers might enrich themselves: these reasons were, for the most part, want of time, or provisions, or

sickness among his crew; and, in some instances, adverse weather; and he takes occasion to remind his master and mistress of the noble proceedings of their neighbours, the princes of Portugal, who had expended large sums, and the lives of many of their subjects, in exploring Guinea, without having ever received other reward than glory, and the extension of knowledge, and were yet continuing their researches along the coast of Africa with more determination than ever. He then reminds the king and queen that he, for the first time, had given to Spain foreign possessions, and had raised her from the rank of a 'poor country' to be mistress of a new world. After writing for some time in the same humble tone, excusing his past conduct, and holding out the promise of more gold for the future, he adds, that he excuses himself, not because he thinks their highnesses have changed—as he firmly relies on their assurance, given him by word of mouth, that they believed the holy faith would be increased by his enterprise, and on that ground would continue to forward it, even if nothing were gained by it but sand and stones—but from the fear he has of his enemies' continual complaints concerning the small quantities of gold and pearls hitherto sent from the Indies: 'for I know,' says he, 'that water dropping on stone will at length wear a hole.'

Notwithstanding this assertion, it is plain that Columbus believed, and probably not without reason, that Ferdinand and Isabella were as fond of gold as most of their subjects were. In his letter to them, which is occupied with most interesting accounts of the new lands, of their inhabitants and produce, with supposed geographical and philosophical discoveries, we find a perpetually recurring allusion to gold and pearls—a complete network hampering all his ideas. He will stop in the middle of the most lively narration of a hostile encounter with a new tribe, to tell exactly how large the plates of gold were, upon their breasts. The lovely landscape is always so many miles removed from the mines; and he never turns back from a voyage of discovery up a creek or river, without some all-sufficient reason for not continuing his way with a view to gold-finding. There is something extremely painful in this, because, unlike Raleigh, who was himself almost exclusively occupied with this one idea of gold, the mind of Columbus was fixed on higher objects, and his perpetual reference to the precious metal seems to have been prompted by the fear of losing favour in the eyes of the king and queen: his actions, and even his thoughts, seem to have been perpetually constrained by this lamentable necessity of gold-seeking. No one can read his letters without observing the sudden change of tone when gold and pearls are

the subjects of discussion. His noble, truthful style is at once dropped, and a kind of hollow court language substituted for it. He does not seem fully to have understood his own feelings on the subject; perhaps his excessive loyalty withheld him from thinking boldly that his king and queen were in fault. In one place he says, as if trying to persuade himself into the belief that gold was indeed worth the sacrifices he found himself obliged to make for it:—

‘Gold is the most precious of all commodities; gold constitutes treasure, and he who possesses it has all he needs in this world, as also the means of rescuing souls from purgatory, and restoring them to the enjoyments of paradise.’

His very religion loses its exalted character, and becomes narrow and superstitious, when gold is his theme.

Most of our readers are aware that the enemies of Columbus at length succeeded in getting him displaced from his government, in Hispaniola, and sent to Spain in chains. The master of the ship, touched by the age and the genius of his prisoner, offered to release him from his chains. Columbus replied, ‘Since the king has commanded that I should obey his governor (for it was not by *direct order* from Ferdinand that Columbus wore the chains) he shall find me as obedient to this as I have been to all his other orders; nothing but the king’s command shall release me. If twelve years’ hardship and fatigue; if continual dangers and frequent famine; if the ocean first opened, and five times passed and re-passed, to add a new world abounding with wealth, to the Spanish monarchy; and if an infirm and premature old age, brought on by these services; deserve these chains as a reward, it is very fit I should wear them to Spain, and keep them by me as memorials to the end of my life.’

A letter which we find here, describing this ill-treatment, and addressed to a lady of the court, was read to the queen, whose generous mind was filled with sympathy and indignation at the recital. The new governor was displaced, and full redress was promised to Columbus. After this, he went out again to the Indies. In the volume before us we have two narratives of the many interesting occurrences of this, his fourth and last voyage: the one addressed by Columbus to the king, and the other, an extract from the will of Diego Mendez. ‘Robinson Crusoe’ himself had scarcely more wonderful adventures to relate than those which are here described. Columbus would inevitably have perished by hunger, and again by the hands of hostile Indians, had it not been for the prudence and courage of Mendez. He returned to Spain, in 1504, in a shattered vessel, careworn,

without money, and prematurely old. Of his own condition just before setting out, he gives the following account:—

✂ Such is my fate, that the twenty years of service through which I have passed with so much toil and danger have profited me nothing; and at this very day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own: if I wish to eat or sleep I have nowhere to go to but to an inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill.

‘I was twenty-eight years old when I came into your highness’s service, and now have not a hair upon me that is not grey: my body is infirm, and all that was left to me, as well as to my brothers, has been taken away, and sold—even to the frock that I wore, to my great dishonour. I cannot but believe that this was done without your royal permission. The restitution of my honour, the reparation of my losses, and the punishment of those who have inflicted them, will redound to the honour of your royal character: a similar punishment also is due to those who have plundered me of my pearls, and who have brought a disparagement upon the privileges of my admiralty. Great and unexampled will be the fame of your highnesses if you do this; and the memory of your highnesses as just and grateful sovereigns will survive as a bright example to Spain in future ages. The honest devotedness I have always shown to your majesties’ service, and the so unmerited outrage with which it has been repaid, will not allow my soul to keep silence, however much I may wish it. I implore your highnesses to forgive my complaints. I am, indeed, in as ruined a condition as I have related. Hitherto, I have wept over others; may Heaven now have mercy upon me, and may the earth weep for me. With regard to temporal things, I have not even a blanca for an offering; and in spiritual things, I have ceased here, in the Indies, from observing the prescribed forms of religion. Solitary in my trouble, sick, and in daily expectation of death; surrounded by millions of hostile savages full of cruelty, and thus separated from the blessed sacraments of our holy church, how will my soul be forgotten if it be separated from the body in this foreign land? Weep for me, whoever has charity, truth, and justice!’

It is impossible to read, without the deepest sympathy, the occasional murmurings and half-suppressed complaints of this great man, wrung from him by sickness and disappointment, and addressed to a king in whom the gift of a world could not awaken gratitude, by one who was not provoked to a harsh or disloyal word, by the infliction of chains as a recompence for that gift. The greatness that had enabled Columbus to fight through twenty years of toil and disappointment on the road to glory, gave him strength to bear, with majestic meekness, the conversion of that glory into unmerited shame.

The two remaining years of the life of Columbus were spent by him in a state of poverty and struggle: he was forced to

borrow, to plead as a culprit for rights of which his sovereign had deprived him; he lost his noble patroness Isabella, in 1405, and with her lost all hope of redress. In writing to a friend, he says, 'It appears that his majesty does not think fit to fulfil that which he and the queen, now in glory, promised me by word and seal. For me to contend for the contrary, would be to contend with the wind. I have done all that I could do; I leave the rest to God, whom I have found ever propitious to me in my necessities.'

Soon after this, the body of Columbus was laid in the parish church of Santa Maria de la Antigua. In 1513 it was transferred to the Cartuja de las Cuevas, near Seville, where a monument was raised, bearing as an inscription these words,

A CASTILLA Y E LEON
NUEVO MUNDO DIÓ COLON.

Since then, the remains of Columbus have been again twice removed. They now rest in the cathedral of Havanna.

Before closing our notice of this highly interesting book, we must extract a remarkable description written by Columbus on his coming, for the first time, to the embouchure of one of the great American rivers:—

'When I reached the point Arenal, I found that the island of Trinidad formed, with the land of Gracia (coast of Cumana) a strait of two leagues width from east to west, and as we had to pass through it to go to the north, we found some strong currents which crossed the strait, and which made a great roaring, so that I concluded there must be a reef of sand rocks, which would preclude our entrance; and behind this current was another and another, all making a roaring noise like the sound of breakers against rocks. I anchored there under the said point of Arena, outside of the strait, and found the water rush from east to west with as much impetuosity as that of the Guadalquivir at its conflux with the sea; and this continued constantly day and night, so that it appeared impossible to move backwards, for the current, or forwards, for the shoals. In the dead of night, while I was on the deck, I heard an awful roaring that came from the south towards the ship; I stopped to observe what it might be, and I saw the sea rolling from west to east, like a mountain as high as the ship, and approaching by little and little; on the top of this rolling sea came a mighty wave, rolling with a frightful noise; and with all this terrific uproar were other conflicting currents, producing, as I have already said, a sound as of breakers upon rocks. To this day I have a vivid recollection of the dread I then felt, lest the ship might founder under the force of that tremendous sea; but it passed by, and reached the mouth of the before-mentioned passage, where the uproar lasted for a considerable time. On the following day the men drew up some water from the sea, and, strange to say, it proved to be fresh.'

After sailing some time in these parts, and discovering that the billows were 'fresh on the inner side and on the outside salt,' Columbus concluded that he had come to a place of supernatural wonders. He speaks of a sudden change of temperature and other phenomena, as concurring with the great current of fresh water, in leading him to the conclusion expressed in the following extraordinary passage:—

'I have always read that the world, comprising the land and the water, was spherical, as is testified by the investigations of Ptolemy and others, who have proved it by the eclipses of the moon, and other observations made from east to west, as well as by the elevation of the pole from north to south. But I have now seen so much irregularity, as I have already described, that I have come to another conclusion respecting the earth—namely, that it is not round as they describe, but of the form of a pear, which is very round except where the stalk grows, at which part it is most prominent, like a woman's nipple; this protrusion being the highest and nearest to the sky, situated under the equinoctial line, and at the eastern extremity of the sea. I call that the eastern extremity where the lands and the islands end. In confirmation of my opinion, I revert to the arguments which I have above detailed respecting the line, which passes from north to south, a hundred leagues westward of the Azores; for in sailing thence westward, the ships went on rising smoothly towards the sky, and then the weather was felt to be milder, on account of which mildness the needle shifted one point of the compass; the further we went, the more the needle moved to the north-west, this elevation producing the variation of the circle, which the north-star describes with its satellites; and the nearer I approached the equinoctial line the more they rose, and the greater was the difference between these stars and their circles. Ptolemy and the other philosophers who have written upon the globe, thought it was spherical, believing this hemisphere was round, as well as that in which they themselves dwelt but this western half of the world, I maintain, is like the half of a very round pear, having a raised projection for the stalk And now that your highnesses have commissioned me to make this voyage of discovery, the truths which I stated are evidently proved; because in this voyage, when I was off the island of Arguin (Arguin, off the west coast of Africa) and its vicinity, which is twenty degrees to the north of the equinoctial line, I found the people black, and the land very much burnt; and when, after that, I went to the Cape Verde islands, I found the people there much darker still, and the more southward we went the more they approach the extreme of blackness; so that when I reached the parallel of Sierra Leone, where, as night came on, the north star rose five degrees, the people were excessively black, and as I sailed westward the heat became extreme. But after I had passed the meridian or line which I have already described, I found the climate gradually become more temperate; so that when I reached the

Island of Trinidad, where the north star rose five degrees as the night came on, there, and in the land of Gracia, I found the temperature exceedingly mild; the fields and the foliage likewise were exceedingly fresh and green, and as beautiful as the gardens of Valencia in April. The people there are very graceful in form, and less dark than those I had seen before in the Indies . . . The sun was then in the sign of Virgo, over our heads and theirs; therefore all this must proceed from the extreme blandness of the temperature, which arises, as I have said, from this country being the most elevated in the world, and the nearest the sky. On these grounds, therefore, I affirm that the globe is not spherical, but that there is the difference in its form which I describe, the which is to be found in this hemisphere at the point where the Indies meet the ocean, the extremity of the hemisphere being below the equinoctial line. And a great confirmation of this is, than when our Lord made the sun, the first light appeared in the first point of the east, where the most elevated point of the globe is. And although it was the opinion of Aristotle that the antarctic pole, or the land that is below it, was the highest part of the world and the nearest to the heavens, other philosophers oppose him, and say that the highest part was below the arctic pole, by which reasoning it appears that they understood that one part of the world ought to be loftier and nearer to the sky than the other; but it never struck them that it might be under the equinoctial, in the way that I have said, which is not to be wondered at, because they had no certain knowledge respecting this hemisphere, but merely vague suppositions, for no one had ever gone or been sent to investigate the matter, until your highnesses sent me to explore both sea and land.'

In speaking of the stalk of his supposed pear, he says:—

'Indeed, I believe it impossible to ascend thither, because I am convinced that it is the spot of the earthly paradise, whither no man can go, but by God's permission . . . I think also that the water I have described may proceed from it . . . for I have never either heard or read of fresh water coming in so large quantity in close conjunction with the water of the sea . . . and if the water of which I speak does not proceed from the earthly paradise, it appears to be still more marvellous, for I do not believe that there is any river in the world so broad and deep.'

The river in question was the Orinoco, by no means the largest river of the American continent.

The next volume is devoted to Sir Walter Ralcygh's narrative and journal of his two voyages to Guiana, edited with copious explanatory notes and a biographical memoir by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, who, from his position as her Majesty's commissioner to survey the boundaries of British Guiana, was particularly qualified for the work. This volume is one of great interest. The journal of the second voyage deserves especial attention. It is now, for the first time, printed, and is of first-rate value as

proving the general good faith of the much misunderstood Sir Walter. It presents us with a picture of indefatigable energy and heroic endurance, such as could not possibly have sprung from any source but that of a firm belief that he was about to realize the splendid prospects, the representation of which had obtained his temporary release from prison: it thus affords a conclusive refutation of the calumnious statements of Raleigh's motives in projecting and undertaking the second expedition to Guiana. Nothing is unimportant that throws light upon Raleigh's extraordinary character. It is a most difficult one to understand, but it is unusually well worth the trouble of understanding. The volume before us is calculated to confirm us in the opinion that Raleigh's faults consisted chiefly in momentary fits of weakness, and an excessive love of fame—'that last infirmity of noble minds,'—and that systematic unconscientiousness and fraud were foreign to his nature. The charge of atheism, which was brought by a Roman-catholic priest against Raleigh, scarcely deserves denial: but it must be confessed to be doubtful whether the chivalrous gentleman was a very sound Christian. There is a want of definiteness about Raleigh's notions of morals, which is a more ominous symptom of questionable orthodoxy than even an indefiniteness in matters of doctrine. 'This day,' says Sir Thomas Wilson, who acted as spy upon Raleigh, 'he told me 'what discourse he and my lord chancellor had had about taking 'the Plate fleet; which he confessed he would have taken had he 'lighted upon it. To which my lord chancellor said, 'Why, you 'would have been a pirate.' 'Oh,' quoth he, 'did you ever 'know of any who were pirates for millions? They only that 'work for small things are pirates.'

The narrative of the discovery of Guiana is far from being the tissue of gross and wilful lies, which those who believe in Hume must imagine it to be. On the contrary, the air of the whole work is one of strict and literal truth; and it is only when Raleigh repeats the reports of others, that he admits exaggerations and falsehoods into his pages. The language is throughout noble and picturesque: we only regret that out of the numerous brilliant little pieces of description, we have only space for the following sketch, which reminds us of the ever-memorable picture drawn by a lover of his lass, whom he declared to be 'round as an O, and simple as 'Good day:—

'That Cassique that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where we anchored, and in all my life I have seldome seene a better favored woman; she was of good stature, with blacke eies, fat of body, of an excellent countenance; hir haire almost as long as herselfe, tied up againe in pretie knots, and it seemed that she stood not in that aw

of hir husband as the rest, for she spake, and discourst, and dranke among the gentlemen and captaines, and was very pleasant, knowing her own comeliness, and taking great pride therein. I have seen a lady in England so like hir, as but for the difference of colour I would have sworne might have beene the same.'

✓ Sir Francis Drake, his Voyage, 1595. By Thomas Maynarde, together with the Spanish account of Drake's attack on Puerto Rico, edited from the original MSS., by W. D. Cooley, Esq.' is the least important volume of this series; it is, however, of considerable value for the light cast by it upon its hero, who is made to wear, in these pages, a much less romantic aspect than that under which history has generally represented him.

The 'Narratives of Voyages towards the North-west, in search of a passage to Cathay and India,' are ably edited by Mr. Thomas Rundall. They comprise accounts of all the voyages made in that direction from the time that the news of Columbus's first success stirred up the mind of Sebastian Cabota, when there was 'greate talke in all the courte of Henry VII., inasmuch that all men, with great admiration, affirmed it to be a thing more divine than humane, to sail by west into the east, where the spices do grow, by a way that was never knownen before,' till the faithful and stout-hearted crew of the 'Maria,' with their courageous and energetic commander, Captain James, arrived at Bristol, in 1632. The names of Frobisher, Davis, Weymouth, Hudson, Baffin, and James, are alone sufficient to recommend this book. We had marked many passages for extract, but find ourselves so much limited for space, that referring our readers to the work itself for highly interesting stories of dangers, escapes, discoveries, and mutinies; and for examples of almost unparalleled courage and heroism, we will close our notice of it with a passage from the journal of Sir Edward Parry, bearing testimony to the merits of his forerunners:—

'In revisiting many of the spots discovered by our early British navigators in the Polar regions, and in traversing the same tracks which they originally pursued, I have, now and then, in the course of my narratives, had to speak of the faithfulness of their accounts, and the accuracy of their hydrographical information. . . . The accounts of Hudson, Baffin, and Davis are the productions of men of no common stamp. They evidently relate things just as they saw them, dwelling on such nautical and hydrographical notices as even at this day are valuable to any seaman going over the same ground; and describing every appearance of nature, whether on land, the sea, or the ice, with a degree of faithfulness which can alone, perhaps, be fully appreciated by those who succeed them in the same regions, and under similar circumstances. . . . One cannot less admire the intrepidity, perseverance, and skill with which, inadequately furnished as they

were, these discoveries were effected, and every difficulty and danger braved. That any man, in a single frail vessel of five-and-twenty tons, ill-found in most respects, and wholly unprovided for wintering, having to contend with a thousand real difficulties, as well as with numberless imaginary ones, which the superstitions then existing among sailors would not fail to conjure up—that any man, under such circumstances, should, two hundred years ago, have persevered in accomplishing what our old navigators did accomplish, is, I confess, sufficient to create in my mind a feeling of the highest pride on the one hand, and almost approaching to humiliation on the other. Of pride, in remembering that it was *our* countrymen who performed these exploits; of humiliation, when I consider how little, with all our advantages, we have succeeded in going beyond them. . . . Persevering in difficulty, unappalled by danger, and patient under distress, they scarcely ever use the language of complaint, much less that of despair; and sometimes, when all human hope seems at its lowest ebb, they furnish the most beautiful examples of that firm reliance on a superintending providence, which is the only rational source of true fortitude in man. . . .’

‘How shall I admire your heroic courage,
Ye marine worthies, beyond names of worthiness.’

The next book on our list—the ‘*Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britania*’—has had the good fortune to fall into the hands of Mr. Major, who has enriched it with an introduction containing such notice as, in the almost total absence of materials, this indefatigable editor could give of William Strachey, its author; and an interesting account of the struggles endured by the early settlers in Virginia, who preceded the expedition in which Strachey sailed as secretary. Mrs. Major has also contributed to the value of the book, by embellishing it with etchings, copied from early engravings, illustrative of the persons and houses of the Virginians.

William Strachey gives a very enticing description of the country, and contradicts the reports which have been spread, of the formidable character of its inhabitants. ‘They never,’ says he, ‘killed a man of ours, but by our men’s own folly and indiscretion — suffering themselves to be beguiled and enticed up into their houses without arms: for fierce and cunning as they are, they still stand in great dread of us.’

Strachey’s account of Virginia, though till now only in manuscript, was well known at the time of its first appearance; and it is supposed to have determined the ‘Pilgrim Fathers’ in their choice of a resting-place. The quotation on the title-page, ‘This shall be written for the generation to come; and the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord,’ was perhaps con-

sidered by them to be prophetic of themselves. The description given of the Virginian costume is too curious to be omitted:—

‘They adorn themselves most with copper beades and paintings. Of the men, there be some who will paint their bodies black, and some yellow; and being oyled over, they will sticke therein the soft down of sundry coloured birdes, of blew birdes, white herne shewes, and the feathers of the carnation birde . . . as if so many variety of laces were stitched on their skinns, which makes a wondrous shew; then being angry and prepared to fight, paint and crosse their foreheads, cheekes, and the right side of their heades diversely. . . . The women have their armes, breasts, thighs, shoulders, and faces, cunningly embroidered with divers workes, for pouncing or tearing their skyns with a kind of instrument heated in the fier. They figure therein flowers and fruits of sundry lively kinds, as also snakes, serpents, eftes, &c. . . . and this they doe by dropping upon the seared flesh sundry coulers, which rubb’d into the stamp, will never be taken awaye again. The men shave their haire on the right side very close, keeping a ridge comonly on the toppe or crowne, like a coxcomb; for their women, with two shells, will grate away the haire into any fashion they please. On the left side they weare theire haire at full length, with a lock of an ell long, which they anoint often with walnut oyle. Sometimes they tie up their lock with an artefeyall and well laboured knot, stuck with many colored gewgaws, as the east head, or brow antle of a deare, *the hand of their enemy dried*, croisettes of brighte and shynig copper, like the newe moone. Many weare the whole skin of a hawk stuffed, with the wings abroad, and buzzard’s or other fowl’s whole wings, and to the feathers they will fasten a little rattle . . . which they take from the tayle of a snake, and sometimes divers kind of shells, hanging loose by small purfleets or threads, that being shaken as they move, they mighte make a certaine murmuring or whisteling noise by gathering wynd, in which they seem to take great jollity, and hold yt a kind of bravery. Their ears they boare with wide holes, commonly two or three, and in the same they do hang chains of stayned pearl bracelets, of white bone or shreds of copper beaten thin and brighte, and wound up hollowe, and with a greate pride, certaine fowle’s leggs . . . with beasts’ claws . . . the claws thrust through, they let hang upon the cheek to the full view, and *some of their men their be who will wear in these holes a small greene and yellow-coloured live snake, weere half a yard long*, which crawling and lapping himself about his neck, often tymes familiarly, he suffereth to kiss his lippes. Others wear a dead rat tied by the tayle, and other such conundrums.’

We regret that we cannot afford space for a detailed notice of the various pieces forming Hakluyt’s collection of ‘*Voyages touching the Discovery of America*.’ The high interest and value of the collections made by the indefatigable Hakluyt, are admitted by all. The well-known bibliographer, Mr. John Winter Jones, of the British Museum, has edited this work with

an amount of care and learning which will sustain and increase his reputation.

We now come to 'A Collection of Documents on Japan.'

The American expedition, which is on the point of sailing for Jedo, and the result of which will probably be the opening of Japan to all nations, gives a peculiar interest to this volume, which, apart, however, from any temporary consideration, is one of the most attractive of the set of books before us. Like some which we have already noticed, it has a preface and notes, that rival in value the work itself. The editor to whom we are indebted for these excellent notes and preface, is Mr. Thomas Rundall. At the present juncture of Japanese history, it may not be unacceptable to our readers to be reminded of some of its leading features in connexion with Europe and the Europeans.

Before the year 1637, Japan, instead of being the most exclusive country in the world, was open to all foreigners. An unusual degree of politeness and justice seems to have been practised towards them. The governor of the Phillipine Islands being wrecked on the coast, was received as a prince, and laden with gifts at his departure. William Adams, the author of six letters, which, together with a description of Japan from a Harleian MS., form the 'Memorials,' and who began life as 'an apprentice to Master Nicholas Diggines, of Limehouse,' was cast destitute upon the Japanese shores: so far from being received with unkindness or suspicion, he found himself, though without other recommendation than his personal merit, gradually advanced to a high post, in which he was the king's friend and councillor. Merchants were welcomed from all countries, and they found among the Japanese a ready and profitable market for their merchandize. Missionaries were freely admitted, and according to their own account, the Roman-catholic church numbered two millions of Japanese converts in little more than five-and-twenty years. Churches were erected, and schools established, all with the full concurrence of the government. The Buddhist religion was also introduced by its own followers, and with so much success, that in a short time its votaries far outnumbered the followers of the Sinto, or national creed. Thirty-four minor sects enjoyed their respective opinions unmolested; all foreigners were protected by the emperor so long as they obeyed his laws. When asked, upon one occasion, to deliver up certain Spaniards who were resident in his dominions, the emperor replied, 'No; Japan is an asylum for people of all nations. No man who hath taken refuge in my dominions, and conducts himself peaceably, shall be compelled, against his will, to abandon my empire: but if it be his will to quit, he is welcome to depart.'

Now, unfortunately, the missionaries and their converts did not observe the emperor's very just conditions, but so conducted themselves, that in the year 1587 the Emperor Taico Sama had occasion to dispatch commissioners to Father Cuello, the vice provincial of the Portuguese, to demand explanations on the following points: 1st. Why he and his associates forced their creed upon the subjects of the empire? 2nd. Why they incited their disciples to destroy the national temples? 3rd. Why they persecuted the bonzes (native priests)? 4th. Why they and the rest of their nation used for food animals useful to man, such as oxen and cows? Here we must acquaint our readers who are not already aware of the fact, that the Japanese would no more think of eating a cow than we should a horse. On being asked to furnish oxen and cows to an English captain, in 1845, they refused, and added, by way of explanation, 'The Japanese do not eat cows; they do their duty, they bear calves, and give milk; it is sinful to take the milk; they require it to rear their calves; and because they do this, they are not allowed to work. The bulls do their work, they labour at the plough, and get thin: you cannot eat them; it is not just to kill a beast that does its duty; but hogs are indolent, lazy, and do no work—they are proper food.'

The fifth and last question was this: Why they permitted the merchants of their nation to traffic in his subjects, and carry them away as slaves to the Indies?

Cuello, in reply to the first three questions, pleaded the holy zeal of the Christians, but assured the emperor that the missionaries had taken no part in the disorders. With regard to the eating of cows and oxen, he laid it to ignorance of the Japanese customs. In answer to the last question, he observed that the traders in human flesh acted in opposition to the wishes of the missionaries. The emperor appears to have considered these replies quite unsatisfactory. If the priests considered the levelling of temples and persecution of the bonzes proofs of holy zeal, it was very plain that in proportion to their success in making converts, these disorders would prevail, whether or not directed by the missionaries. The plea of ignorance of the Japanese customs could scarcely be received on behalf of a people who had resided for years among them. The missionaries' disapprobation of the slave traffic, if sincere, showed at least that their teaching was as inefficient when directed to a good end, in opposition to mercenary views, as it was effective when indirectly levelled against order and justice. An edict was therefore issued commanding all priests to leave the empire within twenty days, upon pain of death. All churches and crosses were to be destroyed, and Christian converts were to abandon their faith, or be exiled from their country. Merchants were allowed to remain

on the same footing as before, provided only that they made no attempts at proselytizing. This harsh edict was not really carried out, and the native Christians were soon the cause of fresh disorders. Some examples were made, but with little effect; the progress of the so-called Christianity was marked by disorder and rebellion. Further examples were made, and the governor of the Phillipines sent a message of expostulation. To his ambassador, Taico Sama, after giving a sketch of the disorders created in his country by the missionaries, made the following pertinent observation: 'Conceive yourself in my position, the ruler of a great empire, and suppose certain of my subjects should find their way into your possessions, on pretence of preaching the doctrines of Dsin. If you should discover their assumed zeal to be a mere mask for ambitious projects; that their real object was to make themselves masters of your dominions, would you not treat them as traitors to the state? I hold the fathers to be traitors to my state, and as such do I treat them.' He expressed, in conclusion, his intention of still admitting and protecting merchants; and voluntarily conceded to the Spaniards the power of punishing such of his subjects as might incur the censure of their laws, while staying in Nova Spania.

To enable our readers to judge how far the priests deserved the censure of Taico Sama, we will here subjoin accounts written of them by Captain Cock and Kämpfer. The former in his diary frequently alludes to the disorders arising in the state through the agency of the priests, and speaks of their insolent disregard of the laws. He represents them as being 'demoralised and avaricious, not scrupling to make their holy calling subservient to their worldly interests by the keen pursuit of traffick.' Kämpfer, entering upon the subject more fully, says—

'Now, as to the fall of the Portuguese, I have heard it often affirmed by people of good credit among the Japanese themselves, that pride and covetousness, (in the first place pride among the great ones, and covetousness in people of less note) contributed very much to render the whole nation odious. Even the new-converted Christians were astonished and grew impatient, when they found that their spiritual fathers aimed not only at the salvation of their souls, but had an eye also to their money and their lands; and that the merchants disposed of their goods in a most usurious and unreasonable manner. The growing riches, and the unexpected success in the propagation of the Gospel, puffed up both laity and clergy. Those who were at the head of the clergy thought it beneath their dignity to walk any more on foot, in imitation of Christ and his apostles. Nothing would serve them but they must be carried about in stately chairs, mimicking the pomp of the pope and cardinals at Rome. They not only put themselves on an equal footing with the greatest men in the empire, but,

swelled with ecclesiastical pride, they fancied that a superior rank was nothing but their due.'—*History of Japan*, v. i. p. 314.

Both Captain Cock and Kæmpfer were Protestants, and may, by some, be supposed to be prejudiced against the priests and their converts. No suspicion, however, can attach to the evidence of Charlevoix, a Jesuit who wrote the history of Japan and the Japanese Christians. He speaks of the emperors as 'naturellement pleins d'équité et de modération,' in whose minds, by a combination of causes, mistrust and suspicion were engendered; feelings which displayed themselves in a manner that excited astonishment throughout the world. He tells us that these causes were, the commercial rivalry of the Spanish and Portuguese, which led each one to injure the other in the emperor's regard; various scandalous proceedings and gross indiscretions on the part of the Castillians; and the ill offices of the Dutch, who, with a single blow, overthrew European commerce and Christianity in Japan. He acknowledged that the priests were not always discreet and prudent, and he admits that the Christians were prone to rebellion, but endeavoured to excuse them on the ground of the sovereigns against whom they revolted having been usurpers. Whether or not this was the case is doubtful, but at all events the Christian converts might have contented themselves with obeying a king who was acknowledged by an overwhelming majority as lawful monarch. After comparing the three testimonies of Cock, Kæmpfer, and Charlevoix, it is difficult not to sympathise with Taico Sama, in his opinion of the 'fathers.' He continued till his death to regard them as traitors, but was by no means harsh in his treatment of them. This very reasonable emperor was succeeded by Ogosho Sama. During this reign, some Franciscan friars were sent to Japan as ambassadors from the Manillas. In direct opposition to the then existing laws, they preached openly in the streets of Miaco, and even erected a church there. This untimely and imprudent proceeding incited the emperor to issue an order for them to leave the country. This command was disobeyed, and the priests spread themselves abroad in various disguises 'to gather up the fold of Christ.' The only apparent effect of their labour was a simultaneous rising of all the Christians against the government. This insurrection stirred up the wrath of the emperor, who now commanded a persecution, which was carried out with an atrocity never before witnessed in any country of the world. In this deplorable state things remained with very little intermission till 1637, when the Dutch laid before the Japanese government a correspondence asserted to have been carried on with Portugal, inviting the Portuguese to send

over troops, ostensibly to help the Christians, but in reality to effect the conquest of Japan. Charlevoix accuses the Dutch of having forged this correspondence, for the purpose of ruining their commercial rivals. It is impossible, at this distance of time, and with little evidence on either side, to determine the question satisfactorily. The Portuguese party in Japan may have sought aid from Europe; and, on the other hand, to those who are acquainted with the line of conduct pursued by the Dutch in the eastern seas, it will seem equally probable that the letters were forgeries. They were, however, considered by the emperor to be genuine, and, in consequence of their discovery, all Europeans except the Dutch were banished from Japan, a price was set upon the head of all Christians, natives were forbidden to quit the country under pain of death if ever they returned, and 'Japan was shut up.'

The Dutch have retained their position in Japan till the present time. They, however, gain little else by it than the mere name of carrying on dealings with the Japanese; for this name they are content to remain at Nangasaki, subject to many moral and physical restrictions, and treated, as Kæmpfer observes, as traitors and professed enemies of the empire. Their traffic is limited to two ships yearly; valuable presents are selected from each cargo for the emperor, others, somewhat less costly, for the more subordinate authorities; the Japanese merchant sets his own price on the merchandise, and pays in a coin to which an arbitrary value is affixed. A decree exists by which 'No Hollander shall come out of the island of Desima (a small place 'some five or six hundred feet long) without weighty reasons.' The weighty reason, when existing, has to be sent in writing to the governor of Nangasaki, who, after a delay of twenty-four hours, generally sends a permission of sortie. The permission extends only to a short distance, and even to these limits the Hollander is attended by an escort of police and subordinate officials, all of whom expect a gift. It is not often, therefore, that the Dutchman 'goes out.' The observance of the Sabbath is prohibited; but there is certainly not now, if there ever was, any truth in the statement that the Dutch were required to stamp upon the cross, and effigy of the Virgin. Such are the advantages which the Dutch have secured to themselves by the shutting up of Japan.

Early in the seventeenth century, the English made an attempt at commerce with the Japanese; they however, lost 40,000*l.* in the undertaking, and failed completely. Their failure arose partly from the length and difficulty of the voyage; partly because the English did not possess such articles of commerce as

were most pleasing to the Japanese; but, more than all, it was owing to the underhand policy of the Dutch, who used underselling and bribery, and unscrupulously plundered every English vessel that came in their way. Though commercially unsuccessful, the English maintained their character with the Japanese; they retired, under Captain Cock, in 1623, esteemed and regretted by all classes.

In Mr. Rundall's prefatory remarks we have narratives of many incidents that have more recently transpired between the Japanese and other nations. We have not space to notice these events, but will extract the conclusion he draws from them, in which we fully coincide.

'Calmly reviewing these circumstances, it must be confessed that the nature of the intercourse between the Europeans' (and, we may add, Americans) 'and the Japanese, cannot have tended either to elevate the character of the former in the estimation of the people of the empire, or to have produced such feelings as can lead to a desire for the formation of intimate relations. By the intercourse that has already subsisted between the Europeans and Japanese, all the worst features of the European character have been paraded before the people of the empire, and few of their good qualities have been displayed. In fact, the character of the former has been abused by unworthy representatives, and the perception of the latter has been grossly deceived. The Japanese have had intercourse with governments animated by a wild spirit of aggression, to which every principle of right, humanity, justice, and honour, was sacrificed. They have seen some wrong, real or imaginary, for which the state was alone responsible, vindictively and barbarously avenged on a peaceable and defenceless part of the population. They have been exposed to annoyance, if they have not been irritated in other quarters. They have had intercourse with degenerate ecclesiastics, no less crafty than arrogant and ambitious. They had intercourse with traders abjectly submissive, or over-reaching, or blood-thirsty, piratical, and treacherous. Hence has arisen strong prejudice against the character of Europeans and others, with suspicion and distrust, if not apprehension. Yet of disinterestedness, probity, justice, honour, true devotion, and magnanimity, there is no deficiency among the western nations; and when the Japanese become practically acquainted with this fact, sound friendship, based on esteem and confidence, may be expected to prevail.'

It must, however, be told, to the honour of the Japanese, that within this last century several ships, American and European, have been civilly received at Japan, and even supplied with provisions free of cost. Captain Sir Edward Belcher was allowed to land on an island and take observations: he was pressed to

prolong his stay, and, on his leave, was urged to pay the Japanese a second visit on some future occasion.

With regard to the present question of opening Japan to the rest of the world, it may be observed, that the Japanese are perfectly happy in their seclusion. The country is divided by a difference of climate, and by mountain ranges and impervious forests, into parts as separate as different states. There is from this cause a great variety of produce, and hence an active trade is carried on among the natives. One of their own writers says: 'We can dispense with everything, except medicines, brought from abroad. The stuffs and other foreign commodities are no real benefit to us.' They know nothing of European luxuries, and therefore never miss them. All that they require is to be found in their own possessions. They have made some advance in science, but would gladly progress further. They are naturally skilful mechanists, and, with a little instruction, would soon rival their teachers. They are fond of the fine arts, in all of which, with the exception of music, they have produced some good examples. They are daring in crime, but lack the mean vices of more polished nations. Their impulses are noble, but seem to require a fuller development. Doubtless a renewed intercourse with the better class of the western nations would be advantageous to them, but an intercourse commenced by hostilities may be a long while before it produces anything but evil.

Those who are interested on the subject of Japan cannot do better than peruse the book before us. For any authentic information concerning this empire, we have been hitherto driven to writers of two or three centuries old; but Mr. Rundall has drawn from their dusty and worm-eaten repositories all the most important information. The anonymous Harleian MS. and the letters that follow it are but a small portion of the work, which, with the preface and annotations, form an excellent history of all that is worth knowing of Japan. We subjoin from the 'notes' the story of a Japanese Lucretia, which gives a high idea of female chastity in Japan:—

'A man of rank went on a journey: a noble in authority made overtures to his wife. They were rejected with scorn and indignation; but the libertine, by force or fraud, accomplished his object. The husband returned, and was received by his wife with affection, but with a dignified reserve that excited his surprise. He sought explanations, but could not obtain them at once. His wife prayed him to restrain himself till the morrow, and then, before her relatives and the chief people of the city, whom she had invited to a banquet, his desire should be satisfied. The morrow came, and with it the guests, in-

cluding the noble who had done the wrong. The entertainment was given, in a manner not unusual in the country, on the terraced roof of the house. The repast was concluded, when the lady rose and made known the outrage to which she had been subjected, and passionately demanded that her husband should slay her, as an unworthy object unfit to live. The guests, her husband foremost, besought her to be calm; they strove to impress her with the idea that she had done no wrong, that she was an innocent victim, though the author of the outrage merited no less punishment than death. She thanked them all kindly, she wept on her husband's shoulder. She kissed him affectionately, then suddenly escaping from his embraces, rushed precipitately to the edge of the terrace, and cast herself over the parapet. In the confusion that ensued, the author of the mischief, still unsuspected, for the hapless creature had not indicated the offender, made his way down stairs. When the rest of the party arrived, he was found weltering in his blood by the side of his victim. He had expiated his crime by committing suicide in the national manner, by slashing himself across the abdomen with two slashes, in the form of a cross.

The collection of documents on Japan are followed by the republication of 'The Worthe and Famous History of the Travailes, Discovery, and Conquest of that great Continent of Terra Florida.' This book contains the history of Ferdinand de Soto, written by an anonymous author who calls himself 'a gentleman of Elvas.' This is, perhaps, the most entertaining of all the Hakluyt books. It abounds with romantic incidents and vivid descriptions of nature. The editor, Mr. Rye, of the British Museum, has completed the subject by an elaborate preface, which, as is so often the case with the Hakluyt books, contains nearly as much amusement and instruction as the work itself.

Ponce de Leon, who disputes with Sebastian Cabot the honour of having discovered Florida, was 'induced by vague traditions circulated by the natives of the West Indies, that there was a country in the north possessing a fountain whose waters restored the aged to youth,' to go seeking this desirable spring. He resigned his government—for he was governor of Porto Rico—and set sail in the direction indicated by the natives. One Palm Sunday he came upon a land covered with flowers and verdure; and, as Palm Sunday is called by the Spaniards 'Pasqua Florida,' he gave the name of 'Florida' to the new country; for whether Cabot had formerly seen the land or not, it is certain that he had not succeeded in christening it.

It was here that Ferdinand de Soto, a hundred years later, met with the adventures recorded by the gentleman of Elvas. An Indian told him, that in a country governed by a queen, gold was to be had in abundance; and described how 'it was taken out of mines, and was moulten and refined, as if hee had

‘seene it, or the devil had taught it him. So that all those which knew anything concerning the same, said that it was impossible to give so good a relation without having seene it.’ This sent the governor and his followers on a voyage of discovery in the direction indicated by the Indian. They found the country and the queen, but not the gold. They were, however, courteously received, and laden with presents; and the queen, on perceiving that they valued pearls above all other things, directed them to ransack certain graves, where they found ‘fourteene rooves of perles, and little babies and birds made of them.’

Ferdinand de Soto and his warriors never found their golden city; but we cannot help rejoicing in their ill success, as an El Dorado would have prematurely closed the most pleasing narrative of the ‘Travailes.’ We extract two passages as examples of the style and matter of this book:—

‘There is in this countrie much gold, and few slaves to get it; for many have made away themselves, because of the Christians’ evil usage in the mines. A steward of Vasquez Poreallo, which was an inhabitant of the island, understanding that his slaves would make away with themselves, staied for them with a cudgell in his hands at the place where they were to mete, and told them that they could neither doe nor think anything that he did not know before; and that he came thither to kill himself with them, to the end that if he had used them badly in this world, he might use them worse in the world to come. And this was a meane that they changed their purpose, and turned home again to doe that which he commanded them.’

The other is from an encounter with the Indians, who, being put to the rout,

‘Fled to two very great lakes, that were somewhat distant, the one from the other; they were swimming, and the Christians about them. The caliever men and crossebowmen shot at them from off the banke; but the distance being very great, and shooting as farre off they did them no hurt. The governor (de Soto) commanded that the same night they should compasse one of those lakes, because they were so greate that there were not men enough to compass both. Being beset as soon as night set in, the Indians, with determination to run away, came swimming very softly to the bankes; and, to hide themselves, they put a water lillie leafe on their heads. The horsemen, as soon as they perceived it to stirre, ran into the water to the horse’s breasts, and the Indians fled again into the lake. So this night passed without any rest on both sides. John Ortiz persuaded them that, seeing they could not escape, they should yield themselves to the governor, which they did, enforced thereunto by the coldness of the water only twelve principal men being more valorous and honourable than the rest, resolved rather to die than to come into his hands. And the Indians of Paracossi, who were now loosed out of chaines, went

swimming to them, and pulled them out by the haire of their heads, and they were all put in chaines, and the next day were divided among the Christians for service.'

The latest of the Hakluyt publications, 'Notes upon Russia,' is, perhaps, the least interesting of the set. A second volume is advertised, which may contain more entertaining matter. The present volume, though useful as a book of reference to a Russian historian, can boast of little to attract the general reader, and nothing that may not be found in a more pleasing form in modern works. We except three versified letters, written by 'Master George Turberville, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to the 'Russian Court,' which are very humorous. The 'notes' open with a sketch of Russian history up to the middle of the sixteenth century; this sketch is followed by exceedingly dry notices of the religion, laws, and social customs of the Russians. Many of these are curious, but not sufficiently so to warrant our quoting them. The chief attraction of the book seems to us to be its introduction, written by Mr. Major, the accomplished editor of Columbus's letters. Here we have notices of various Russian travellers of earlier date than the author of the present work, Sigismund Von Herberstein, who went to Russia in the years 1517 and 1526. as ambassador from the German Court. Then follows an excellent and most interesting biography of Herberstein himself. We love and admire this great and honest statesman, as we follow him through his life of active and devoted service to his king, till his own dry notes become tolerable.

We conclude this brief notice of a series of works, of which there are several that deserve an article a-piece, by repeating the expression of our high approval of the general management and editorship of the series, and by wishing the Hakluyt Society 'many happy returns' of the years which it has employed in a way so profitable to its subscribers, and so honourable to its staff of writers.

ART. III.—*The Festal Letters of Athanasius*. Discovered in an ancient Syriac Version, and edited by WILLIAM CURETON, M.A., F.R.S. London. Printed for the Society for the Publication of Oriental Texts. 1848.

THE history of this work of a renowned Father of the Church is a literary romance. Among the productions which Athanasius was known to have given to the world, history had recorded some

pastoral letters, written by him while patriarch of Alexandria, in accordance with a decree of the Council of Nice respecting the disputed question of Easter. The council having decided that this great feast of the church should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the Jewish Passover,—that is, the Sunday following the first full moon after the vernal equinox,—it entrusted the task of calculating and proclaiming the proper day to the Bishop of Alexandria. Hence it came to pass, that in Egypt, soon after the Epiphany, the patriarch sent notice to all the towns under his episcopal jurisdiction, of the day on which the fast of forty days, or of Lent, should commence, as well as the feast of Easter. This was the origin of Paschal or Festal Letters, which, at the same time, discharged the chronological duty prescribed by the council, and furnished the churches with appropriate religious advice from the respective writers.

The first letter of this character was written by Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, who did not long survive the Council of Nice. In the index attached to the work before us, it is stated that ‘Alexander prepared and sent a letter before he departed this life.’ He was succeeded in the patriarchate by Athanasius, who was consecrated, according to this Syriac authority, when Januarius and Justus were consuls; that is, in the year A.D. 328. It must naturally be presumed, that a letter would be sent by him annually, and ecclesiastical writers mention such productions; but, whatever they were, they were lost to the world from a very early period, a few extracts excepted. Jerome mentions the Festal Letters in his notice of Athanasius; Severus, bishop of Aschmonin, says that he wrote forty-seven, and fragments of some of them are quoted by Theodorus Balsamon and Cosmas Indicopleustes. Beyond these slight remains, nothing was known regarding a series of letters which, from the celebrity of Athanasius, the vicissitudes of his life, and his long occupation of the patriarchate, might be expected to take an important place among his works. That they should have perished, can only be attributed to the apparently ephemeral character which they would bear at their first publication; the one for the current year, however interesting in itself, being necessarily thrown into neglect by that which succeeded. But, whatever the cause might be, the fact is certain, that the original Greek of these letters is not known to exist, and it only remained, that when the lapse of centuries had cast the additional interest of hoar antiquity round the just fame of the great defender of orthodoxy, his admirers should lament a loss which appeared to be irreparable. ‘Alas!’ says Montfaucon, in the preface of his edition of the works of Athanasius, ‘what grief affects us for this lost treasure! How

‘much light might have been thrown on history, on the customs of the churches, and on manners! And probably to this day they lie hid in the East, where many more such things yet exist.’

And Montfaucon was right, as recent discoveries have proved. In that part of Africa marked in the map as the Lybian Desert, to the west of Lower Egypt, the Natron Lakes are situated, celebrated for a natural production well known to the arts, but still more so as being the favourite resort of Christian ascetics from a very early period. To the south of the Lakes is found the Valley of Scete, taking its name from its austere inhabitants, and also known as the Desert of Macarius, from a monastery called after one of the saints of that name. Here, as early as the second century, were found numbers of persons who, disgusted with the world, or afraid of its temptations, led a life of seclusion and devotedness to the great objects professedly of purifying and saving their souls. Through successive ages, down to this day, the same spot has been chosen by religious recluses, among whom are conspicuous the names of Fronto, Ammon, Macarius, and Arsenius. In the fourth century, the number of devotees is said to have been five thousand; but this was but a select community compared with the seventy thousand monks who are reported to have met the Arabian general, Amr Ibn Al-As, after the conquest of Egypt, to propitiate his favour towards their societies. Since that time they have suffered great vicissitudes, partly from political events, but still more from time, and the shifting spirit of the age in relation to religious sentiments and practices. Recent travellers have found the monasteries of the Natron Lakes few in number, although the desert is strewn with the remains of those which once existed. Those which survive are tenanted by a few monks, poor, and ignorant, and harmless; the modern representatives of a system which once embraced within it the wealthy, the powerful, and the learned.

As the Syriac language was vernacular to the inhabitants of an immense region, extending from Armenia on the north, to Arabia and Egypt on the south, and from Babylon to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, it followed that those who spoke it formed an important part of the ascetic community in the desert. As late as the tenth century, the monastery of St. Mary Deipara, belonging to the Syrians, was very prosperous; for, in the year 932, the abbot brought from Bagdad a large and valuable accession of books to its library. Through successive centuries we catch glimpses of its manuscript treasures in the visits of learned Europeans, who, after the revival of learning especially, sought for the precious relics of ancient wisdom with untiring diligence,

to grace and enrich the new republic of letters which the Providence of God had allowed to be established. The libraries of the monks, which had become useless to themselves, although written or collected with great zeal and expense by their predecessors, were eagerly coveted, and from time to time yielded up some long lost production. It might have been expected, that books which were as useless to their possessors as if they had been written in the cuneiform or arrow-headed characters of the old world, would have been readily parted with for the gold which now seldom crosses the hand of the anchorites, or for the luxuries which their poverty prevents them from procuring. But it must be remembered, that things are sometimes more valued for their antiquity than for their usefulness, and that the manuscripts in question being for the most part associated with the religious history and the ecclesiastical status of the monasteries, were regarded with superstitious reverence. Another cause operated powerfully to make the monks hold with tenacity documents which were gradually perishing in their libraries or their cellars, and that was, the anathemas pronounced by the writers or the donors of the books against those who should allow them to be removed from the places to which they belonged. This custom probably originated in the great value of such books before the invention of printing; but it also indicates the importance attached to literary possessions in the palmy days of asceticism.

As a specimen of this mode of binding posterity to reverence their gifts, we may quote an inscription found at the beginning or end of several of the manuscripts lately brought from St. Mary Deipara, as it is given by Mr. Cureton in the preface to the Syriac text of Athanasius. It is transcribed from the last leaf of a copy of the book of Daniel, dated A.D. 531.

‘To the honour and glory and magnificence of this monastery of Deipara, of the Syrians, of the desert of Scete, Moses, a mean man and a sinner, the abbot who is called of Nisibis, gave diligence and acquired this book, together with many others—two hundred and fifty—many of which he bought, and others were given to him by some persons as a blessing when he went to Bagdad, on account of this holy desert and the monks who are in it. May God, for whose glory, and for the benefit of those who read in them, he obtained the books, pardon him and the dead belonging to him, and every one who has been in communion with them. It is not permitted to any one by the living word of God, that he should act dishonestly with respect to any one of them, in any way whatever, nor appropriate them to himself. Neither that he should wipe out this memorial or make any erasure, or cut, or order another to do so, nor give them from this monastery.

Whosoever dares to do this, let him know that he is accursed. These books arrived with the above-mentioned abbot, Moses, in the year of the Greeks, 1243.—A. D. 931.

This is strong language, but the anathema has an additional emphasis in an inscription found in a palimpsest from which the text of Homer* had been expunged to make room for a Syriac version of the Treatise of Severus of Antioch against Grammaticus:—‘Whosoever removeth this volume from this same-mentioned convent, may the anger of the Lord overtake him in this world, and in the next, to all eternity. Amen.’

These maledictions, and the natural attachment of the monks to the literary remains of their predecessors, proved for many ages a sufficient safeguard against the designs of learned Europeans; but failed to secure them from peril in the dusty and damp cellars to which in many cases they were consigned. The utter incapacity of the monks of modern times to read their ancient books, and the consequent forgetfulness of their preservation, are graphically narrated by Mr. Curzon, in his ‘Visit to the monasteries of the Levant;’ and this ignorance proved at last too weak to resist the temptations which were presented to induce them to part with what to them was useless lumber. Detached portions of several libraries were obtained by various enterprising travellers; but at length all the Syriac manuscripts of St. Mary Deipara, which time had not destroyed, were purchased by our government, and are now safely lodged in the British Museum. This acquisition is so really valuable, and the means by which it was secured are so interesting, that we make no excuse for giving the details to our readers. The national repository has received a treasure whose value cannot be estimated, and literary remains have been rescued from ruin and made accessible.

While many lovers of oriental literature had, at various times, assisted in ascertaining the existence of the manuscript treasures in the Natron monasteries, it was reserved for the Rev. Henry Tattam to develop their extent, and to rescue them from the ruin which every successive year tended to consummate. That gentleman, then a laborious parish priest in the town of Bedford,* had cultivated a taste for oriental learning, and had turned his attention more particularly to the Coptic version of the Holy Scriptures, which he wished to introduce, in a printed form, to the Coptic Christians yet existing in considerable numbers in

* About to be published by Mr. Cureton.

† Now Dr. Tattam, Archdeacon of Bedford, and Rector of Stanford Rivers, in Essex.

Egypt.* In the year 1838, by the aid of the British government, he undertook a journey to that country, and was not only successful in the direct object of his visit, but also procured several Syriac manuscripts; among which was a version of a lost work of Eusebius of Cæsarea, on the 'Theophania; or, Divine Manifestation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' This venerable relic of the learning of past ages is stated to be, undoubtedly, more than 1400 years old, having been transcribed from an older copy in the year A.D. 411, at Edessa. It is written in the Estrangelo character, on very fine vellum; and its text, and an English translation with notes, have been published by Dr. Samuel Lee. This volume was purchased by Dr. Tattam from the monks of St. Mary Deipara, who, as before mentioned, had formerly parted with a few books to learned travellers, to Lord Prudhoe, for instance, and the Hon. Robert Curzon. The value of the sheaf thus produced, excited strong desires after more of the produce of the same fruitful field; and, as there was reason to believe that the convent still contained, in its cellars, above one hundred and fifty volumes, application was again made to government for pecuniary assistance, in an attempt to gain possession of them, and Dr. Tattam undertook a second journey to Egypt with that object in view.

By dint of a diplomacy, in which the judicious use of gold was found of sovereign virtue, Dr. Tattam was able to bring home a large parcel of confused remains of antique lore in the Syriac language, either of original works or translations from Greek authors of celebrity in the early ages of the church; which, he believed, on the solemn asseverations of the monks, to be all they possessed. These acquisitions were placed in the British Museum, and subjected to the scrutiny of Mr. Cureton, who thus speaks of them in his preface to the Syriac text of Athanasius.

'When Dr. Tattam returned from Egypt in the year 1842, having so successfully accomplished the object of the mission with which he had been entrusted by her Majesty's Government, the inestimable treasures of Syriac literature which he had been fortunate enough to obtain, were delivered to the trustees of the British Museum, and deposited in our national library. In the course of official duties the task of classifying the volumes, of gathering together, collating, and arranging the numberless fragments and loose pieces of which this collection consisted, and of drawing up a summary of their contents, devolved upon me. At the first sight of such an immense mass

* A splendid edition of the Gospels, in Coptic and Arabic, has been prepared by Dr. Tattam, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is speedily to be followed by the remainder of the New Testament.

of broken, scattered, and confused materials, the labour appeared to be enormous; and I almost shrank from the task as one too great for me to hope to accomplish within the utmost limit of that portion of my life which I could wish to pass in this kind of occupation. But a warm zeal in the cause which I had in hand, strengthened and encouraged by the satisfaction of having had the expectation, which I had entertained even while they were in the desert, of seeing and handling these precious volumes thus realized, the delight of becoming acquainted with their contents, and the hope of obtaining leisure at some subsequent period to open their stores to others, tended much to lighten the labour, and enabled me almost to complete the task much sooner than I should have ventured to anticipate.'—Preface, p. i.

In this collection Mr. Cureton found a portion of the manuscript of the "Festal Letters of Athanasius," and believing at the time that the monks had dealt honestly with Dr. Tattam, he concluded that all was discovered which was in existence, at least in the convent of St. Mary Deipara, and prepared to publish the fragments, amounting to about one half of the volume mentioned at the head of this article. He afterwards ascertained, however, from M. Auguste Pacho, a learned native of Alexandria, who visited the monastery in 1847, that a great part of the library had been kept back by the monks, and that, after great difficulty, he had succeeded in procuring from them "nearly two hundred volumes, with many fragments and loose leaves." This transaction is thus recorded by Mr. Cureton:—

'Fully acquainted with the character of the parties with whom he had to deal, M. Pacho proceeded upon his business with all due caution. He superintended in person the packing of the books within the walls of the monastery; he caused every fragment, even the smallest that he could find, to be carefully collected; and, further, he offered a price, varying according to the size, for every quire, leaf, or even remnant of a leaf, which, having been removed from the apartment where the rest of the books had been kept, might be discovered by any of the monks in their own cells, or in any other part of the building. Having thus secured, as he believed, and as it seems most probable, almost every fragment that could still remain, he transported his acquisition across the desert to the Nile, and appointed Cairo as the place whither the brethren were to meet him and receive payment for their books.

'Part of the amount agreed upon was paid to them as soon as they arrived, but M. Pacho still withheld for a time, the remaining part till he should receive ample assurance that the whole of the Syriac manuscripts belonging to their library had been given up to him according to their agreement, and that none had been concealed and retained. He justified this method of proceeding to the monks who waited on him for payment, by alleging their previous conduct with

reference to Dr. Tattam; and when, at length, after some delay, he found that no more books were produced, he concluded that he had indeed obtained the whole of the remaining part of their library, since the anxiety evinced by the good brethren to obtain the money was ineffectual to discover even any additional fragments.

‘Before he ultimately delivered the whole of the amount into their hands, he required them to sign a document, in which they affirmed they had sold to him all their Syriac manuscripts; and that if any should be discovered in their monastery or elsewhere, in their possession, at any period subsequent to the date thereof, they were to become at once the property of M. Pacho, or of those to whom he should have transferred his right in the matter. Further, to be still more secure, he required the superior to publish a sentence of excommunication against any one of the brethren who should have withholden any part of this Syriac collection, and did not immediately deliver it over to the person to whom they had consigned all their interest in these manuscripts. He had perhaps discovered, during his residence among the monks, that this latter precaution was not altogether needless. One of them who had concealed a part of a book, was terrified by this denunciation, and forwarded it afterwards to M. Pacho, in time for him to receive it just before he left Egypt.’—Preface, p. xiii.

O auri sacra fames! Were it not that extreme measures were necessary to rescue these treasures from certain destruction at no distant period, we could indulge very painful reflections on the extreme ignorance and cupidity of these descendants of a reflective and learned race. Their miserable poverty must be considered their best excuse for allowing what should have been treated as their glory, to depart for ever into the hands of the children of the West. But we feel we dare not just now give way to sentiment. When the collection, thus procured at great expense and risk, arrived in England, (M. Pacho’s pecuniary outlays were defrayed by the British treasury,) Mr. Cureton did not delay his examination, and, to his great delight, he found another large portion of the ‘Festal Letters,’ which he transcribed, and gave the whole work to the learned world, the volume being printed at the expense of ‘The Society for the publication of Oriental Texts.’ Great praise is due to Mr. Cureton for this, and his many other labours in the department of Eastern learning. The collation of the MS. in the first instance, and its transcription afterwards, entailed an amount of toil which only those who are accustomed to such pursuits can properly appreciate. We shall occupy the remainder of this paper with an account of the MS. and the printed copy, and some exposition of the literary contents of the ‘Letters of Athanasius’ thus unexpectedly brought to light; awakened, as it were, from what threatened to be the sleep of death.

In the MS. department of the British Museum there are a number of goodly tomes, of the size generally called *small folio*, handsomely bound in russia, containing within this modern encasement the former literary possessions of the monks of the Egyptian desert. Strangely altered is the *locale* of these venerable documents, from that which held them ten years ago; then they were mouldering away in the oil-cellar of the convent, in darkness, and buried in dust; now they are carefully enshrined in a temple dedicated to the learning of all ages and countries, accessible to any one who may be curious enough to make their acquaintance, or sufficiently erudite to decipher their characters. Let us take down the volume marked 14,569; it is the 'Festal Letters of Athanasius,' the very MS. whose adventures we have been narrating. The best authority refers it to the seventh or eighth century, so that, at the lowest computation, it is eleven hundred years old. Remembering the ravages made by time on most objects claiming so hoary an age, our first impression on looking at this MS. was that of wonder that it should bear so little the impress of that destroyer of all things. The vellum is of the finest quality, and the letters are distinctly written, black, and, in most cases, perfectly legible. Any injury which the book has sustained is referrible to neglect more than to time, since many other manuscripts in this collection, from the same source, and as old as this, are surprisingly fresh and fair; on the vellum of some of them a powdery appearance, their original dressing, is visible, and if found in the deed-chest of a lawyer, they would be considered as the productions of the present age, exciting attention rather by their beauty than their antiquity. This wonderful preservation is owing principally to the dryness of the air in Egypt, but also to the care taken in the preparation of the vellum, and the skill exercised in the composition of the ink. Will our climate allow the MSS. to present the same healthy hue when another decade of centuries has passed away, notwithstanding the care now bestowed upon them?

The size of the page is about twelve inches by nine, and it is divided into two columns. There are, in the fragment preserved, sixty-seven folios, or one hundred and thirty-four pages. The title remains, although imperfect and much discoloured; and in a large straggling hand, strangely contrasted with the neatness of the MS. itself, there appears, in Syriac, the following:—

'This book is of the holy monastery of Deipara of the wilderness of Scete. Let every one who reads pray for me, for the sake of * * * *'

What followed may be in some measure guessed at from other

inscriptions to these MSS.; one of which, from a curious palimpsest described by Mr. Cureton, in the preface to Athanasius, runs thus:—

‘This book belongs to Daniel, a secular Presbyter and visitor of the province of Amida, who gave diligence, and procured it for the benefit of himself and those who, possessed with the same object of love of divine instruction, may approach it, and desire to profit their lives by the truth which is in it. But the poor Simeon, presbyter, and a recluse, who is in the holy convent of my Lord Simeon of Cartamin, transcribed it. May every one, therefore, who asks for it, that he may read in it, or write from it, for the sake of the love of God, pray for him who gave diligence and obtained it, and for the scribe, that they may find mercy at the day of judgment, like the thief who was on the right hand, through the prayers of all the saints, and more particularly of the holy, and glorious, and perpetual Virgin, the Mother of God, Mary. Amen, and Amen, and Amen.’

The Introduction of the Letters is complete, and contains a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of their contents. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without bearing our testimony to the masterly manner in which the Museum authorities have preserved these literary treasures for future use. The vellum is repaired, where necessary, so neatly, as to leave, in some cases, little indication of there having been a gap or a rent, and the binding is of a kind best adapted to perpetuate what has been secured for the nation with so much toil and expense. May these volumes, with their undisclosed literary wealth, excite to the study of the language, which is the only key to unlock the cabinet! As Syriac learning is indispensable to the higher branches of biblical criticism, we may hope that its cultivation will increase among the rising generation of students, and thus prevent these interesting stores from being unfruitful.

In reference to the literary and theological value of these Letters of Athanasius, no judgment can be formed by general readers, since no translation has yet been published, and the number of persons competent to read the Syriac text is exceedingly limited. In a notice of these Syriac MSS., a few years ago, in the *Quarterly Review*, (No. CLIII., page 68,) the writer says, after expressing his joy at their being safely deposited in the British Museum,

‘We are, however, constrained at the same time to confess, that this our joy is much sobered down by the apprehension that these valuable works, although now safe from the danger of destruction, will still lie upon our shelves in almost as great neglect as they did in the oil-cellar of the monastery. There are but few oriental scholars

in England, and among those few the Syriac has found hardly any attention. . . . The Syriac, a language which, by every association, would seem to call for our sympathies more than any other, hardly excepting the Hebrew itself, has hitherto been in this country almost entirely neglected.'

On this account it is to be regretted that one so thoroughly master of the subject as Mr. Cureton had not accompanied the text with an English version; a task which he contemplated, indeed, but deferred for reasons he has thus stated:—

'As the text of these Letters alone now forms not an inconsiderable volume, I have been unwilling to withhold them from the learned for the long and indefinite period, which, with my present occupation and engagements, must elapse before I could venture to hope for sufficient leisure to complete the translation and to make the researches which would be necessary to enable me to add such notes as I intended to accompany the work. In some other country, perhaps, where this branch of literature is more encouraged, and consequently better cultivated and understood, some scholar may be found who will be ready to undertake the task of presenting these Letters to the public in a European dress, before I can find the leisure to do so. He will have my full concurrence and best wishes. It will be no mean honour to him to be the first, after the lapse of centuries, to offer to the theologians of Europe, the Letters in which St. Athanasius, through a series of succeeding years, exhibited to those under his spiritual superintendence a notification of the day on which they were to celebrate the annual commemoration of the Resurrection of our Lord. I shall be content to have extracted the ore from the mine, to be wrought and polished by another.'

A translation of the Letters into English has recently been completed by the Rev. Henry Burgess, of Blackburn, under the editorial superintendence of the Rev. Henry G. Williams, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, which, we understand, will shortly be published by the proprietors of the Oxford 'Library of the Fathers.' Having access to this work, we are enabled, before it meets the public eye, to present to our readers an account of its contents, and a few extracts illustrative of the style and spirit of these vestiges of the past. Ours will, we believe, be the first attempt made to bring before the world the character of a work which has, since its discovery, excited considerable attention among the learned.

The Introduction is in the form of a chronological table, giving an account of the forty-five years during which Athanasius occupied the Patriarchate of Alexandria. It has the following general title: 'An Index of the month of each year, and of the days, and of the Indictions, and the Consulates and Governors of Alexandria, and of all the Epacts, and of all those which are called 'of the

Gods;’ and the cause why any (Letter) was not sent, and the answers from strangers. From the Festal Letters of the Papa Athanasius.’ The kind of information conveyed by these notices will be made sufficiently clear by one example, that of the tenth of the series.

‘In this (year), the first day of the Paschal week is the thirtieth of Phamenoth, the seventh of the Kalends of April, the nineteenth day of the moon, the eleventh year of the Indiction, the fifteenth Epact, the sixth day of the gods, Ursus and Polemius being consuls, Theodorus of Heliopolis being præfect of Egypt. In this year Constantine having died on the twenty-seventh of Pachon, being pardoned, he (Athanasius) returned triumphantly from Gaul on the twenty-seventh of the month Athyr. Among many things of this year, the great Anthony came to Alexandria, and being there only two days, he wrought many wonders and healed many. He left on the third day of the month Messori.’*

It will be seen from this specimen, that the index is by no means devoid of interest. Besides the chronological data which confirm our historical knowledge, how full of meaning are the slight references to the great ecclesiastical events of that day! The great Athanasius, triumphant at the Council of Nice, is here seen in banishment in Gaul, through the fickleness of the Emperor Constantine, who took the Arians into favour. At length, on the accession of Constans, he returns to his flock with great honour. What a humiliating comment is thus furnished on the folly of that ‘trust in princes,’ against which the Holy Scriptures warned the church, but which she exercised to her own weakening and dishonour! The reference to St. Anthony further brings before us the growing renown of asceticism, even in those early days; and his ‘healing many,’ opens up the question of the continuance of miraculous powers in the church. Others of these annals contain matters equally important and interesting, until, ‘last scene of all,’ we read, under the forty-fifth entry, ‘When this was finished, he departed this life wonderfully. Here end the chapters, that is, the heads of the Festal Letters of Saint Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria.’

The accession of Athanasius to the patriarchate on the death of Alexander, is generally placed in the year 324; but, from the evidence of these letters, it must have happened in 328. He died on the 2nd of May, A.D. 373; and as he wrote his first letter in the year 329, the whole series should have been forty-five in number. But, from various causes mentioned in the introduction, the Paschal Letters were several times omitted;

* Phamenoth, Pachon, and Messori, are Egyptian names of months, answering respectively to March, May, and August.

ten such occasions being expressly stated. The recovered text now published, reaches no further than the twentieth letter, which is imperfect; the tenth and eleventh are also mutilated, by the loss of a leaf of the manuscript. Since what would have been the eighth, ninth, twelfth, fifteenth, and sixteenth letters, were not sent by Athanasius, all that is recovered amounts to fifteen letters. These are of various lengths; but all of them are of similar character, since the object of each was uniform; namely, to prepare the Christians of the East for the observance of Lent and the celebration of Easter. As a better idea can be formed of the work by a translation of a whole letter than by fragments, we will give the fourth, which is shorter than most of the others.

‘The Fourth Festal Letter of Papa Athanasius, in which the first day of the Paschal week is on the 17th day of the month Pharmuthi, the fourth of the nones of April; in the forty-eighth year of the Diocletian era; Ovinus Pacatianus and Moeccilius Hilarianus being consuls, when Hyginus was præfect; the fifth year of the Indiction. He sent this from the Comitatus by the hand of a friend.

‘I send to you, my beloved, tardily, and beyond the accustomed time, but I trust you will forgive the delay because of the great distance, and because I have been exercised with sickness. Having thus been hindered by these two causes, and the winter being unusually severe, I have delayed writing to you. But although the distance is great, and my illness has been serious, I do not forget to give you the usual festal notice, but proclaim it to the church, and thus discharge my duty. For although the letter hath passed the prescribed time of proclamation, yet the season should be thought very favourable, since the enemies having been put to shame, and rebuked by the church in regard to the things in which they wrongly persecuted us, we can now sing a festal song, uttering that triumphal chant against Pharaoh,—‘*We will sing to the Lord who hath gloriously triumphed; the horse and his rider he hath cast into the sea.*’ For, again my brethren, we advance prosperously from feasts to feasts; again, there are festal assemblies, and again priestly vigils stir up our mind, and compel us to excite our consciences to good meditations. For we do not celebrate these days as those who are unhappy, but as those who desire the nutriment of the soul, and persuade fleshly lusts to be quiet. By these also we are able to overcome the enemies, as the blessed Judith, having previously humbled herself by fasting and prayer, conquered the adversaries, and slew Holofernes; and blessed Esther, when destruction was about to come on all her kindred, and the race of Israel was ready to be ruined, by no other means turned aside the wrath of the tyrant than by fasting and prayer to God; and she changed the destruction of her people to salvation.

‘In this manner, in old time, feasts were appointed, when, for instance, an enemy was killed, or when a conspiracy against the people

was brought to nought, and Israel was delivered. On this account blessed Moses of old time exhorted to the great feast of the Passover, which we now celebrate, because Pharaoh was killed, and the people freed from bondage. But then, in divers manners, when the tyrants of the people were slain, feasts and holy days of a temporal nature were celebrated in Judea; but now, when the devil is slain—the tyrant of the whole world,—we do not approach the feast because it is of this world, but as being eternal and heavenly. We do not proclaim this feast in emblems, but we come to it in truth. For, at that time, whosoever ate of the flesh of an irrational lamb, kept the feast, and, having sprinkled the door-posts with the blood, appeased the destroyer. But now, when we have eaten the Word of the Father, and sealed the lintel of our hearts with the blood of the New Covenant, we acknowledge the blessedness which is vouchsafed to us by our Saviour, who said, *'Behold I have granted to you to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and upon all the power of the enemy.'* For no longer does death reign, but instead of death there is now life, since the Lord saith, *'I am the life;'* so that everything is filled with joy and gladness, as it is written, *'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.'*

'When we sat by the rivers of Babylon, we wept and were sorrowful, because we experienced the bitterness of captivity; but now that death and the reign of the devil are destroyed, everything is full of gladness; for no longer is God known in Judah only, but in all the earth: *their words and the knowledge of him have filled all the earth.* What follows, my beloved, is plain, that, as a consequence, we come to this feast, not in filthy garments, but having our consciences clothed with those which are pure. For we ought at this feast to put on Christ, that we may be able to keep the feast with him. Now we are clothed with him when we love virtue, when we are enemies to wickedness, when we humble ourselves in sobriety, when we destroy licentiousness, condemning our former iniquities by righteousness, when we hold mediocrity in honour and are courageous in our mind; not forgetting the poor, but opening our door to all men; when we help the humble spirit, but hate pride. For Israel of old, having previously contended with these things figuratively, came to the feast. But at that time these things were prefigured as in the shadow; but, my brethren, since the shadow hath received its fulfilment, and the types are accomplished, we no longer consider the feast typically; neither do we go up to the lower Jerusalem, to sacrifice the Passover, like the unseasonable observance of the Jews, lest, that dispensation having passed away, we should be thought to act unseasonably; but like the Apostles, we also leave the types and sing that new song. For they also, when they perceived this, and were assembled, drew near and said to the Saviour, *'Where wilt thou that we make ready for thee the Passover;'* for no longer were these things to be done at the lower Jerusalem, neither was it to be thought that the feast was to be kept only there, but wherever God willed. Now he willed that it should be in every place: *'for in every place incense shall be offered to*

him, and a sacrifice.' For in the historical relation it was enjoined that nowhere but in Jerusalem should the Passover be kept; but now, the things of that time being fulfilled, and the figures having passed away, and the preaching of the Gospel being about to be extended to every place, the apostles would diffuse the feast everywhere, and asked the Lord, '*Where wilt thou that we make ready?*'

'Our Saviour, also, since he was changing these things from the typical to the spiritual, promised them that they should no longer eat the flesh of a lamb, but his own, saying, '*Take ye, eat and drink, this is my body and my blood.*' Being, therefore, fed with such things as these, my brethren, let us truly celebrate the feast of the Passover. Let us begin on the eleventh day of Pharmuthi, and rest on the sixteenth of the same month, on the evening of the Sabbath; and the holy day of Sunday having dawned upon us on the seventeenth of the same Pharmuthi, let us celebrate the days of the holy Pentecost which come after, bringing in by these means, the promise of the life to come. But since, henceforth, we are at all times the people of Christ, let us praise Almighty God in Christ Jesus, and through him, with all the saints, let us say Amen unto the Lord!

'Greet one another with a holy kiss. All the brethren who are with me greet you. We have sent this letter from the Comitatus by Officius, to whom it was given by Ablavius, the Prætorian præfect, who truly fears God; for I am at present at the Comitatus, having been sent for by the King Constantine to see him. But the Meletians who arrived there, being envious, sought our ruin before the king. But they were put to shame and driven away as calumniators, being confuted in many particulars. Those driven away were Callinicus, Ision, Eudaemon, and Gelous Hieracammon, who being ashamed of his name calls himself Eulogius. Here endeth the Fourth Festal Letter of Holy Athanasius.'

Taking this letter as a sample of the rest, it will be seen that they are unpretending productions, seeking, by practical exhortations of a scriptural character, to excite to love and good works, as a suitable preparation for the fasts and festivals of the season of Easter. It is not our purpose now to enter on any critical examination of the theology disclosed in these compositions, since our object has more to do with literature than divinity; nor do they discover anything of a doctrinal character but what is already known to exist in the other writings of Athanasius and his contemporaries; we will merely remark on the profuse employment of Holy Scripture, and the evidence thus furnished of the general and constant use of the Bible in the early church. In this particular, the letter given above is not a fair specimen; for it contains fewer biblical texts than the others generally do, in the same compass. The seventh letter, for example, has above sixty quotations; being, indeed, little more than a catena

of authorities from the Scriptures, in confirmation of the writer's views. Those who are so ready to appeal to the Fathers in support of traditionary doctrines and observances, should not forget that the weapon which they employ is a two-edged sword, which may wound those who use it in self-defence. In this respect we think the reading of the Fathers is a profitable exercise; for, while we find in their writings many instances of anility strongly contrasted with the manliness of divine truth, that truth itself is always revered in its written documents, and habitually referred to as the rule of faith.

All who are familiar with the writings of the early Greek Church are aware, that the Septuagint translation is the text quoted by the Fathers; they also know that those theologians employed their references in a loose and fanciful manner, with an utter disregard of any recognised principles of interpretation. Any text of the Old Testament which, in its verbal import, seemed analogous to the case in hand, was unceremoniously rent from its connexion and brought into the argument; the result of which procedure is, that such great men as Athanasius and Chrysostom can never be relied on as interpreters, when the instrument they employed is Scripture quotation. Those who have read a work on 'Divine Sovereignty' by Elisha Coles, and remember how the whole Scriptures, historical, poetical, and didactic, are brought forth by that worthy to support and defend his distortions of Calvinism, can form some idea of the practice of Athanasius in some of these letters. There are two instances of such fanciful applications of Scripture which we particularly remember, because they occasioned us some labour in translating the first letter, in which they both occur. They are so extremely curious, and so illustrative of the principle of some of the Fathers in their commentaries, that we cannot withhold them from our readers.

The first instance brings before us Athanasius reasoning with the Jews, and showing them that their expectation of a Messiah yet to come is futile, since even their own position and fortunes, as a nation, combined with other circumstances to prove that he had already appeared.

'It was necessary,' he says, 'that there should be a fulfilment of the types. Nor need you learn this from me, for the voice of the prophet hath before cried out, *'Behold upon the mountains the feet of him who bringeth good tidings and publisheth peace.'* Now, what does he who publisheth make known, but those things of which he further says, *'Keep thy feasts, O Judah! pay thy vows unto the Lord. For they shall not again go to that which is old: he hath fulfilled it, it is taken away. He hath gone up who breathed upon the face, and hath*

delivered thee from affliction.' Now, one may ask the Jews, 'Who is this that went up, so that he should also do away with the pride of that which is typical?' He went up who breathed, neither was anything done away until he went up who breathed; but as soon as he went up, he fulfilled. Who, then, is this, O Jews? as I before asked. If Moses were intended, this would be a falsehood, for he never brought the people to the land in which alone they were commanded to celebrate the feast. If it were Samuel, or any other of the prophets, even that would not be true, for in their time these things were still performed in Judea, and the city was standing: for it was necessary that while the city stood these rites should be attended to; and therefore, my beloved, it was no one of these men who went up. If, therefore, thou wilt listen to the word of truth, and be preserved from Jewish fables, look to our Redeemer, who went up and breathed upon the face, and said to his disciples, '*Receive the Holy Ghost.*' For as soon as these things were done, all was fulfilled: the altar was thrown down, and the veil of the temple was rent; and, although the city was not then laid waste, yet the abomination was about to dwell in the midst of the temple, and destruction to take the city.'

Now, on what is this argument built? For we are sure our readers will be as much puzzled as we were to find the text of Scripture from which Athanasius reasons. The mysterious passage, '*For they shall not again go to that which is old, he hath fulfilled it, it is taken away,*' &c., is the Septuagint rendering of Nahum, the last verse of chap. i. and the first of chap. ii., which, according to the Hebrew and our version, reads, '*For the wicked shall no more pass through thee, he is utterly cut off. He that dasheth in pieces hath come up before thy face: keep the munition.*' We put in two pleas against this interpretation of Athanasius; first, that the rendering of the Hebrew text by the Alexandrian translators requires authority; secondly, that, supposing it to be correct, we cannot allow that its application to the solemn action of our Lord is admissible.

The second example is equally curious with the former. Athanasius is speaking of Christian virtues being the food of the soul; and, having quoted John iv. 24, '*My meat is to do the will of my Father which is in heaven,*' he proceeds: 'If, therefore, the soul does not incline to such things as these, but to that which is grovelling, it is then nourished only by that which is sinful. For thus also the Holy Ghost, when speaking of sinners and their meat, saith, '*Thou hast given him for meat to the people of Ethiopia.*' This, then, is the food of sinners; and as our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, being heavenly bread, is the nutriment of the saints, so the devil is the food of the wicked.' Now, where is the utterance of the Spirit which gives occasion to this extraordinary parallel, this surprising doctrine? It is

found in the Septuagint version of Psalm lxxiv. 14, which the English Bible renders, '*Thou brakest the heads of Leviathan in pieces, and gavest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness.*' Now, according to Athanasius, leviathan, or, as it is in the Septuagint, the dragon, is indubitably the devil, and the people of the wilderness, or the Ethiopians, adumbrate all wicked men. As, therefore, the Ethiopians were obliged to make meat of the devil, the same act must be predicated of the wicked in general! May we not ask, Are such interpreters to be the guides of the church in all ages? They deserve our reverence and love for their many excellences, and they have them; but we cannot consent to be led by them as to the meaning of 'the true sayings of God.'

In any work of Athanasius, we expect to find traces of the great conflict with heterodoxy which occupied his life; and it might be presumed that the Paschal Letters would present frequent occasions for the controversial element to manifest itself. This is indeed the fact, although not to the extent we expected; but it must be confessed, that what does occur is not wanting in virulence, and is strongly redolent of the *odium theologicum*. We will give one illustration of this, from the tenth letter, in which he thus alludes to the Arians:—

'Because they do not see these things in this light, the Arians, being Christ's adversaries and heretics, mock at the Saviour with their tongues, and blaspheme him who set them free. Altogether for the sake of novelty, they are heterodox against the Saviour; and, because of his condescension towards man, deny his natural divinity. Surveying him as born of a virgin, they doubt whether he is truly the Son of God, and when looking on him as being made man, in time, they deny his eternity; and seeing that he suffered for us, they believe not that he is the incorruptible Son of the incorruptible Father. And finally, because he bore our burdens, they deny his proper eternity, acting as men who slight their benefactors, and instead of giving thanks, treat them with dishonour. To such as these we may properly say, O unthankful man, the adversary of Christ, and entirely wicked, who has slain his Lord, and is blind in the eye of his soul, and a Jew in his conscience! Hadst thou understood the Scriptures and listened to the saints who said,—'*Cause thy face to shine and we shall be saved;*' and also, '*Send out thy light and thy truth;*' thou wouldst then have known that the Lord did not come down on his own behalf, but for us; and on this account wouldst have admired the more his loving kindness. And hadst thou considered who is the Father, and who the Son, thou wouldst not blaspheme the Son because of the transformation which he underwent. And if thou didst understand his work of loving-kindness towards us, thou wouldst not have alienated the Father from the Son, nor have considered him as a stranger who

reconciled us to the Father. I know that these are hard sayings, not only to Christ's foes, but also to schismatics, for they are united as those who entertain the same views, and teach men to rend the indivisible coat of God. (sic.) They think it not strange that they should divide the inseparable Son from the Father. I know that when these things are said, they gnash upon us with their teeth, together with the devil who stirs them up, being perplexed by such glorious words of truth concerning the Saviour. But the Lord, who always has mocked at the devil, also now saith,—*'I am in the Father, and the Father in me.'* This is the Lord who is seen in the Father, and the Father in him; and who being truly the Son of the Father, was at length made man for us, that he might offer himself on our behalf to the Father, and redeem us by his sacrifice.'

This ascription of the worst motives to his theological opponents was practised by Athanasius as well as by others of the Fathers, and is an indication of the intolerant spirit which arrived at maturity when the papacy was thoroughly developed and established. When so little allowance was made for human infirmity, and the consequent varying conceptions of deep and mysterious subjects, that the heterodox were spoken of as influenced by the devil, and animated by the principles which led the Jews to crucify the Son of God, we cannot wonder that the secular power should be employed to coerce and punish the offenders. The reflex action which took place when the Arians were in power, should have taught the champions of the truth, that other weapons than abuse and contumely befitted Christ's followers, seeing that all parties could wield *them* effectually when their turn came. Some notes which we find in the Index are very significant on this point. For instance, under the twelfth year we read, 'Gregorius continued in power, and committed many acts of violence.' Under the twenty-seventh, 'In this year Diogenes, the secretary of the emperor, came, wishing to seize the bishop, but he returned without accomplishing his purpose.' Under the thirty-second, the worst results of religious contention are alluded to, 'The governor and Artemius, having entered 'a house, and a little cell, to search for the Bishop Athanasius, 'grievously tormented Eudemonis, a perpetual virgin.' Whatever dangers may arise from the perfect freedom of opinion on religious subjects (and they are many) in our age and country, we cannot be too thankful that brute force is at length perceived to be no proper test of the truth.

Besides the Letters which are published entire, Mr. Cureton has added three fragments, of the twenty-seventh, twenty-ninth, and forty-fourth, quoted by Severus in a book against Grammaticus, preserved in Syriac in the British Museum. From an

anonymous Commentary on the Scriptures, in the same language, he has also been able to print part of the thirty-ninth Letter, being the celebrated passage on the Canon of Scripture, preserved in Greek by Theodorus Balsamon, in his *Scholia in Canones*. We will give a translation of this as being evidence from a very ancient source on a most important and interesting subject.

‘ Concerning how many there are, and what are the books which the church receives: by St. Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria; from the thirty-ninth letter respecting the Feast of Easter, in which he canonically defines which are the divine Scriptures which the church receives.

‘ Since certain persons have ventured to constitute for themselves some books which are called *concealed*, designated *apocryphal* by the Greeks, and to mix them with the writings dictated by the Spirit, of which we are well assured by our forefathers that they were delivered down as they were received by the eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word: It hath seemed proper to me, exhorted thereto by the brethren, and I having consented, that I should define in a canon, according as I have been taught, what are the divine writings received and believed by the holy church; that all who have erred may be rebuked for their errors, and that whosoever have persevered in pure doctrine may be made glad by being reminded of them. There are then of the Old Testament writings, twenty-two in number; as I have heard there are in the Scriptures of the Hebrews, of which, in order and name, each one is as follows:—First Genesis, next Exodus, then the book of Leviticus, afterwards Numbers, then Deuteronomy. After these there is Joshua, the son of Nun; after that Judges; after that Ruth. Then follows the book of the Kings, making four Scriptures; the first and second being considered one book, and the third and fourth also one. Again, there is the book of the Chronicles, the first and second being considered one book. Again, Ezra the first and second are likewise one book. After this is the book of Psalms, one; then the Proverbs of Solomon, one book; and again, Ecclesiastes, one. After these there is Job, one; and after these the Twelve Prophets, which are reckoned as one book. Then there is Isaiah, one book. Then Jeremiah, with Baruch, and the Lamentations, and the Letters, one book. Then Ezekiel, one; and Daniel, one. So far as this is established of the Old Testament.

‘ And further, the documents of the New Testament cannot be gainsaid; they are,—The Evangelists, namely—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. After them the Acts of the Apostles, and seven Epistles, which are these: Of James, one; of Peter, two; of John, three; afterwards one of Jude. Then there are fourteen Epistles of Paul, which were written in the following order: The first, to the Romans; then two to the Corinthians; after these, one to the Galatians; one to the Ephesians; one to the Philippians; one to the Colossians;

then two to the Thessalonians; then one to the Hebrews; afterwards two to Timothy; one to Titus; and, finally, that to Philemon. Then the Revelation of John.

‘These are the fountains of salvation, which satisfy those who are athirst, with the words of life which are in them; in which alone is preached the doctrine of godliness. Let not a man add to these, neither let him take from them. For our Lord when he preached to the Sadducees, said—‘*Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures.*’ He also reproved the Jews, saying,—‘*Search the Scriptures, for they testify of me.*’ But for greater precision I add this; since I write strictly,—that there are also other writings besides these, which have not canonical authority, but are permitted by the Fathers to be read by those who see fit to employ them for instruction and the teaching of godliness. They are these:—The wisdom of Solomon, and the wisdom of the Son of Sirach, and Esther, and Judith, and Tobit, and that which is called the Instruction of the Apostles, and the Shepherd. Truly then, my beloved, those are canonically defined, and these are to be read, and nowhere is there any memorial of concealed writings, called by the Greeks apocryphal. But such are the invention of heretics, written by them who sought in them what they desired to prove, attributing to them excellence, and adding to them a protracted age; so that, by using these as old writings, they may find occasion to make the simple to err.’

Since nothing very novel, or specially important, is disclosed by the work we have thus briefly described, it may be asked whether the labour and expense of acquiring the collection of which it forms a part, have been judiciously incurred. In this utilitarian age the *cui bono* aspect of every subject is often first looked at, and sometimes exclusively considered; and, certainly, some real advantage should be expected to accrue from the efforts of learned men, backed by pecuniary advances from government. But while we fully admit as much as this, we trust none of our readers will doubt for a moment the propriety of what has been done to secure to our country the antique literary treasures, which, if public aid had not been granted, would have passed into the museums of other nations. The question thus glanced at, is a very extensive one, being no other than this: whether it is worthy of individuals or communities, to collect antiquities, whether fossils, and other records of creation, or coins and other productions of art, especially the scarce and fading documents written by hands which for centuries have been quiet in the grave, the productions of minds which once influenced their generations, though they have long ceased to exist on this earth? There is a tendency in man to yearn over the past, so strong and universal as to make it a first principle of human nature; and this alone would justify us in collecting the remains of departed

ages. But there is also a refining and elevating tendency in linking our affections and interests with those of extinct races of our fellow-men, which amply compensates for the labour and expense of antiquarian pursuits. On general principles, therefore, we are glad whenever an accession is made to the common stock of the relics of the past, especially when they indicate former mental activities, and associate us with the once busy intellects and warm emotions of departed men.

Leaving out of view any predilections which some may entertain for patristic learning, we confess that there is much in the work before us, and its venerable coevals now enshrined in the cases of a national Museum, which deeply interests us, and makes us feel grateful to the various agencies by which they have become our own. As additions to literature, these Syriac manuscripts cannot be too highly prized, both for their intrinsic contents and also for their bearing on the Syriac language and literature, which is an important department of human knowledge. Our space will not allow us to mention in detail the various works which the Egyptian collection comprises, either original productions of various church writers, or translations, many of the latter being, like the 'Festal Letters,' versions of treatises which no longer exist in the languages in which they were written. Already the important controversy which turned on passages in the Epistles of Ignatius, has been brought nearer to a settlement by the Syriac translation of them published by Mr. Cureton. Many of the early councils have their canons preserved in these Syriac monuments, and it is the opinion of competent scholars that light will be thrown on church history by their means. At all events, the suspicion that Rome has tampered with the records of councils can be set at rest by a collation of these versions, made before that church found it expedient to corrupt the sources of intelligence. Whatever illustrates ecclesiastical history has a value, and these venerable documents are full of information on matters relating to the early church. Let the student but enter the field, and important harvests will soon be reaped.

As regards the Syriac language and literature, there can be no doubt they will receive increased attention now that so much is added to the means of elucidating them. The paucity of documents once stood in the way of the study of this interesting language, and at present the available apparatus for learners and scholars is very insufficient. But the bearing of the subject on biblical science, will, as we before intimated, bring more minds to it, and induce a more thorough investigation of the existing resources. The Syriac versions of the Holy Scriptures are the

most important which the providence of God has preserved to the church, the Septuagint translation alone excepted. Yet they have received comparatively little attention, and are rich in stores of materials relating to Biblical science. Many important MSS. of these versions are in this collection, from which a correct text can be formed, and the good work, we are happy to say, is going on. But enough has been said to show that our country is enriched by these spoils from the East, and we hope that under due encouragement Syriac literature will employ many minds in time to come, that all its fruits may be gathered in. If the Hebrew language is consecrated in our associations by its being the vernacular tongue of Moses and the prophets, Syriac should be still more endeared to us because it was spoken by our Lord and his apostles. We are aware that this has been questioned, and that the paradox has been maintained with much learning that Greek was used by the Messiah and the fishermen of Galilee. But, after all, the hypothesis is as destitute of proof as it appears to ordinary minds to be unnatural. Surely then the Syriac should be studied, if only to enable us to come near to the *ipsissima verba* uttered by the founders of our holy religion. We quite coincide with the wish expressed by the pious Widmanstad, 'I ardently wish that our young men, while yet of tender age, would acquire a taste for this sacred language, that the majesty of our religion might be revived in its own Christ-like and native words.'

Before we conclude we must be allowed to refer to the utter desolation and ruin in which the ancient churches of the East are at this time involved, the subject being forced upon our notice by the past history of these ancient manuscripts. Although we cannot refer, with entire satisfaction, to the palmy days of which we catch glimpses in the records of these venerable relics, when literature was prized and occupied the intellect of master minds, yet, compared with existing circumstances, they had a brightness, the distant reflection of which it is pleasant to look upon. In connexion with many errors and superstitions, there was then *life*, but now there is the silence and corruption of death. When Ignatius, and Eusebius, and Chrysostom, and Athanasius, were translated with care, and inscribed on the finest vellum in beautiful Syriac letters for the benefit of the church, whatever heterodoxy there may have been according to our Protestant point of view, there was certainly an energy of character which excites our respect and admiration. But now the Eastern churches are as destitute of heart and soul, as the cities which once cherished them are of political importance among the nations of the earth. That the monks should be

utterly unable to read a word of the treatises mouldering away in these libraries, is melancholy enough, but we might forget their want of erudition and literary enthusiasm, if, in the use of the living languages which have displaced the old ones, they exhibited anything like vital Christianity. But, alas! the spirit has long fled, and there remains only a dim shadow of departed greatness. In the remains of the Syriac, Coptic, and Ethiopic churches, the same moral and mental prostration presents itself. The name of Christ is known, indeed, but nothing more. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

If we inquire into the cause of this, we cannot forget the political revolutions which, in the East, have ever retarded civilization, and depressed the free exercise of both body and mind. Fire and sword have done their work effectually on the external relations of public and social life, and despotism as surely has proved the iron entering into the soul of its victims. That Christianity has often suffered pain and persecution by the unsettled state of the countries in which it has taken up its abode, cannot be denied; but then, it has often derived a more decided spiritual development from these worldly troubles; nor is it in accordance with the dictates of revelation to suppose that a lively and active Christianity is dependent on temporal prosperity. We can see no reason, *à priori*, why the Syriac and Coptic churches should not have maintained the functions of life amidst the social changes brought about by conquerors and tyrants, or why they should not rather have risen above, and controlled the billows of barbarism, instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are compelled to look deeper than this more obvious and apparent cause for the reason of the total change which so early came over those communities. We think it may be found in the fact of their own deviation from the truth, and the substitution, on their part, of mere formalism for spiritual Christianity. This is not the place to enter fully into the grounds of this opinion; we merely hint at it, convinced that most of our readers will be able to recall numerous circumstances corroborative of its truth.

The fact that all these churches now carry on their devotional exercises in dead languages, not a syllable of which is understood by the laity, and, it is to be feared, not much by the clergy, plainly indicates that mere outward forms were early substituted for the inward spirit. We do not doubt, that a reliance on some magical power in the *opus operatum* of the sacraments, prepared the way for what at first was more difficult, because more manifestly absurd, a reliance on mere words, apart from the meaning of the Scriptures and the Liturgies. The historical fact teaches

us this lesson, as Protestants, that it is unsafe to attach an undue veneration to anything outward, to the neglect of the inward and spiritual grace. Formularies of religion, translations of Holy Scripture, and rites and ceremonies, may be so treated, that instead of being subjected to revision and improvement, the least alteration shall be looked on as profanity and sacrilege, until at length their *human*, and therefore imperfect character, is forgotten, and they are treated as *divine*. It is not likely that the foreign language of a conqueror will ever be forced on the inhabitants of these isles, so as to make our present tongue strange to our posterity. But, without that inconvenience being experienced, it is possible for documents which are revered in their mere wording, to become almost unintelligible, from their not being changed to meet the wants of advancing ages. We know, for example, that, in the case of the Liturgy of the Church of England, the alteration of a letter is rigidly discouraged. And we also know that, at this day, erroneous renderings in our authorised translation of the Scriptures are read every Sunday by all religious denominations, as though they are the true sayings of God. Divines of every name admit the errors, yet no alteration is made; partly because an idea of reverence for that which is old repels the hand of reformation, partly because the jealousies of sects and parties will not allow of a calm revision. Let this feeling be perpetuated for a thousand years, and what influence will it *then* have exerted on our churches! The use of the Scriptures in a dead language did not *originate* in a desire to keep the people in the dark, although that wish has led, in some cases, to a continuance of the practice; it had its source in the imperceptible yet certain consequence of making religion to consist in words uttered, not in thoughts entertained; in outward observances, not in inward grace.

If we inquire what can be done on behalf of these fallen churches of Christ, we are compelled to confess, that it is far easier to point out the causes of their ruin, than to achieve their restoration. It is this which makes the case so painful, just as it is to see the human frame enfeebled by disease, and at the same time to be assured that a remedy is beyond our art. We follow the dead objects of our esteem and affection to the tomb with deep regret; but, at the same time, there is a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that they are gone from all earthly sorrow. So, if these churches were *quite* extinct, we might dwell with pleasure on their days of youth and glory, unmingled with the sad reflections which now crowd thickly upon us. But there they are, Christian in name, with much that is Christian in their ordinances, and yet devoid of health and beauty, or any-

thing to promise a restoration to spiritual strength. Like Tadmor in the desert, they retain enough of their former proportions to show what they once have been; but that architect must be more than human who can lift up the fallen column, and replace with new material that which has long decayed!

We fear the case is hopeless, and that an entirely new mission to the East, on the part of Protestants, has more of hope in it than any attempt to infuse life into these mere carcases of what were once temples of the Holy Ghost. Yet we would not discourage any benevolent efforts which Christian affection may suggest and carry into execution. So far we are pleased that the Scriptures have been printed in the old language of these churches, and circulated among them; and that their liturgies have also been presented to them in the fair form which European art has given to them. We cannot indeed expect much good of a direct kind from such labours; for of what use are books which men are not able to read? But who can tell what kind words and actions may do? The God of all grace may see fit to inspire some of the bishops and ministers of these churches with the spirit of Paul, and John, and Chrysostom, and Augustine, and send them forth to bless their countrymen. In ways of which we cannot conceive, and yet more efficient than all our most pious plans, God may yet glorify his Son in these successors of a learned and godly race. Perhaps these treasures, taken from the monks of the desert, may indirectly tend to such a consummation, by leading us to pray more fervently, that, as we have received so much light from the East, we may return the beams with interest.

- ART. IV.**—*Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France.*
Par M. PETITOT. Paris. Foucault. 1822.
- (2.) *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis l'avènement de Henri IV.* Paris. 1820.
- (3.) *Les Historiettes de Tallemant des Réaux.* Brussels. 1834.
- (4.) *Chronique et Histoire faite et composée par feu Messire Philippe de Comines, Chevalier Seigneur d'Argenton, à Paris, chez Guillaume Thibout demourât rue Alexandre l'Anglois, où pend pour enseigne le Paon.* 1550.
- (5.) *Froissart, avec une continuation.* A Paris. Antoine Perard. 1530.
- (6.) *Chronique de Monstrelet.* A Paris. Denis Sauvage. 1572.
- (7.) *Œuvres du Seigneur de Brantôme.* A Paris, chez François Bastien. MDCLXXXVIII.
- (8.) *Guizot Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France.* Paris. 1825.
- (9.) *L'Esprit de la Fronde, ou Histoire Politique et Militaire des Troubles de France, pendant la minorité de Louis XIV.* A Paris. MDCLXXII.

HISTORICAL memoirs have, during the last century, become very common in modern France. Among a vain, a volatile, a good-humoured, and a garrulous people,—among a people on the best possible terms with themselves, and not upon indifferent terms with others,—small and undistinguished personages have too often put pen to paper, and have repeatedly recorded their busy trivialities, and paraded their inane and baseless pretensions. Men of learning and renown,—politicians and military men,—poets, artists, actors, dancers, singers, valets-de-chambres, and cooks,—learned physicians and quack doctors,—chevaliers d'industrie and speculators in the funds,—jobbers and gentlemen about town,—diners-out of the first magnitude, and solitary men living and communing with the past—have all within a hundred years added their quota as memoir writers to the amount of French printed books, if not their mite to the sum of human knowledge. We do not say that in all this wilderness of publications with which modern French libraries abound, there is not a very great deal that is readable, much that is instructive, a good deal that is useful to the annalist and the historian,—as fact, as opinion, as a picture of manners, morals, and of domestic, social, and economic life; but to every pound of substantial unmildewed

wheat, it may be safely said, there is a bushel of chaff of little or of no worth. The multiplicity of memoirs of obscure and insignificant people has, indeed, become among our neighbours a serious evil; and it would be supremely ridiculous, if it were not sanctioned by opinion, by custom, and by that which, in France, is more omnipotent than anything in the world, the prevailing and sovereign mode. It is against the abuse, not the use, of the privilege of printing and publishing modern memoirs that we are desirous of entering a protest. For we, in a great degree, agree with that charming and simple author, Marmontel, that if every one wrote down what had happened to him, strangely or curiously, or what he had seen noteworthy or remarkable during his or her career, there are few who might not leave something worth preserving behind them, something that, in a word, would justify the "trivial" or the "fond record" of the autobiographer. A great many, however, of the French memoir-writers of the last seventy or eighty years do not confine themselves within the limits we have mentioned. Personal egotism and vanity are often offensively obtruded, either in anecdotal or historical memoirs, or even worse feelings than egregious vanity.

The earlier chroniclers and memoir writers of France are not, however, obnoxious to these censures. The greater part of them were men eminent, or occupying high stations; were accomplished amateurs and actors in the world's drama; were men, if not loved, confided in and trusted by the kings and princes and magnates of the earth. They were actors in, and lived, moved, and had their being in, the events they relate. Some of them had no inconsiderable influence in the fortunes of their country, and all of them played prominent parts in the great drama of military, political, and diplomatic, or administrative life. We need not mention the names of Philippe de Comines, of Froissart, of Sully, of Brantome, of Duplessis de Mornay, of Montluc, of De Retz, De Joinville, De Thou, Marshal Villars, and others, to prove the position for which we are contending. We do not say that these writers are always impartial, or to be implicitly or blindly followed; but the major part of them write in good faith, and, at all events, afford us grounds of judgment as to the basis on which they formed their opinions. When a man has a known public character and station in any community—when you are aware who were his friends, his companions, and his commensals, you can be on your guard against his prejudices; you know the motives of self-love, of adulation, and of personal interest which blind or bias him; you can apportion the amount of his testimony that ought to be fairly received, and the portion which

ought to be rejected from favour or affection. The ancient and medieval memoirs have also a claim on attention which modern memoirs do not always present. They are the genuine productions of those whose names they bear; they are not fabricated like some memoirs published at the close of the last century,—like, for instance, the *Memoirs of Masillon*, of *Choiseul*, d’*Aiguillon*, *Maurepas*, *Turenne*, &c.

Froissart is certainly more of a chronicler than a memoir writer, but as his *Chronicles* partake in a considerable degree of the character of memoirs, and reflect more completely and picturesquely the taste, the manners, the serious, the romantic and poetical side of life, it were unpardonable not to dwell for a moment on the name and works of this graphic writer.

Froissart, according to some accounts, was born at Valenciennes in 1333, whereas other biographies make the date of his birth 1337. He was the son of a herald painter, though in some of the earlier MS. copies of his works he is called Chevalier. From his early infancy Froissart was destined for the church, and received a learned education. But his early habits and impressions were little in conformity with his calling. At twelve years of age his tastes were for feasts, dances, and merry makings, and while yet in his teens his ambition was to oblige and acquire the favour of ‘*les jeunes pucelettes*’

‘*Que d’amour il pourrait aimer.*’

In the loose and flexible times in which Froissart lived it was no disgrace to one intended for the priesthood not to be of the austere virtue, or to enter into the amusements and follies of the world with zestful pleasure. Froissart exhibited a precocious passion for recitals, chronicles, and histories, for the stories of wars, of negotiations, and of travels. The different games suitable to that age of which he gives us a picture equally curious and amusing, kept up in his mind a fund of natural dissipation, which, during his early studies, tried the patience and exercised the severity of his masters. He loved hunting, music, assemblies, feasts, dancing, dress, good living, wine. The void which passion and pleasure left was filled up by the writing of history and memoirs, which became to him an inexhaustible source of amusement. He was scarcely twenty years old when, at the entreaty of his dear lord and master, he undertook to write the history of the wars of his own time, more particularly of those which ensued after the battle of Poitiers. Four years after this period Froissart was in England, whither he had come to present a part of his history to Queen Philippa of Hainault, the wife of Edward III. The object of his visit was to tear himself from the pains of an attachment which had tormented him for a long time. He had

already travelled into the most distant provinces of France. During five years that Froissart was attached to the service of Philippa he journeyed at her expense to various parts of Europe, with a view to search for whatever might enrich his history. He afterwards attached himself to Wincellaus de Luxembourg, Duke of Brabant, in quality of secretary. Subsequently he was clerk of the chapel to Guy, Count de Blois. He had been present at all the feasts given on the marriage of the Duke of Berry, celebrated at Riom in Auvergne. Returning to France with the Lord de la Reviere he went to Paris. His natural activity, and his ardour for information, did not permit him to remain there long. Within six months he proceeded from the Blaisois to Avignon, then to the County of Foix, from whence he returned again to Avignon, and across Auvergne to go to Paris. In less than two years we find him in the Cambresis, in Hainault, in Holland, in Picardy, again in Paris, then at the extremity of Languedoc, then and again at Paris, at Valenciennes, then at Bruges, at Sluys in Zealand, and at last in his own country. Thus it will appear that Froissart was a species of medieval Herodotus, who gathered his facts in wandering up and down through town and country, gleaning from the conversation, and remarking the habits, manners, and customs of the natives. Most of the journeys of Froissart were made on horseback; some of them with knights who had played conspicuous parts. Their whole wayfaring was passed in conversation, by which they mutually instructed each other. Thus towns, castles, ruins, heights, plains, valleys, defiles, recalled to the memory of his narrators the actions which had passed under their own eyes, or which had been related to them by those engaged in them. Froissart wished to be a spectator of everything novel. Feasts, tournaments, conferences for peace, interviews of princes, their entries, nothing escaped his curiosity. He wrote down regularly all the news of the day which he heard in his conversations with the different English lords, and Richard de Surry, who was of the king's cabinet council, entrusted him in confidence with every resolution they had determined upon, begging him only to keep them secret until they should be publicly divulged.

The historical memoirs which Froissart has left extend from 1326 until 1400. They are not confined to the events which were passing in France, but comprehend with almost as much detail every considerable affair which happened in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Flanders, sometimes even of Russia, Hungary, Turkey, Africa, in short of almost the whole world.

Upwards of forty years of his life were occupied in these avocations and pursuits. Working at different times and in dif-

ferent countries, there are of course occasional differences and inequalities of style, but the main characteristics of the Chronicles everywhere predominate.

It would have been difficult for a man who was attached at different times to courts whose interests were in opposition, and who lived with a great number of princes and lords of different parties, not to have been influenced by affection for some and hatred for others; but though not devoid of prejudice, Froissart is generally candid, and he almost invariably affords us materials enough to satisfy us as to the degree of authority to which he is entitled. The great defect of Froissart is a want of order and arrangement. He had taken great pains to insinuate himself into the confidence of great lords and considerable people, who sometimes discovered to him the secret resolutions which had been entered into in the most important affairs; he also gained information from captains and heralds, who in those times were the most usual agents in negotiations and affairs of importance. With such men he entered into conversation, and insensibly led them on to speak of those parts of history of which they ought to be best informed, and he never quitted them till he made them tell all they knew. But in setting all these things together his method is not orderly, and his chronology is defective. Yet his page is pictured, dramatic, and full, so to speak, of tableaux. His mode and manner of life, and the life of the time, are to be found retraced in the Chronicles. There are tumultuous meetings of warriors of all ages, degrees, and countries,—there are feasts and entertainments at inns,—there are conversations after supper, when every one was eager to relate what he had seen or done; and it sometimes happens that in the same chapter one finds several histories relating to different provinces and kingdoms, begun, interrupted, recommenced and broken off, and occasionally jumbled together. This arises from the precipitation with which Froissart wrote—from his desultory and wandering habits, from his ignorance of some of the countries of which he speaks. He gives us a picture of a daring and agitating age, distinguished by skirmishes and battles, by challenges and deadly combats, by tilts, tournaments and entries of princes, by assemblies, feasts, balls, and perpetual journeyings and wayfarings hither and thither. This it is that renders the Chronicles of Froissart one of the most precious monuments of history. We find in his pages not merely details of particular events, related without art, but usages, traits, and features of the time, developing the character of men and manners and epochs, of all of which we have a living picture. The Chronicle is a body of antiquities of the fourteenth century. Grave, dignified, and occasionally

majestic passages are relieved by simple and affecting episodes, by gay and garrulous recitals, in which Froissart borrows the style and follows the diffuse and negligent manner of the writers of romance. In the credulity and superstitions of the age in which he lived he had an unbounded and blind faith. He believes in false miracles, prophecies, and enchantments, in all the monstrous marvels which monkery invented to delude, to deceive, and to enchain the minds of men. His minuteness is equal to his credulity. He tells us the sign of the house at which his heroes and actors lodged, the name of the inn at which he had himself taken up his quarters, how the tavern-keepers of Lestines had 500 francs of his money, and how he was robbed at Avignon. He tells us how he travelled through wild and savage Scotland; how he followed the Black Prince to Aquitaine and Bordeaux; how he desired to go with him also into Spain against Henri de Tramstamare; how he passed into Italy with the Duke of Clarence when he went to marry the daughter of Visconti; how he witnessed and even directed the feasts which Amadeus the Sixth of Savoy, known under the name of the Count de Vert, gave to the Duke of Clarence. Here is a specimen of his style, as well as his mode of life and manner of labour.

‘Partout où je venais je faisais enquête aux anciens chevaliers et écuyers qui avaient été dans les faits d’armes et qui proprement en savaient parler, et aussi aux anciens hérauts d’armes, pour verifïer et justifier les matières. Ainsi ai-je rassemblé la noble et haute histoire, et tant que je vivrai, par la grace de Dieu, je la continuerai; car plus j’y suis et plus j’y laboure plus me plaît. Car ainsi, comme le gentil chevalier ou écuyer qui aime les armes, en persévérant et continuant se nourrit et se perfectionne, ainsi en labourant et ouvrant je m’habilité et me délecte.’

These details, and the sentences we have copied, throw a light on the character of Froissart and his works. There is no writer who possesses in a higher degree the charm of candour and outspokenness. He is the very mirror and reflector of the time in which he lived. His pages resemble the romances of chivalry. There is a passionate admiration for valour, for loyalty, for noble deeds of arms; a homage for beauty and the fair sex; an admiration for a warlike and wandering life, in which the reign of force, and violence, and rapine too often predominate. Yet, amidst deserted towns and ruined provinces,—amidst men occasionally cruel, disorderly, rough, and barbarous, variable in their humours and affections, Froissart shows us that many of these rugged natures had grand and sterling qualities,—were full of frankness and force,—were men of good and noble impulses,—faithful to their plighted troth, and religiously observant of their words. The idea we form of such characters is, that,

though bold and brutal, they were not base or mean; though occasionally cruel and sanguinary, they were not corrupt or mercenary. Though Froissart is often incorrect and incomplete; though dates and proper names are often erroneously given in his pages; though the sequency of events does not follow with the same regularity as in modern histories and memoirs, yet is he invaluable for his frank simplicity, and faithful as a painter of manners. Montaigne, who was capable of appreciating him, and who resembles him in some things, says, 'I love historians very unaffected or excellent: the unaffected, who have not wherewithal to add of their own, and who are only careful to collect and pick up everything without choice and without sorting, giving us the opportunity of wholly judging of their truth. Such, for example, is the good Froissart, who has gone on with his work with such frank simplicity, that, having committed a fault, he is no way ashamed of avowing it, and correcting it at the place he is informed of it; and who tells us the diversity of rumours that were current, and the different accounts that were told to him. It is history naked and unadorned; every one may profit from it according to the depth of his understanding.'

Froissart enjoyed a good income; and he tells us he was a man of extravagant habits, well clothed, well mounted, faring sumptuously on his journeys, and leading a joyous and jolly life. Besides the income which he enjoyed from the cure of Lestines, which was considerable, he had also touched 2000 livres, of which not a fraction remained to him. He had spent, it is true, 700 livres for his works; but he did not regret this money, for says he, with truth and simplicity, and also with a truly artistical feeling, '*ay-je fait mainte histoire dont il sera parlé dans la posterité.*' One is not surprised at his expenditure when one learns the numerous journeys he had undertaken. Here is an instance of his indefatigable spirit. On the subject of the wars between Spain and Portugal, he had heard details from Gascons and Spaniards, partisans of the king of Castile, which did not satisfy him. He wished, therefore, to hear the story of the Portuguese. Being informed that there were Portuguese at Bruges, he journeyed straightway thither. At Bruges he learned that the Chevalier Portelet, '*vaillant homme, et sage, et du conseil du Roy de Portugal,*' was at Middleburgh, in Zelande. To Middleburgh he proceeded, in company with a friend of Portelet, and was presented to the latter. Portelet related to him, during six days that they had passed together, all that had passed in the Peninsula; whereupon the chronicler on his return was enabled to compose the third book of his history.

The continuator of Froissart is Monstrelet. Of his biography

little is known. Such materials as we find are not merely scanty, but unsatisfactory. We learn from contemporary authorities, that during the composition of his chronicles he resided at Cambrai, of which city he was prévôt; but there is no evidence that he was born there. The better opinion, indeed, seems to be, that he was born at Ponthicu, in which is the estate, or *terre*, of Monstrelet.

John le Robert, abbot of St. Aubert in Cambray, who has given us an exact account of everything that has passed in his time in the town of Cambray and its environs, under the title of 'Mémoires,' says, '*qu'il fut né de bas*,' which term, according to Ducange, means a natural son; but as illegitimate children were at that period acknowledged according to the rank of their fathers, Monstrelet was not the less noble. No particulars of his early years are known, except that he evinced when young a love for application. The quotations from Sallust, Livy, and other classic authors that occur in his chronicles, show that he must have made some progress in Latin literature. Either a love of study or a weakly constitution, prevented him from following the profession of arms. He was as patient an inquirer as his predecessor, Froissart. In his prologue to his Chronicle he speaks of having made an inquiry into the facts which he relates, '*tant aux nobles gens qui, pour honneur de gentillesse, ne doivent ou voudroient dire pour eux ni contre eux que vérité, qu'aux rois d'armes, hérauts et poursuivants de plusieurs seigneurs et pays, qui de leur droit et office doivent être de ces justes et diligents enquêteurs bien instruits et vrais zélés.*' Monstrelet likened his mission to that of a judge sitting on the judgment seat. He interrogated, he examined men of different parties and opinions. Not content with this proceeding, he questioned and cross questioned at different times individuals on the same facts. Laden with evidence thus conscientiously acquired, Monstrelet endeavoured to educe from it a clear and candid narrative, which he was the more likely to succeed in as he occupied no office of preferment or emolument; but, notwithstanding, and in despite of this fact, he has not escaped the reproach of partiality, and is accused of an undue preference for the house of Burgundy, and an unkindly feeling towards the court of France. Sismondi, in speaking of Monstrelet, says, '*il ne paraît pas qu'il ait été jamais présent aux événements qu'il raconte.*' This is undoubtedly true, for though he relates, on his knowledge, the manner in which the Maid of Orleans was taken prisoner before Compiègne, yet he does not say he was present when the heroine was captured. The Chronicles of Monstrelet are not merely historical memoirs, or mere annals,

but real history. He traces events to their source, and gives edicts, negotiations, treaties, &c., as justificatory proofs of the facts he relates. Like Froissart, he does not confine himself to occurrences that passed in France. He goes into equal detail as to the events which happened during his time in Flanders and England, Scotland and Ireland. In his preface to his work, Monstrelet has stated that he had been careful to consult those on military affairs who, from their employments, must have been eye-witnesses of the actions he describes. On other matters he has stated, that he consulted such as, from their situations, must have been the principal actors. On subjects of less importance, he had conversed with heralds, pursuivants, and kings-at-arms. The fidelity of Monstrelet's narrative is proved by internal evidence. He notes the difference between facts of which he was perfectly sure, and those of which he was doubtful. When he has no evidence, and cannot produce proofs, he tells the reader so very candidly. If he has gained further evidence, he announces the fact, and modifies his statement accordingly. The chronology of Monstrelet is nearly as deficient as that of Froissart. In passing from the history of one country to another, both intermingle events. Monstrelet, however, is more correct than Froissart in counting years, which he invariably begins on Easter-day. Monstrelet is neither a picturesque nor a graphic writer; on the contrary, he is monotonous, occasionally dull, and often diffuse. He marches slowly and heavily to his journey's end, laden with the heavy baggage and *impedimenta* of official pieces. No doubt his reflexions are judicious, and his judgment sound. He is far above the prejudices of his age in reference to sorcery, astrology, prodigies, and witchcraft; but his volumes must ever rather be consulted occasionally, and read here and there for a purpose, than perused from the beginning to the end by curious and gratified readers, and enthusiastic admirers. Some of his recitals are well described by Rabelais, as 'le tout long, curieux et fâcheux conte;' and he says of the scribe, 'qu'il est plus baveux qu'un pot à moutarde.'

A widely different writer from the fertile and inventive Froissart and the ponderous Monstrelet is Philip de Comines. 'If France,' says Hallam, 'had her Livy in Froissart, she had her Tacitus in Comines.' He is the first modern writer who in any degree has displayed sagacity in reasoning on the characters of men and the consequences of their actions, or who has been able to generalise his observations by comparison and reflection. An acute understanding and much experience of mankind gave Comines this superiority; his life had not been spent over books, and he is free from that pedantic application of history common

with those who passed for political reasoners two centuries after the time in which he lived. Yet he was not ignorant of books, for though he had not learned Latin in his earlier youth, he was a proficient in Italian, German, and Spanish. Comines was born at the chateau of Comines, near Menin, of one of the most ancient and distinguished families of Flanders, in 1445. At nine years of age he had lost both father and mother, and was the possessor of a considerable but encumbered fortune. His first instructor was his cousin-german, John de la Witte. In his nineteenth year he was presented to the Count of Charolais, who took him into his service. He followed the count to the war called '*La Guerre du Bien Public*,' and was present at the battle of Montlhéry. When the count succeeded his father, under the name of Charles le Téméraire, Comines continued to enjoy his friendship and confidence. He was in his suite when de Charolais, irritated by the want of faith of Louis XI., retained the king a prisoner at Peronne. Comines exhibited judgment and prudence in endeavouring to calm his master and in secretly warning the king of France on the points on which it would be necessary to yield. The service which he thus rendered to Louis XI. was neither lost nor forgotten. The latter profited of the errors and faults of the Duke of Burgundy, to wean from his service the ablest and most considerable men. He directed his attention to Comines, who passed from the service of Burgundy to that of France in 1472. In his memoirs, Comines is silent on the motives that determined him to this desertion of his master, but rumour attributes the cause to an insult he received from the count by the blow of a boot. The story is told by Jacques Marchard, and made dramatic use of by Sir Walter Scott, in *Quentin Durward*. Be this, however, as it may, Voltaire, who is often inconsiderate in his judgment, stigmatises Comines far too severely, as '*un celebre traître, qui, ayant long temps vendu les secrets de la maison de Bourgogne, passa enfin au service de France.*'

It should be remembered that Comines was the subject of Louis XI. as well as of Charles le Téméraire, Duke of Burgundy, and he cannot be accused of treason in having prevented the duke from dishonouring himself by making an attempt on the life of the king of France. Louis XI. was much more capable of estimating the judgment and attainments of the future historian of his reign than the Duke of Burgundy, and it is not wonderful that Comines readily entered the service of a master capable of appreciating his deserts. For a considerable time Comines was one of the most trusty and favoured councillors of the monarch. It cannot be denied that the personal knowledge

which he possessed of the secrets of his old master, placed it in his power to render most important services to Louis XI., in which he was rewarded by being made counsellor and chamberlain, Prince of Talmont, seigneur d'Argenton, and for which he received pensions and estates of no mean value. But the servant who depends on the absolute favour of a sovereign, is too often the victim of injustice and caprice. On the death of Charles le Téméraire, in 1477, the king, mistrusting Comines in all that related to the affairs of Flanders, sent him on an insignificant mission into Brittany and Poitou; and the man who was a short time before loaded with honours, and admitted to the monarch's most intimate councils, was now, if not disgraced, sent far from the court of France, to side with the Medici against the faction of the Pazzi.

On his return to France, Comines appeared to have recovered the good graces of the king. He placed him again near his person, as in the days when he was chamberlain, accepted services '*alentour de la personne comme valet-de-chambre*,' and was altogether as gracious towards him as when he made him lie on his own bed. The king, now weak and ill, passed some time at the chateau d'Argenton, the property of Comines, and during the period of the convalescence of the monarch, the master of the castle tended on him and slept adjoining the royal chamber. But notwithstanding these services, Comines could never be considered the friend or the favourite of the monarch. He pleased the king by his sound sense and correct judgment, by his reserved and discreet character, by his business habits, by his facility in procuring intelligence by the means of agents and spies, and his judicious largesses to gain over and corrupt opponents; but he had no ascendancy over the will of the monarch, nor is his name attached to one act of the king's reign. He was a clever and able servant, not overburdened with scruples, and implicitly following orders, which courtiers unblushingly dignify with the name of devotion and duty. The complaisant instrument of such services, under a reign marked by perfidy, cruelty, and injustice, cannot, of course, escape scathless.

In the following reign, Comines did not enjoy the favour he possessed in the time of Louis XI. After the death of the king he was admitted into the councils of the Regency, but Anne de Beaujeu soon perceived that he entertained not for the daughter the feelings he exhibited towards the father, but that, on the contrary, he favoured the project of the Dukes of Bourbon and Orleans. His intrigues being discovered, he was sent to the Chateau of Loches, and shut up in one of those iron cages introduced by Louis XI. A decision of the Parliament of the 24th

March, 1488, condemned him, as a rebellious and disobedient subject of the king, to lose the quarter of his property, to remain ten years on one of his estates, and to furnish a security of 10,000 crowns. But, notwithstanding this sentence, we find Comines figuring, in 1493, among the ambassadors who signed at Senlis a treaty of peace with Maximilian, king of the Romans. He was subsequently charged with many important missions, of which he gives us copious details. That he rendered great services to Charles VIII., in the expedition to Italy, there can be no doubt; but he never had the complete confidence of that prince. When the Duke of Orleans, whom Comines had lured by his intrigues, became king, the historian continued to hold his pensions, but he remained without employment. Comines survived this new disgrace—a disgrace more painful than any that occurred in the first eleven years of his services, and died in 1509, at the Chateau d'Argenton, aged 64, leaving behind him an only daughter, who married René de Brosse, Count of Penthièvre. The issue of this marriage, for several generations, allied themselves with the most illustrious reigning families.

Comines followed the example of the Joinvilles, the Villehardouins, the Froissarts, the Monstrelets, and others. However remarkable his political and administrative life, he would be entirely forgotten as an official man and politician if he had not immortalized himself as a memoir writer and historian.

Among modern French chronicle and memoir writers there is scarcely one who takes a higher rank than Comines. Voltaire reproaches him with having written with the reserve of a courtier who wished to conceal the truth, but this reproach is perfectly unjust. Comines writes pretty much in the spirit in which he lived his whole life long; he was never as a man troubled with moral scruples or a chivalrous sense of honour; and as an historian he does not affect either the one or the other, or embarrass himself with the suggestions of a too rigid and impracticable virtue. In reading his work we read the effusions of a thorough-paced, seasoned, and little scrupulous man of the world; but, it should be added, he was not the despicable and corrupt creature Voltaire would have us believe.

To the charm of a natural and flexible language, often expressing every shade of thought, Comines joins the rare advantage of bearing ocular testimony, so to speak, to much that he relates. He possessed a profound knowledge of men and of affairs. It is not as a philosopher and moralist that he speaks, but as a practical working politician. His chapters, in every page, represent, to use the words of Montaigne, ‘partout avec autorité et gravité l’homme de bon lieu et élevé aux grandes affaires.’ He is a cool and

calm observer, inured to state intrigues and *rompu aux affaires*, well knowing the tricks of princes and the corruption of courtiers. Comines exhibits no high or idle impulses—no generous love of virtue. He sees men neither better nor worse than they are. He regards them as instruments of providence—instruments about whose good or evil deeds he is far too indifferent. The great defect of Comines is his frigidness and impassability; he is never virtuously indignant at the crimes of the age in which he lived. There is a spirit of cold and cynical observation about his remarks, a clear and correct judgment, but no indignation. Educated in the midst of courts and the intrigues of princes, and the corruption of their courtiers, at a period when, as De Barante truly observes, the enthusiasm of religion and chivalry had been obliterated, if not effaced, in the minds of men, Comines early vowed a special worship to the goddess of Prudence. He is too much a man of sense not to praise and honour justice, good faith, and probity; he is too much a man of solidity and judgment not to know that the foundations of kingdoms, and of all durable order, depend on truth and morality; but you feel in reading his pages that it is from weighing and balancing the conveniences and inconveniences of the case that he has arrived at this result. In tracing the history of the vices, faults, and remorse of Louis XI., there is no honest, virtuous indignation. In alluding to his own lot and occasional backslidings and misadventures, all that Comines says is, ‘au demeurant, la Providence le voulait ainsi.’ In speaking of his misfortunes under Charles VIII., he says, with the utmost impassability, ‘Je crois que j’ai été l’homme ‘du monde à qui il a fait le plus de rudesse; mais connoissant ‘que c’était en sa jeunesse et qu’il ne venait pas de lui, ne lui en ‘sus jamais mauvais gré,’ and then he adds, *onques ne fut meilleure créature*.

One of the finest passages in his book, considering the time in which it was written, is that wherein he treats of the power of kings, and lays down rules ‘pour leur endoctrinement.’ In this passage Comines shows himself as a friend to well balanced liberty—as an enemy to *coups d’état*, and to those caprices of ‘good pleasure’ in which kings were wont to delight.

In reference to style, Comines is comparable to Montaigne himself, and no historian of the fifteenth or sixteenth century can be compared to him. In his pages you have the picturesque, naïveté, and originality of Froissart, combined with greater precision and clearness. He and Brantôme are among the few writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which may be still read with pleasure.

We have now before us one of the earliest, if not the earliest

editions of the *Chronique et Histoire Faicte*, par feu Messire Philippe de Comines, printed at Paris, 'chez Guillaume Thibout demourât, rue Alexandre l'Angloys, où pend pour enseigne le Paon,' with the date of 1550, and from this we extract a short account as to *les meurs de roy et sa cour*. We preserve the old spelling and abbreviations.

'Il estoit naturellement amy des gēs de moyē estat: et ennemy des gradz qui se pouvoient passer de luy. Nul home ne preta jamais tant l'oreille aux gēs, ne ne s'enquist de tant de choses come il faisoit, ne qui voulust jamais cognoistre tant de gēs, car aussi veritablemēt il cognoissoit toutes gens d'autorité et de valleur qui estoient en Angleterre, en Portugal, en Italie, et Seigneuries du Duc de Bourgonge, et en Bretagne, comme il faisoit ses subjectz.'

'In the chapter, 'Commēt le Roy s'efforcat mettre pollice sur la prolixité des proces et qu'on n'usast que d'un poid et d'une mesure. Aussi desiroit fort qu'en ce royaume on usast d'une coustume, d'un poix, d'une mesure, et que toutes ses coustumes fussent mises en François en un beau liure, pour euter la cautelle et la pillerie des advocatz qui est si grande en ce royaume que nul autre n'est semblable.'

The chapter cxxxvi, with the title, 'Comment le Roy Loys unzième feit faire plusieurs cages de fer dot en l'une fut mis l'auteur de ce liure l'espace de huit moys,' will also well repay perusal.

With the following curious passage on the miseries of human life, extracted from these volumes, we close our notice of the work:—

'Aucune créature n'est exempte de passion; tous mangent leur pain en douleur; notre Seigneur le promet dès qu'il fit l'homme et loyaument l'a tenu à toutes gens.'

It is not our intention to dwell at any length on the *Memoirs and Commentaries* of Blaise de Montluc, Marshal of France. These are chiefly valuable for the details given of the war against the Calvinists, of whom Montluc was a rude and cruel enemy. There is a good deal of egotism in his account of his efforts against the reformed party in 1569, and he is not always to be trusted in his recitals: but his *Commentaries* ought to be read by all who wish to learn the ferocities that were committed in the name of religion in the time of Charles IX. It was Mary of Medicis who sent Montluc to Cahors. People at court thought that a man who had distinguished himself as a soldier in various parts of Italy, would not act the part of a butcher, but no butcher of the shambles could surpass him in ferocity. The second part of his *Memoirs* discloses a hideous picture of a human heart. It does not cost a pang to this monster in human shape to say he was cruel; on the contrary, he makes a boast of it as

though it were a deed of which he might be well proud. He seems to enjoy the tears, the groans, the agonies, of his victims. Lacre-telle says, and says truly, 'that a hundred thousand witnesses could not render his memory more execrable than the testimony which he bears against himself. He scoured the country, accompanied by two executioners, whom he called his lacqueys; sometimes he despatched unfortunate Calvinists with his own hand; there was no process or preliminary proceeding. Montluc scarcely even deigned to acquaint himself with the names of his victims; seizing them by the throat, like a bulldog, he dealt them out blows unmercifully, and then shouting to the executioner, *Frappe, vilain!* left them to their fate. A deacon, nineteen years old, appeared too young to merit death, but Montluc had the victim bastinadoed so unmercifully that the unfortunate young man died a few days afterwards. You have but to open his Commentaries to see that he records this fact with a certain pleasure and pride. In finishing his fourth book, he says, 'Je commenceray à escrire les combats 'où je me suis trouvé durant ces guerres civiles, esquelles il m'a 'fallu, contre mon naturel, user non seulement de rigueur mais 'de cruauté.' For a full account of the horrors of these wars of religion, as they are impiously called, the reader is referred to De Thou, D'Aubigné, and Theodore Beza's *History of the Reformed Churches of France*.

The next most memorable memoirs in point of date to Montluc are those of Castelnau, Seigneur de Mauvissiere and of Concrésant. Castelnau was born at La Mauvissiere, near Tours, in 1520. He was carefully educated, and being endowed with a capacious and retentive memory, made immense progress, both in letters and in the sciences. But whilst pursuing these studies, manly exercises were not forgotten, so that on entering life the young man was quite as fit to do his duty in the field as in the cabinet. Castelnau had been much improved by foreign travel. He had visited, not merely the different courts of Italy, but the principal portions of Europe; carefully studying the manners, institutions, and governments of the different people. Returning to France, he entered the navy, if indeed the name of navy could be given to those flotillas and galleys of which the marine of France then consisted. Cardinal Lorraine, on whom, in the absence of his brother, the Duke of Guise, fell the chief conduct of affairs, soon perceived that Castelnau was worthy of a better employment. He charged him with various negotiations, which he successfully conducted, in Piedmont, at Rome, and elsewhere. Subsequently, he formed part of the suite which accompanied Mary Stuart to Scotland, to whom he was accredited ambassador by Catherine de Medicis. During his sojourn in Scotland, Castelnau made

several journeys to England, with a view to reconcile Elizabeth to Mary, but without success. The religious troubles of France recalled him to his country. Finding it impossible to be neutral, he embraced the side of the Catholics. His observations as to pursuing a neutral line of conduct in civil wars are worthy of being reproduced here: 'En matière de guerre civile (says he) il faut tenir un party assuré, car, dans toute sorte de nations du temps mesmes des Romains, ceux-là ont esté méprisés qui en ont usé autrement. Ils sont peu estimés et ne peuvent éviter le nom de traistres et d'espions, ceux qui n'ont ordinairement le cœur de se déclarer pour un party ny pour l'autre.'

Castelnau was five times ambassador in England. His last embassy continued ten years. During this sojourn he enjoyed greater leisure and tranquillity than at any period of his life. Such was the season he chose for the composition of his memoirs. Often he endeavoured to frustrate the designs of Elizabeth. But though this zeal in the service of France sometimes chafed the mind of the English sovereign, yet the Virgin Queen was ever prompt to render justice to the Frenchman. In a letter written to Henry III., her majesty expresses herself thus:— 'Castelnau est digne de manier une plus grande charge.'

There is not much light thrown on English manners or modes of life in the memoirs of Castelnau. He gives an account of the proclamation of the peace in 1563 at Windsor, and of the dinner after it, to which the queen invited him. 'Après que leur service fut achevé, elle envoya querir Foix et moy disner avec elle en la compagnie des chevaliers, et but à la santé du roy et de la reyne sa niere, puis nous envoya la coupe où elle avoit bu pour lui faire raison.'

The memoirs of Castelnau are among the most instructive of the time. The author having been employed in almost all the affairs of which he discourses, presents them to us in their real aspect, and often lays bare the causes which led to the most important results. There is no declamation, no gasconade in his pages. He is always calm, moderate, and prudent, without being indifferent or insipid. Castelnau excels in describing the spirit of his times. He throws much light on the doctrines and proceedings of the Reformers; and though himself a member of the Roman-catholic party, is never insensible to their errors and faults. The style of this author is elegant, his narrative clear and succinct. He has been compared for sagacity and depth to his predecessor De Comines.

Brantome comes next in order of time. André de Bourdeille, Vicomte de Bourdeille and Seigneur de l'Abbaye of Brantome,

was born at Perigord about 1527. While yet a youth, he obtained this ecclesiastical preferment, one of the richest of Perigord. Brantome was one of those warrior abbés called under the kings of the second race *abbates militares*. In those days it was no uncommon thing to see abbés, and even bishoprics, given to military men, and to fine ladies about the court. Ecclesiastical benefices were considered moveable seigneuries, at the disposal of the monarch, rather than religious offices and dignities. Brantome was a courtier and *homme d'épée* by nature and by disposition. When not with the army, he was at court, or filling diplomatic missions. According to his own account, he was *gentilhomme de la chambre* to two kings, Charles IX. and Henry III., and chamberlain of M. d'Alençon. The name of Brantome is attached to no historical event; his life presents, even on his own testimony, nothing very remarkable or important. That he was brave and adventurous, there seems to be no doubt; that he visited, either as a soldier, an employé, or a traveller, almost every part of Europe, there is also little question; and, having led this gay and wandering life, he retired from court to his estates, shortly after the death of Charles IX. The reason for his taking this step is not very apparent, and is not consistently described by himself. Sometimes he says his retirement was voluntary; at others, that, after the death of his brother, he wished to be called the chief of the family, and to protect and patronise his nephews and sisters-in-law. But as he frequently talks of the ingratitude and injustice of the great, it may be supposed that disappointment influenced him. Retired from the court from whatever motive, Brantome employed himself in writing an account of what he had seen in the earlier part of his life. He gives us an account of his travels in Spain, in Italy, in Scotland, in Portugal, in Greece, and in Barbary. In the position in which he was placed at court, the Abbé Brantome could not remain neuter. He became a partizan of the Guises; dissimulating, with more address than success, his antipathy for the house of Bourbon. Initiated into the political and gallant intrigues of a court profoundly corrupt, and seemingly and ceremoniously devout, he became in his retirement the painter and the historian of his principal contemporaries; and if you follow him, as you needs must, into camps or courts, into the cabinets of ministers or the boudoirs of pretty women or fine ladies, you find him at home and perfectly at his ease. Whether he is describing public solemnities, the operations of military men, the orgies of private apartments, or the rodomontades of an age distinguished by minute observances, blind superstition, and unblushing immorality, he is an equally faithful painter of manners, following the career of his

humour, and allowing his pen to chronicle the records of his memory. Most of his recitals are animated and amusing, though now and again larded, not unsparingly, with gasconade. He was curious and inquiring, and knew all the principal personages of his time. As a witness, or actor, or reporter of what he heard from vouchable authority, he tells a great deal, good, bad, and indifferent,—moral and immoral; sometimes graphic, and curious, but too often smutty and obscene. He is profoundly indifferent to the morality of men or the virtue of women, and relates the most scandalous and flagitious stories without shame, in a frivolous and barrack-room spirit. It must be said, however, that he describes an age of licentiousness and disorder, when chivalry was on the wane, when vice exhibited itself in all its grossness and without any disguise, and when religion was the pretext and the mask of a thousand immoralities, cruelties, and oppressions. Brantome's '*Memoirs of Illustrious French and Foreign Captains*' have all the gravity, interest, and dignity of history. He speaks of the severity of the old Constable Montmorency, of the high-souled purity and virtue of the Chancellor l'Hopital, of the chivalry and bravery of Bayard, with proper feeling and respect. One can scarcely conceive that a writer who expresses himself on these occasions with so much propriety, should have also written '*La Vie des Dames Galantes*,' the '*Discours sur les Cocus*,' and the '*Rodomontades et Jurements Espagnols*.' Brantome, notwithstanding the life which he led, was more lettered than most of the men of his age. He translated some fragments of Lucian, was well acquainted with the Italian and Spanish languages, and had a tolerable acquaintance with the Latin classics. Brantome died, at a very advanced age, in 1614. He had lived in the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and had seen the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII. His memoirs obtained a prodigious success, and are still read by every one curious or recondite in French literature. There is some truth in what Anquetil says of this writer: '*Brantome*,' he says, '*ne fait qu'effleurer les sujets; il n'entend rien à approfondir une action, ni à en développer les motifs. Il peint bien ce qu'il a vu, raconte naïvement ce qu'il a entendu; mais il n'est pas rare de le voir quitter son objet principal, y revenir, le quitter encore, et finir par n'y plus songer. Avec tout le désordre il plaît parce qu'il amuse.*' Nevertheless it must be admitted, that he is a caustic and ingenious writer,—a man of ardent character, of great vivacity of imagination, a frolicsome and debonnaire humour; in short, *homme d'esprit*, as well as '*bon gentilhomme Gascon*.' He is often superficial, occasionally graceful, almost always clever, and full of *esprit*. For a man of the world, how-

ever, the organ of self-esteem is far too much developed in his works to be pleasing or agreeable. In his will, speaking of his literary performances, he says, 'l'on y verra de belles choses comme contes, histoires et bons mots.' There is undoubtedly a time 'when modest merit may commend itself;' but when Brantome states that 'plusieurs de ses campagnons non egaux à lui le surpasserent en bienfaits, etats et grades, mais jamais en valeur 'et merite,' the reader feels he is dealing with a Gascon who overvalues himself by self-glorification.

The Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois, wife of Henry IV., is a very interesting work. Margaret was the daughter of Henry II., and the last of the house of Valois. She married in her twentieth year the Prince of Bearn, so well known afterwards under the name of Henry IV. The history of this princess has been differently related by different parties. The Protestants, who had no right to complain of her, seem always to reproach her unduly with following her own creed at the Huguenot court of Navarre; but, be her faults what they may, she was sorely tried. That she bore and suffered much, and notwithstanding many slights exhibited great tenderness to Henry in an illness is recorded in unimpeachable testimony. The gay and fickle king appeared at first sensibly touched with her tenderness, and they lived in great harmony and happiness, but Henry was *volage*; the princess, too, had her faults and indiscretions, and we know the rest.

The picture which Marguerite draws of her felicity is worthy of record. 'Félicité,' says she, 'qui me dura de quatre à cinque ans que je fus en Gascone avec lui, faisant la plupart de ce temps 'là notre sejour a Nérac, où notre cour etait si belle que nous n'envions point celle de France. Le roi mon mari et madame 'la princesse sa sœur allant d'un costé au presche et suivet mon 'train à la messe en une chapelle dans le parc.' The memoirs which Margaret has left behind her are written in an agreeable and natural style, and are filled with interesting anecdotes. Pelisson, a distinguished author and member of the Academy, who lived in the age immediately following, calls them a classic work.

One of the most remarkable books in French history is the Memoirs of Sully, called, by himself, the *Economies Royales*. No work in the French language is more read than this by native or stranger, and none merits a more general attention from the statesman, the politician, the administrator, or the soldier. The biography of Sully is well known, and we may therefore be pardoned from dwelling on it at any very considerable length. He was born in 1560, seven years after Henry IV., and was only twelve years old at the epoch of the massacre

of St. Bartholomew. His presence of mind saved him on this occasion from an untimely death. Some of the persons of his household were victims, and among the rest the tutor or governor to whom he was confided. Awoke by the noise and struggle, Sully donned his cloak of student, taking the precaution to carry under his arm a large Roman missal, or book of prayers. The assassins allowed so devout a young student to pass scathless, and to this circumstance Sully owed his life. He took refuge in the college in which he was studying, and where he remained till the peril had passed. His studies were scarcely finished when he accompanied the King of Navarre in his escape from the court, where, since the St. Barthélmy, he had been almost a prisoner. The flight took place on the 1st February, 1756. Sully was scarcely then fifteen years old, yet he exhibited solid and sterling qualities, which, joined to his attainments and accomplishments, procured him the confidence and the friendship of the king. The attachment of Sully grew into a species of devotion to his master—a devotion which lasted for the term of Henry's life. In order to perfectly understand the relation which subsisted between the parties, it is necessary that the reader should be transported back to the period of the civil wars, when both the one and the other run that career of peril and danger, of combats and struggle, of long marches, of negotiations, of heroic victories, and the organization of parties, armies, and men, which resulted in the peace of Vervins, and which established Henry on the throne of France. In order to follow Sully in his triple or quadruple mission of warrior, negotiator, minister, and grand master of the artillery, it would be necessary to write his history, and all that we have to do here now is to speak of his memoirs. In these volumes he describes, or rather his secretaries transcribe from his notes and dictation, the history of the struggles of 'le roi vaillant' his master. Among all the brave soldiers and heroic chevaliers that rallied round Henry, none was braver or more gallant than Sully. At the assault of Villefranche, in Rouergue, he was, to use his own words, *renversé dans un fossé*: at the terrible combat of Cahors, which lasted for five days and nights; he was felled to the ground by a huge stone flung from a window, and subsequently wounded in the thigh. A horse was killed under him at Marmande. The steed which he rode at the bloody battle of Frosseuse was pierced with a lance, and two swords were broken in his hands. At the battle of Ivry, thrown from his charger, covered with seven wounds, despoiled of his helmet and his arms, he lay unconscious and neglected on the field of battle. Four of the enemy saved his life. But Henry, as he tells us, the conqueror, 'l'a

embrassé de deux bras,' calling him before the whole army, 'brave soldat,' and 'vaillant chevalier.' This was in Rosny's opinion a rich recompence. There was a rivalry between the king and his favourite. The king watched over and restrained him, blaming the excess of his courage—while Sully, on his part, professed and felt unbounded duty and affection for the king. From an early period the tact and discrimination of Henry had discerned in Sully a servant capable of appreciating men, of unravelling intrigues, of gaining an ascendancy over his fellows. It was for this reason that he was several times sent as envoy to the court of Henry III. in the five years from 1583 to 1588. It was in these journeys he had learned to observe the play of all those rival ambitions which had so long agitated the court of France. The opposing and rival interests—the views of the chiefs of the league—the craft and cunning and subdolous manœuvres of Catherine de Medicis—of her agents—and the characters and pretensions of those who oiled the springs and set parties in movement, were all patent to Sully. The trouble that the Duke of Bethune had in negotiating treaties can only be known from his Memoirs, or, to use his own title, the *Economies Royales*. By prudence, by activity, by zeal, and by repeated journeys, in which he compromised his health and risked his life, the zealous negotiator succeeded in rallying to the cause of Henry one of the most zealous champions of the league, Brancas de Villiers, Governor of Rouen, who surrendered this important city. This considerable success was, however, but a trifle compared with the gaining over the Duke of Guise himself—the son of that Duke of Guise whom Henry III. caused to be executed, the nephew of the formidable Mayenne, who sought even to rival the best of the Bourbons. Great as the services of Sully were as warrior, administrator, and minister, at home, it was, perhaps, in foreign countries he rendered the most important services to his master and to the crown. There is no more curious chapter in his volumes than that in which he renders an account of a secret mission to Elizabeth at Dover. From the details presented by Sully of this conference, we learn how much and how truly these two great characters, Henry and Elizabeth, esteemed each other, and how ardently they desired to co-operate with a view to establish an European equilibrium, and a solid and durable peace in the interests of Christendom.

In the *Economies Royales*, as well as in the work of Forbonnais, we learn the incredible efforts made by Sully to introduce into the finances of France, order and regularity. In consequence of the labours of Maximilian Bethune, disorders were checked, a better and less expensive system of collection was adopted; taxes were differently distributed. Sully was a man of vast

capacity, great skill, and consummate judgment. He excelled alike in war, in negotiation, in finance, and in the management of the artillery. The man who ended in being head of the treasury, began life in selling the products of his woods to furnish money for the empty purse of his sovereign. The future grand master of the artillery had the command in earlier life, on the field of Contras, of three canons, which contributed not a little to the successes of the day.

We have before said that the Memoirs of Sully are really the history of his time. In point of style the *Economies Royales* is sorry enough,—occasionally even tedious, diffuse, and wearisome. Nor is the style redeemed by the arrangement, which is faulty and involved. Instead of speaking in his own name, either in the first or third person, Sully makes a secretary relate to him that which he himself had performed. Events in being recorded in this manner, undoubtedly lose some of their freshness and zest; and occasionally, also, you see that Sully wishes to fix and bind you to his views as the only things possible and practicable. But then, on the other hand, the details are so precise and copious; the intrigues, exterior and interior, are so well and fully painted; the revolutions of the court are so minutely sketched, and the physiognomy of the actors and considerable people are so well delineated; the private habits and conversations of the king are, moreover, so faithfully sketched, that you feel the real authority and authenticity of the book. The value which Henry IV. set upon the services of Sully, is apparent in many passages. On the frequent exposure of his person at sieges and battles, the king begged of him not to be so prodigal of his life, and to remember the need he had of his services for the management of the finances. '*Mon ami,*' said the king, '*que j'aime bien, continuez a me bien servir, mais non pas a faire le fol et le simple soldat.*'

There is no trait in the character of Sully more honourable to him than his affectionate regard for the memory of the great and good king, and the honourable frankness with which he uttered his opinions, even when displeasing to his master. Henry would often seek to waste the resources of the state in prodigal gifts to his mistresses. On these occasions Sully showed himself a good and faithful servant. The king was desirous of giving a royal baptism to one of the children of Gabrielle d'Estrees. Sully set his face against this folly, exclaiming, in presence of his master: '*Il n'y a pas ici d'enfant de France.*'

The king was foolish enough to give a written promise of marriage to Mademoiselle Entraigues. The imperturbable minister deliberately and pitilessly tore up the document. When the Duchess

of Verneuil wished to satiate her relations and creatures, and to fill her own coffers at the public treasury, the reply of Sully was that of an honest man and faithful minister: '*Tout cela serait bon, Madame, si sa majesté prenait l'argent en sa bourse: mais de lever cela sur les marchands artisans, laboureurs et pasteurs, il n'y a nulle raison, étant ceux qui nourrissent et nous tous, et se contentant bien d'un seul maître, sans avoir tant de cousins, de parents et de maîtresses à entretenir.*' Again, when he told the king that these profligate and passing whims did not become a great king, and a greybeard to boot, the character of faithful servant and honest councillor shines as brilliantly out as that of wise minister. Few men, not to speak of monarchs, would endure such inconvenient candour, but a king, wise enough to say to a cherished and wounded mistress, '*Je me passerais mieux de dix maîtresses comme vous que d'un serviteur comme lui,*' was no ordinary character. Sometimes the frankness of Sully led to a coolness and rupture with Henri de Navarre, but a reconciliation always promptly followed. On one of these occasions Sully bent the knee to his frank-spoken master. '*Relevez, Rosny,*' said Henry IV.; '*ils croiraient que je vous pardonne.*'

After the death of Henry IV., Sully retired from the court. The presence of a man so attached to the late king, and whose personal character was so unimpeachable, was displeasing to those who then governed. The courtiers mocked a statesman who no longer dressed in the prevailing mode. Sully perceiving them, said to the king, '*Sire, quand votre père de glorieuse mémoire me faisait l'honneur de me consulter, il faisait passer dans l'antichambre les baladins de la cour.*'

The most eminent defect of Sully was avarice,—called by Burke, 'the folly of the wise.' In early life, also, he was said to be little scrupulous as to his means of acquiring money. As to the aspersions attempted to be cast on his memory by Tallement de Reaux, it may be said that they have in no degree injured it. The Memoirs of Sully are just as much read and consulted as they were before the publication of the '*Historettes*,' published by M. Monmerqué; and notwithstanding their diffuseness and unpleasing style, they must ever hold a high place in the historical literature of France.

After the Memoirs of Sully come those of the President Jeannin. The author of these memoirs was like Sully, the minister and the friend of the king. Jeannin was originally but a simple advocate at the parliament of Dijon, from which condition he raised himself by his learning and probity to the highest office. Being asked one day in an authoritative tone by a man of high rank, whose son he was, Jeannin replied—'*De mes vertus.*' A wealthy

man of his province wishing to make him his son-in-law, asked him where his property was situated. '*Dans ma tête et dans ma plume,*' was the answer of Jeannin. The states of Burgundy having charged Jeannin with the principal affairs of the province, he employed the influence which that position gave him as well as all his ability and energy, to oppose the massacre of the St. Barthélemy. Sincerely attached to his religion, he honestly entered into the faction of the League. Being sent on a mission by the Duke of Mayenne to Philip II., he very soon discovered that the king of Spain, in espousing the cause of the leaguers, only desired to weaken France. On his return from this mission Jeannin abandoned the party of the Duke of Mayenne. Henry IV. then solicited his assistance, Jeannin raised some difficulties because of the part which he had antecedently adopted, but Henry IV. answered,—'No scruples—for I am well assured that he who has been faithful to the Duke of Mayenne, will be so to his king.' Jeannin filled missions of the highest importance in Holland, Spain, and England. Cardinal Bentivoglio, a statesman, and himself an ambassador, has left on record his strong admiration of the man; and the famous Barneveldt and Scaliger have also spoken of him in the highest terms. It is plain from the memoirs and negotiations he has published, that Jeannin enjoyed in the highest degree the esteem and confidence of the king. His volumes, wherein are contained numerous letters of the king, abound with proofs of this truth. Writing to him during the Dutch negotiations, under date of the 13th June, 1607, the monarch says,—'Considerez que je vous ai confié une négociation du succès de laquelle doit dependre la direction des affaires publiques et privées tant de mon royaume que de la république chrétienne.'

In the following year he writes as follows: 'Ce que je vous écris toutefois plus pour vous exposer mon avis que pour vous prescrire et ordonner de la suivre si vous jugez qu'il soit meilleur d'en user autrement.' On his return to France, Jeannin received abundant marks of his sovereign's esteem. Henry presented him to the queen, saying,—'Voyez vous ce bonhomme: si Dieu dispose de moi, reposez-vous sur sa fidélité.' On another occasion Henry, pointing to Jeannin, said,—'Je puis le presenter à mes amis et à mes ennemis.' Henry wished Jeannin to have been his historiographer, but he only wrote the preface to that interesting reign. No memoirs of the time of which we are speaking can be more profitably consulted than those of Jeannin, more especially with a view to learn the policy of the principal European states. Richelieu said that he always found something to learn in the pages of Jeannin.

The memoirs of Marshal Bassompierre are not merely amusing, but exceedingly interesting. The author passed nearly his whole life at the court, in camps, or in embassies. He first served under Henry IV.; but the king was somewhat unjust to Bassompierre. The fact was, that the monarch was in love with Mademoiselle Montmorency, whom Bassompierre had engaged to marry, and Henry caused the match to be broken off. Bassompierre had much talent and cleverness, and was considered the readiest and wittiest man of his day. His causticity caused him to be feared by the courtiers, and to be detested by official men. Richelieu, who disrelished his salient humour, and dreaded his influence over Marie de Medicis and her son, caused him to be arrested, and to be conducted to the Bastille, the 25th February, 1631. He remained a prisoner for twelve years, and it was during this period the memoirs were composed. Though the volumes contain a vast amount of trivialities, yet there is an abundance of most valuable matter, throwing a welcome light, not merely on the manners and institutions of France, but on those of foreign countries. Bassompierre was too agreeable and clever a courtier, too adroit and dexterous a negotiator, too distinguished a military commander and man of the world, not to be up to all the intrigues and double dealings of the court. He tells us what he saw, what he knew, what he heard. In his embassies he recounts what he effected, either by negotiation, or by intrigue, or by secret influence. It is a curious circumstance, that Madame D'Aiguillon, the niece of Richelieu, knowing that Bassompierre's fortune had been very much deranged by his long imprisonment, offered him 500,000 francs. His answer was equally prompt and clever: 'Votre oncle, madame, (he said,) m'a fait trop de mal pour que je puisse recevoir de vous tant de bien.' Bassompierre was ambassador in Spain, Switzerland, and in England. About five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. John Wilson Croker translated, with notes, that portion of his memoirs which gave an account of his embassy in this country.

We now come to the memoirs of a remarkable man, John Francis Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz. He was not of an ancient or illustrious family in France, being descended from Anthony de Gondi, who had accompanied Catherine de Medicis into France, and obtained the place of *maître d'hôtel* to Henry II. His father, Emanuel de Gondi, was general of the galleys, a function which he resigned in order to retire into a religious house. The most remarkable of the cardinal's ancestors, however, was Albert de Gondi, who had attained the dignity of marshal of France, and who was the son of a Florentine banker, who subsequently estab-

lished himself at Lyons. Having said so much of the origin of the family, it will appear in no degree extraordinary that the boiling Italian blood rapidly circulated in the veins of the young Paul de Gondi. As a youth, he manifested that restless character and spirit of intrigue which he exhibited on a more extensive scale during the Fronde. His education was confided to Vincent de Paul, since canonized in the Roman church; but the confessor of Anne of Austria found it impossible to mould after his own heart or will the character of his pupil. The truth was, that Paul de Gondi had no vocation whatever for the ecclesiastical state; but as there had been two archbishops of Paris in his family, it was determined that he should enter the church. A nearly similar course was adopted in our day in the case of Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, formerly bishop of Autun, and everybody knows with what result. With a view to induce his family to desist from their design of making him *bon gré mal gré* an ecclesiastic, the young Paul flung himself into every species of extravagance and dissipation. He became a duellist, a gallant, attempted to carry off his cousin by force, conspired against Richelieu, and got into innumerable scrapes and broils, civil, social, and political. But neither his gallantries, his duels, nor his extravagancies, could induce his family to spare him the infliction of the abhorred cassock. One of his duels was with Bassompierre, whom he wounded with a sword-cut in the arm, and a pistol-shot in the thigh; but who, nevertheless, disarmed him. The subject of this quarrel was a fair lady. As a last resource, he commenced author, made himself the historian, the apologist, indeed the panegyrist of Fieschi, Count of Lavagne, who was the head of the conspiracy against John Doria, which broke out at Genoa in 1546 or '47.

Not even this essay altered the resolution of Gondi's relatives. Seeing himself thus doomed to a calling which he disliked, and forced into a state for which he had no inclination,—for he pronounced himself *'l'ame le moins ecclesiastique de l'univers,'*—the future cardinal determined at least to be a distinguished member of the order of Melchisedeck. He studied theology with success, held conferences, maintained theories and disputations, and converted more than one Huguenot to the bosom of 'the holy Roman-catholic and apostolic church.' These conversions were a nine days' wonder, and Louis XIII., on his death-bed, named De Retz coadjutor. He preached in the cathedral of *Notre Dame* with eminent success. He has left no record of his pulpit eloquence behind him; but, if we may judge from the effect produced on the congregation, his discourse was eminently successful. Balzac (we mean not the modern writer of that name,

but the restorer of French prose) compares him to St. John Chrysostom. Be this, however, as it may, it was by theological discussion, by preaching, and by religious disputations, that he trained himself to that nervous and ready eloquence to which he had recourse in his conferences with the parliament and before the people. While thus preaching and teaching, at right and at left, Paul de Gondi was not insensible to the influence of money gifts upon the million. With a view to augment his popularity, he spread his largesses abroad on either hand, loading himself with debts which he had no means to pay. When this excessive prodigality was imputed to him as a crime, his answer was characteristic: 'A mon âge César devait six fois plus que moi.' But, despite this reckless prodigality, De Retz did not throw himself headlong into faction. He refused to enter into the cabals of some adventurers against Mazarin, in which the Duke of Beaufort allowed his name to be too freely used; and, in the first encounter between the parliament and the court, appeared only to look to the interests of Anne of Austria. But stung and goaded by an injustice, he entered with zest into faction. When Broussel was imprisoned, he 'descended into the streets,' to use a modern phrase, in *pontificalibus*, and, in his lawn sleeves, ran the greatest danger in calming the people. When he presented himself in the evening at court, the queen, addressing him, said, '*Vous devez être fatigué; allez vous reposer.*' De Retz heeded not the advice.

Paris was the next day in arms, and Gondi, with the Duke of Beaufort, became the chief of the movement. But, in reality, the soul and centre of the Fronde was De Retz.

This is not the place, and we have not the space or the leisure to write a history of the *Fronde*, but we may remark that in the midst of his thousand and one intrigues and clevernesses, no man seemed to have confidence in the coadjutor bishop as he was then called. The moment the factions were reconciled, Gondi lost his influence and was disgraced. The cleverest and ablest fellow among the mass of clever and unprincipled men, the priest who held in his hands the destinies of the monarchy was carried off by a *coup de main*, and thrown into the Bastille in 1652. From the Bastille he was transferred to the Castle of Nantes. Thence he escaped on horseback, but having been thrown from the animal on which he was placed, his shoulder was put out, and the pain and inconvenience he suffered from this accident deprived him of the energy necessary to enter on a new career of faction. The remainder of De Retz's active life was spent in journeying through Spain, through Italy, and through Holland. Mazarin once dead, he consented to change the Archbishopric of Paris for the Abbey of St. Denis. Like all

the heroes and heroines of the Fronde, he appeared to resign himself to a quiet, if not to a devout life. He offered to surrender his cardinal's hat and to retire among the Carthusians, but the Pope would not hear of this. It is certain that the cardinal did a better thing than resign his hat and purple stockings, for which he had not the vainglorious jackdaw partiality of a Wiseman—that is to say, he honestly paid the debts which he had contracted, as a foolish and factious man and *grand seigneur*, in the days of his hot and lusty prime. The Abbé Blache, indeed, in his memoirs, says that the offer of De Retz to resign his hat, was only a stratagem on the part of the cardinal to test the disposition of Louis XIV. towards him: for at the very time he had laid his resignation at the feet of his majesty, he had written to Rome not to take him at his word. This may be very true, and would not be a policy to be reprehended by a court which has not merely two faces and a mask when necessary, but also two weights and two measures. 'Even in our ashes live our wonted fires,' and the hero of the Fronde still hoped to play a political part in so acting. But though Louis XIV. gave De Retz an audience, the monarch received his eminence coldly, and he had no influence on the march of events. It is true that when it was necessary to make an effort to cause a Pope to be elected favourable to France, Gondi was sent to Rome, and in the intrigues of the conclave he shone with a brilliant light. Intrepid and sagacious, De Retz vanquished all difficulties, and placed the tiara on the head of Clement IX. as he had in 1655 succeeded in placing it on the head of Chigi, better known under the title of Alexander VII. When Clement IX. died he again proceeded to Rome and favoured the election of Clement X. It is singular that the thought of becoming pope did not enter into the fertile brain of a man who had contributed to make so many popes.

The memoirs of De Retz will live as long as the language and history of France. They rise above all French memoirs whatever. Their animated and vigorous style—their excellent portraits of character—their acute and brilliant remarks—their clearness, vividness, point and depth, place them far out of the domain of competition. 'They are written,' says Voltaire, 'with an air of greatness, an impetuosity, and an inequality which are the image of his life; his expression, sometimes incorrect, often negligent, but almost always original, recalls continually to his readers what has so frequently been said of Cesar's Commentaries, that he wrote with the same spirit that he carried on his wars.' The character and the style of the cardinal present

indeed the greatest resemblances. *Eodem animo scripsit quo bellavit.*

'The critical reflections of the Cardinal de Retz,' says Chesterfield, (himself a statesman and a politician,) 'are equally accurate and profound. They are not the studied reflections arising out of a theoretical system, written without the experience of public life. They are the reflections of a great genius, formed on a long experience and a long habitude of affairs. They are legitimate deductions drawn from events and not from simple speculation.' This is perfectly and literally true. The intelligence and sagacity the cardinal brings to bear on events—the penetration he evinces in appreciating and discovering motives—the touch, at once delicate and strongly marked, with which he paints his portraits, are all separately wonderful—most unique in their combination. The politician, the moralist, the dramatic narrator, the artistical word-painter, are all united in the person of John Paul de Gondi.

As a political moralist De Retz interlards his recital of events with sentences and maxims not unworthy of Rochefoucault. He had thoroughly studied the political parties of his time, the caprices, whims, and passions of the public mind—the tactics of factions, of mobs, of corporate bodies, and of parliaments. He is an admirable narrator—clear, precise, and pointed, as the Lyndhurst of our own day, possessing all the courage, readiness, presence of mind and daring of our own ex-chancellor. In the days of the barricades, when the combat still continued in the *Rue de l'Arbre Sec*, Gondi appeared in the midst of the *Frondeurs*. For a moment the battle ceased, but only to recommence with renewed energy. Our hero was hit by a heavy missile, in the shape of a stone, which fairly felled him. Raising himself, he found a musket aimed point blank at his luckless head. 'Ah! malheureux,' said the coadjutor, with infinite *sung froid*, 'Ah! malheureux, si ton père te voyait.' The man who was about to shoot him down fancied he had levelled his piece at an old friend of the family, and lowered his musket before the intended victim he was a moment before on the point of killing. Thus was his eminence saved by his great readiness and presence of mind. How true is the remark made by De Retz, 'qu'il fallait presque autant de qualités pour être chef de parti que pour être empereur.'

The spirit of cabal, of faction, of intrigue, of turbulence, was as ingrained in De Retz as in the Right Rev. Father in God Henry Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter. The President Henault says, 'Il aimait l'intrigue pour intriguer;' and then he calls him 'esprit hardi, delié, vaste, et un peu romanesque.' Summing up his character, he says, 'he was as vain, more daring, and less honest

than Cicero;’ ‘enfin plus d’esprit, moins grand et moins méchant que Catilina.’ There is unquestionably some truth in these pointed and antithetical phrases, for De Retz described, in language worthy of Sallust, scenes in which he acted not unlike Catiline.

When he became Abbé of St. Denis, De Retz made constant visits to Paris. He passed his time in the society of Madame de Sévigné and some of the most celebrated literary men and greatest geniuses of that day. ‘Nous tachons,’ says Madame de Sévigné, ‘d’amuser notre bon cardinal. Corneille lui a lu une pièce qui sera jouée dans quelque temps, et qui fait souvenir des anciennes. Molière lui lira samedi Trissotin, qui est une forte plaisante chose; Despréaux lui donnera son *Lutrin* et sa *Poétique*; voila tout ce qu’on peut faire pour son service.’ The friendliest relations subsisted between the ancient *Frondeur* and the illustrious lady letter-writer. Not once, but fifty times, does she speak ‘de son cher cardinal.’ In returning from Brittany or Provence his was the house at which Madame de Sévigné loved to tarry: ‘Je verrai ce soir,’ she says, ‘notre cardinal. Il veut bien que je passe une heure ou deux chez lui avant qu’il se couche.’ In writing to her loved daughter, Madame de Grignan, she says, *Le cher cardinal vous a presque effacée*. Again, later, she remarks, ‘Je serais fâchée de mourir sans embrasser encore une fois cette eminence.’

Bossuet, in his *Oraison Funèbre du Chancelier le Tellier*, and La Rochefoucauld in his *Memoirs*, have, as well as the President Henault, traced the portrait of the inexplicable and wonderful Gondi. The sketch of La Rochefoucauld is that of an unfriendly limner, yet it contains some truths, as will be evident by the following short extracts:—

‘Il a une grande présence d’esprit; et il fait tellement tourner à son avantage les occasions que la fortune lui offre, qu’il semble qu’il les ait prévues et désirées. La retraite qu’il vient de faire est la plus éclatante et la plus fausse action de sa vie, un sacrifice qu’il fait à son orgueil sous prétexte de devotion: il quitte la cour où il ne peut s’attacher, et il s’éloigne du monde qui s’éloigne de lui.’

There are many resemblances between the characters of De Retz and of Talleyrand. Some are ingeniously pointed out by M. P. Dupuy. ‘Let us suppose,’ says he, ‘Talleyrand coadjutor of Paris in 1648. Do you think his conduct would have widely differed from that of De Retz? Again, suppose Gondi bishop of Autun in 1789, he too would have celebrated the mass of the Champ de Mars; he too would have held the infant liberties of France in the baptismal font; he too would have sung their requiem: minister of Bonaparte, he too would have made of

‘him a Napoleon; minister of Napoleon, he too would have re-made a Bonaparte. Ultimately, he too would have been one of the principal authors of the restoration; and, towards the close of his days, possibly would have sunk into the place of grand chambellan de France.’

All that was mortal of De Retz passed away on the 24th of August, 1679; but, as we said before, his memoirs will live as long as the French language and literature shall endure.

We have now gone over an epoch of about three centuries and a half, from the reign of Philip VI. to the end of the reign of Louis XIII., and yet our task is not half accomplished. Of many valuable memoirs, such as those of Saulx de Tavannes, Cheverny, De Thou, president à mortier of the parliament of Paris, of Villeroi, Secrétaire des Commandements de Charles IX., of L’Estoile and Duplessis de Mornay, we have not spoken. Within the compass of a sheet and a half, or within two or three sheets, it is not possible to give more than a bird’s-eye view of a literature so rich in chronicles and memoirs as that of France. The theme is a fertile and inviting one, and we shall resume it in our next number, including in our sketch some names omitted from the present paper. In handling such a subject, it expands under the least fertile pen, for there are ‘diggings’ in this field equal to those of California or Australia, ay, equal in metal without alloy.

- ART. V.—1. *Records of the School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts.* Vol. 1. Part 1. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. Longman and Co.
2. *The First Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851.* To the Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, &c. &c., one of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.
3. *History of Adult Education, in which is comprised a Full and Complete History of the Mechanics' and Literary Institutions, Atheneums, Mutual Improvement Societies, Literary Unions, &c. &c., of Great Britain, Ireland, and America.* By J. W. HUDSON, PH. D., Secretary of the Manchester Athenæum. Longman and Co.
4. *Lectures delivered before the Society of Arts on the Results of the Great Exhibition at the Suggestion of H.R.H. Prince Albert.* David Bogue.
5. *A Catalogue of the Articles of Ornamental Art, selected from the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations in 1851, and purchased by the Government.* Published for the Department of Practical Art, by Chapman and Hall.
6. *Official, Descriptive, and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations.* By Authority of the Royal Commission. Spicer and Clowes.
7. *Report of Conference between the Society of Arts and the Representatives of Literary and Scientific Institutions and Mechanics' Institutes on 18th May, 1852.*
8. *The Introductory Lectures delivered at the Opening of New College, London.* Jackson and Walford.

It is ever interesting to trace the progress of human knowledge, and to note the new applications of the truths which man elicits from nature, to aid his advancement and increase his pleasures. As life is manifested by pulsation and vital energy by impulsive throbs, so mental progress is indicated by undulations, and every great advance appears as the line of light gilding the crest of a tidal wave; which, in obedience to universal law, moves forward by a series of successive elevations and depressions.

At one period we find the human mind exercising itself in wild and poetical imaginings, and explaining the wondrous operations of nature by the existence of spiritual influences, which are idealized, in obedience to the prevailing superstitions of the time. At another period, we discover man employing his senses in diligently seeking out the truth, and, by close observation, endeavouring to detect the secret springs of the phenomena which have attracted his attention. In the first epoch we have a poetical, in the second a mechanical philosophy. Eventually,

the necessities of civilization impel every thinker to study the means of applying the powers of nature to do man service, and to mould the organic and the inorganic kingdoms to meet the necessities of human life. In each condition the elements of progress may be observed, but in the combined operation of the three, we discover the greatest exaltation of human intelligence, and consequently the more rapid advancement of art and manufacture among nations.

Never was the desire for intellectual advancement more strongly expressed than it is at the present time: the expression, however, indicates but one line of direction, and that is, the useful applications of science. Chemistry and electricity have produced, and are still producing, the most remarkable revolutions which the world has ever witnessed; and heat and light are, by the magic spell of science, compelled to minister to the useful, and create the beautiful, at the solicitation of man, the evocator. From what we have done, we are led to believe we may do more. We pass our words over the land with the velocity of the thought. We will not allow the sea to check us, and the British and the Irish Channels are made to hold the conductors which convey our lightning messenger. Already we talk of spreading our wires on the bed of the vast Atlantic; of uniting Europe with America: we contemplate an electric communication with Hindostan: perhaps, even now, there are dreams of spanning the bed of the Pacific Ocean—of actually girdling the ‘great globe itself;’ and thus, by the agency of a physical force, of chaining in one bond the entire human family. We go fast in these modern days. Express trains are running on other lines than the railways of Birmingham and Bristol. Human thought, propelled at high pressure, strives to achieve, in a short day, more than was done in a long life by our ancestors. There is, we fear, overmuch excitement in our mental progress, and while boasting of our rapid flights, we forget that we have passed many a bright spot unnoticed.

It becomes important that we slacken speed—that we observe, instead of speculate, or the wreck of our hopes will be the result of our rapid race. The Great Exhibition appeared the culminating point of one great epoch in the history of man’s industry. Never was there any human gathering in which was manifested so strongly the mighty influences of an overruling Providence. When before were all the nations of the earth to have been persuaded to exhibit their works of industry, and display the results of each successful effort of thought? Not in the times of Egyptian sovereignty, of Grecian sway, or Roman supremacy. Certainly not in the days of a Charlemagne, or in

those of the Norman conqueror. In the days of the Plantagenets it could not have been—the Protectorate of Cromwell could not have achieved this task. Under the mild sway of an illustrious lady, and at the whisper of the prince consort, the ends of the earth awake, and, in honourable emulation, lay at the feet of England's queen their triumphs over nature, and submit their works to the judgment of her juries. This wonderful phenomenon has become the matter of history; but the greatest results, the indirect influences of the mighty gathering, are only now beginning to be manifest amongst us. In the passages of the Crystal Palace, the hard-handed mechanic learnt the lesson of his deficiencies as a workman; and the man of thought saw the points in which the English manufacturer fell short of excellence. Hence there has arisen on the one hand a desire to learn, and on the other a willingness to instruct. But then a problem of somewhat difficult solution presents itself on both sides—How shall the mass of busy workmen learn? How can an industrial education be diffused?

The surplus fund of the Great Exhibition, amounting to at least 150,000*l.*, it is now decided by Prince Albert and the royal commissioners, shall be devoted to a system of industrial instruction. A metropolitan centre is to be formed, which will, it is hoped, ramify into every section of the land. The surplus fund, however, large as it is, cannot effect all this; the nation must aid in the great work, and that aid, we have sufficient evidence to show, will be given ungrudgingly.

Sections of this industrial institution already exist. We have the Museum of Practical Geology teaching all the methods by which the inorganic world is moulded to man's use; and in the Government School of Mines a system of purely practical instruction is successfully going forward. The lectures given at this establishment to working men are another pleasing evidence that our government is awakening to the necessity of practical education. In the Museum of Practical Botany at Kew is the interesting nucleus of a most important illustration of the value of the vegetable kingdom to man. And in the Museum of Practical Art, recently opened in Marlborough House, we have well-selected illustrations of the art of design and of the philosophy of harmonious colouration, obtained chiefly by purchase from the Great Exhibition. These establishments will be brought to bear, each one in its speciality, on the grand scheme of industrial instruction to which the Great Exhibition has given rise; and though at present occupying different localities, they will work with a common object, and in reality represent several members of one body. Again, the Society of Arts, zealous in

the good work which they have hitherto performed so well, plans a system of statistical record which must be of the greatest value in a commercial country like England, and they are attempting a system of union amongst the Mechanics' and Literary Institutions, which shall in every way enlarge their scale of usefulness, and lead to the improvement of those upon whom rests the production of increased efficiency in the implements and machines upon which the perfection of British manufactures depends.

The influences of this movement have penetrated the almost monastic seclusion of our ancient universities, and the report of the Oxford University Commission is a most important document, proving that enlarged and liberal views of education are taking possession of those high places of learning which have hitherto confined their attention to the dignity of classic lore, exclusive of those subjects which are of the first importance to a commercial and manufacturing people. Let it not be supposed for a moment that we have any desire to banish Homer or Horace from the schools, and set up Bacon and Berzelius in their places; but we are daily taught by the necessities of our position in the ranks of civilization, that we must learn to know *things* as well as *words*, and that a *natural* education must take its place by the side of that system of tuition which is especially *artificial*. Professor Edward Forbes, in his introductory lecture at the opening of the Government School of Mines, has the following excellent remarks on this subject, which, although applied in this instance to natural history, may be applied with yet greater force to chemistry and the physical sciences, involved as they are in every kind of manufacture and each branch of practical mechanics.

'The value of natural history as an educational science has been but partially recognised in Britain. In our schools and colleges the chief cultivation has been directed to the nurture and training of the memory, the reasoning powers, and taste, not always by the most judicious methods: Observation, a faculty upon the correct exercise of which the value of the others in a great measure must depend, has been neglected, or even entirely ignored. Yet to observe truly, to note accurately, are surely qualities of essential importance to the well-being and future prospects of every youth. The successful progress of a man through life, the weight attached to his statements, must, in a great measure, depend upon them. The simplest, easiest, and most beneficial method of cultivating the observing powers, lies in the acquirement of the methods and practice of the natural history sciences. Ignorance alone could have excluded them from recognised courses of education. Though partly taught in some of our universities, it is, as branches of knowledge, usually in connexion with the

enlightened profession of medicine, and not on account of their value in educational training. Of late, however, there has been a tendency to rectify this. Oxford and Cambridge have recognised, in theory at least, the right of natural history to share in their honours. Their younger sister, London, with the timidity of youth, has hesitated to pronounce in its favour. In the metropolitan colleges, and the universities of Scotland and Ireland, the natural history sciences are taught by able professors; but the total number of their unprofessional disciples is small, and cannot be said to be increasing. In schools of lesser grade they assume, when professed to be taught at all, the form of intellectual recreations, not that of exercises and strengtheners of the mind of the pupil. The time, I trust, will yet come when every student will be required to educate his observing powers through the agency of these delightful branches of study.

'The earliest efforts of infant intellect are directed towards the observation of natural objects. Animals, plants, minerals, are collected, by the schoolboy, who delights to note their shape and qualities, and rudely to compare and classify. But the thirst for natural knowledge thus early and unmistakably manifested is rudely quenched by unpalatable draughts of scholastic lore, administered too often by a tasteless pedagogue, who, blind to the indications of a true course of education, thus plainly pointed out by human nature, developing itself according to the laws of its own God-given constitution, prunes and trims, binds and cramps the youthful intellect into traditional and fantastic shapes, even as the gardeners of a past age tortured shrubs and trees into monstrous outlines, vainly fancying to improve their aspect, arresting the growth of the spreading boughs and the budding of the clustering foliage, mistaking an unhealthy formality for beauty. Far be it from me to disparage the educational value of the glorious literature of Greece and Rome, or to withhold due honour from the many able and learned men who give dignity to their profession as educators. To them I would appeal for the rectifying of the evils of a one-sided education. I would implore them, in the name of Aristotle, the greatest of naturalists and most admirable of observers,—how great otherwise none know better than they do—to avail themselves of that science upon which he laid so much stress, and, through it, to cultivate those tracts of the mind of youth that now lie fallow and unproductive.'—*Record of the School of Mines.*

Such are the evidences of the operation of that feeling, so strong as to be apparently irresistible, which is now manifesting itself in a general expression of the pressing necessity for the immediate adoption of a grand system of industrial instruction.

INDUSTRIAL INSTRUCTION—do we attach a correct meaning to the term? Do we all agree, at least, in giving the same definition to the expression so generally adopted? These are questions which it is important to ask, because we feel that the thinking public are not furnished with sufficient evidence to

enable them to determine. Having examined with great care all that has been written and much that has been said upon this subject, we are compelled to confess ourselves still unable to define, with that exactness which we could desire, the object it is proposed to comprehend. We know that a class of earnest and honest men advocate the establishment of great training schools, in which instruction in every variety of handicraft shall be given by those best qualified to impart such knowledge. Excellent as is the idea, we do not conceive it to be possible, at present, to carry it out, and the failure of the plan in mechanics' institutions must not be forgotten. Again, we find another class who, fearing that the labour of instructing the adult population would not be advantageously employed upon those whose habits were fixed, and thoughts already bent into some definite direction, propose to devote all their energies and all the appliances they can bring to aid them, in giving to the young the necessary scientific education for enabling them to avail themselves of its discoveries. The importance of this no one can deny, and every year improves the system of education which we adopt for our children.

There is still another section warmly advocating industrial instruction, but who appear to limit it to a system of adult education by lectures of a popular, though practical character, not very dissimilar from the present practice of a well-conducted mechanics' institution. On this point we may quote a passage or two from the published letter of Mr. Harry Chester, to the Society of Arts:—

‘The Exhibition has given us some very significant hints that it is not only the education of our poor children that needs to be improved; high and low, rich and poor, old and young, have all an education question to be solved, have all a very real and urgent need of knowledge, and of a knowledge of that kind which a literary and scientific education, if fully developed, is well calculated to assist in affording.’

Mr. Harry Chester then intimates that certain experiments carried out by the Highgate Institution, particularly in reference to cottage gardens and allotments, have been eminently successful, and then proceeds:—

‘I need not point out how rapid a progress would be made, in all parts of the country, in improving the dwellings of the poor, in sanitary measures and in the use of scientific inventions, if the local institutions throughout the kingdom could be led systematically to aim at those very important objects. Questions also of political economy (not politics) and social law, I conceive, should be treated in the theatre of these institutions. How much the passing of useful laws would be facilitated if this were the case! Not to be tedious, I would instance

the laws of partnership, of bankruptcy, of patents, of master and servant, as suitable for discussion by competent persons in such places. And again, how little are the great mass of the middle classes acquainted with the useful inventions which (*e.g.*) receive medals from the Society of Arts! Why should not these be systematically introduced to the notice of the institutions?"

The large number which appeared to accept, *in general terms*, Mr. H. Chester's idea may be inferred from the numerous attendance of delegates at the conference on the 18th of May, when 300 men from all parts of the country, representing mechanics' and other institutions, met and dined together. We shall presently examine, with some minuteness, the movement of the Society of Arts towards improving the efficiency of the institutions of the United Kingdom. With these dissimilar views—all leading, it is admitted, to a common end—is it not to be feared that much of that usefulness which would result from a combined movement upon a well-defined object will be lost? Even the most zealous friends of the movement to which our attention is now directed may, by creating dissimilar interests, produce a conflict which may defeat the objects intended. Let all the advocates of the establishment of a great national system of industrial instruction confer together. Let it be fairly determined what plan shall be adopted, so that we have no division of interests. The establishment of a museum is quite decided on by the royal commissioners, the nucleus being formed by the collection given by the exhibitors at the conclusion of the Great Exhibition, which is for the present lodged in Kensington Palace. We have already stated the existence of three national establishments similar in their character—the Practical Museums of Geology and Botany and the Museum of Practical Art. These must not long exist as separate establishments. We already see in the collection at Marlborough House and in that in Jermyn-street articles similar in character. Metal manufacture and productions originating in any raw material forming a portion of the earth's surface, naturally belong to the Museum of Practical Geology; and we find in this collection glass, porcelain, and ordinary pottery, with a very fair exemplification of the history of these particular manufactures. The metals in every state—from the raw material, or ore, as taken from the mine, to the most perfect piece of cutlery, or the most artistic bronze—have here a place. The catalogue of 'the articles of ornamental art' purchased by the Government for the department of practical art, instructs us that the Marlborough House collection contains 'silver and iron utensils;' 'oxidised silver caskets;' 'hunting-knife' (purchased at the great price of 200*l.*); 'chimney-piece—terra

cotta;' 'cast-metal candlesticks;' 'flower vase;' and 'tiles for walls and stoves,' &c. Beyond these there are numerous articles in electro-plate, and bronzes, all which belong to, and are to be found in, the Museum of Practical Geology.

We do not for one moment deny the advantages which are to be derived by the students of the Schools of Design from the collection of the finest productions of art—manufacture and works of the highest art. There is a peculiar condition of mind induced by the study of the truly beautiful, which tends to correct those irregularities of taste which are too frequently induced by the necessity—as it is thought to be on the part of the manufacturer—of catering to that desire for novelty which the public express. The School of St. Peter, at Lyons, was founded about the middle of the last century expressly for the instruction of draftsmen engaged in preparing patterns for the silk manufacture of that city. The school was disorganized, but by a decree of Napoleon it was restored. It then became an academy of fine art, to which, as a subordinate branch, the study of design for silk manufacture was attached. On this Mr. Dyce remarks, in his report on Foreign Schools of Design:—

'It appears that, on this account, all the students who enter the school commence as if they intended to become artists in the higher sense of the word, and it is not till they have completed their exercises in the drawing and painting of the figure from the antique and the living model, that they are called upon to decide whether their future pursuits shall tend towards design for industry, or the production of works of fine art. This circumstance, among others, to which I shall have reason afterwards to allude, will account for the well-known fact, that the same individuals in France are frequently engaged in both pursuits.

'In a review of the method of instruction adopted in the school of Lyons, so far as it is connected with manufacture, it appears to me to exhibit the true principle on which a school of design ought to be constituted, whether it confine itself to one branch of industry, or extend its operations over the whole field of ornamented manufacture.'

At the same time, however, as we admit the importance of collecting such objects as those we have named, we cannot but express ourselves strongly on the fact of creating two national establishments for the exhibition of the same class of manufactures. The public good—the instruction of the public in 'practical art,' or in 'science applied to the arts'—is the professed object of each establishment, and the completeness of either will be prevented if they both occupy the same ground. There is ample room for the exertions of both sections, but they must have a common object in their labours. What we think

necessary is, the amalgamation of such collections as those of the museums of Marlborough House, Kew Gardens, and Jermyn-street, into one grand display of manufactures in its widest acceptance.

In examining the operations of any central school of instruction, we are at once struck with a difficulty, which applies with equal force to the 'Government School of Mines,' and to the 'Department of Practical Art,' and to the 'Schools of Design.' Even supposing the education given in these establishments free of all—or at a merely nominal—charge, the expense incurred by the required residence in the metropolis presents a barrier to their usefulness. The establishment of branch institutions in particular localities will meet the difficulty but in part; since it is impossible to bring the advantages home to every man's door; some will still be left to incur the cost and inconvenience of living from home.

We have been led to understand that local schools of mines are about to be established in several mining districts—that these will be in some way connected with the central institution, and that the students of most intelligence in these will be, from time to time, drafted to the metropolitan school, the expenses of education, &c., being defrayed by scholarships. Of these we have the first example set in the establishment, by the authority of her Majesty, of the Duke of Cornwall's exhibitions, to be competed for by examinations of the matriculated students of the School of Mines at the termination of their first year's course. These have this year been awarded to Mr. Blanford and Mr. R. Hunt, two of the students of the Government School. By a large extension of these exhibitions it may be possible to reduce the difficulties to which we have alluded to a minimum.

The *Ecole des Mines* of Paris may be quoted as an example of the successful working of a mining college remote from a mining district; and in the lectures which were given by the professors at the opening of our Government School of Mines, the advantages of that knowledge to the practical miner, metallurgist, and manufacturer which was not to be obtained independently of a rudimentary scientific education, were ably dealt with.

Sir Henry De la Beche, in his inaugural address, says:—

'Let it not for a moment, however, be inferred that we do not regard practical knowledge as of the highest importance, even in cases where those possessing it may not also possess the power of satisfactorily analyzing it. Facts brought to light by practice, are to general progress that which experiments are to experimental philosophy: they have to be properly explained by the best methods

at command, after they have been satisfactorily proved to be facts; a matter of no slight importance, seeing that so many things, so termed, are not such. We only desire that all interested should have the power to discriminate between sound and unsound views, so far as existing knowledge may be available—taking all care not to neglect or depreciate the information afforded by those whose opportunities may not have sufficiently advanced their power to analyze and extend it. We should recollect how rapidly the science of our time has increased among the most instructed, and with it the power of its extension and application in directions not dreamt of by our forefathers. As some reason, right or wrong, is sure to be assigned for every practice, it is most important that those connected with it should possess the existing knowledge upon which it rests. It becomes a national duty to assist in collecting that knowledge for them, especially when widely scattered. For the purposes contemplated at this establishment, facts, bearing upon the teaching proposed, are to be sought far and wide, among various other nations, as well as in our own. That there is an increasing feeling among those most interested, that successfully to apply a science requires both a knowledge of that science and of the subject to which it is to be applied, and that wherever there is a want for promoting the combined information it should be supplied, our daily experience shows.

‘Those whose duties or inclinations take them among our industrial population, can scarcely fail to observe how much the term *practical* is becoming appreciated in its true sense. Indeed, the difficulties which the instructed in that population have to contend with from the uninstructed, can scarcely otherwise than lead to correct views on this head. It is the duty of all to assist in affording to those whose minds are alive to every application of knowledge, the power to acquire that which they are desirous of applying, so that they may possess the means of analyzing their practice successfully for general progress and the public good. The more real knowledge is diffused, the more will effective practice be increased. Science and practice are not antagonistic, they are mutual aids. The one advances with the other. Civilization advances science, viewed in all its strictness and height; and science, by its applications, advances civilization. Steadily bearing in mind these truths, as we conceive them to be, it will be our earnest endeavour at this institution to be useful, as far as our powers and abilities may permit, in promoting the progress of those for whom our teaching has especial reference; trusting, at the same time, to supply a national want, and, by so doing, assist in advancing the general good of our country.’—*Records of School of Mines.*

We have already a central school of design, less efficient than it should be, and numerous local schools deriving some advantage from the metropolitan centre. Similar establishments might be created in the manufacturing and mining districts, placed under the general superintendence of the Government School of Mines

and of Science applied to the Arts, which might thus be made to fulfil a great mission of usefulness.

As we have already said, every educational institution now recognises the necessity of practical scientific instruction; and, in most of them, we find special appointments for lectures, and other means of imparting a knowledge of natural philosophy.

The remarks of Dr. Lankester, on the opening of New College, London, have much import in them. They convincingly show that even those to whom the charge of instructing for the ministry of the gospel is committed, are alive to the advantages to be derived from the study of the natural sciences.

‘Although the importance of the study of the natural sciences is now too generally recognised to need a formal defence, yet the recent institution of a chair of natural history in New College may be regarded as a favourable occasion for vindicating their claim as part of a sound general education, as well as considering their connexion with theological studies. That the various branches of knowledge comprehended under the term natural history, have not been more generally made parts of a complete education, may be accounted for by the fact of their recent rapid development, and the almost entire ignorance of them amongst the Greeks and Romans from whom we have derived the elements of our early civilization.

‘We must not, however, regard either their recent development, or the want of knowledge of them amongst the nations of antiquity, as proofs of their valuelessness, as means for a complete general education. The reason of the late development of the inductive sciences, as compared with the knowledge of language, and the rules of abstract science, will be found in their own nature. The child acquires much earlier the habit of using language, and the properties of numbers, than the habit of observing and arranging the facts of external nature. So, amongst the nations of antiquity, language and mathematics early attained a perfection which has ever since rendered them the readiest instruments of education.

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‘Constituted as English society is at the present day, it ought not to be a matter of indifference as to whether the observing powers of the mind are rightly trained. Much of the greatness of this country, and her power of exercising good and evil influences, depends on the development of her material resources, those very resources which it is the function of natural science to contemplate as the facts for its general principles. It is only as England derives increased aid from the chemist, the natural philosopher, the anatomist, the botanist, that she can maintain her manufactures and her commerce. It is only as she increases her wealth by these, that leisure can be afforded from necessary labour, whereby the mind can be cultivated, the feelings directed, and the blessings of religion and civilization be felt throughout all ranks of society.’—*New College Introductory Lectures.*

We have now given, from dissimilar sources, the evidences which prove the growing feeling that English industry must be properly sustained by industrial instruction. Great as our advances in the arts of peace have been, we have learnt from the Great Exhibition that there are numerous points in which we are inferior to the foreigner, and in some, as in the principles of design, and the science of coloured harmony, we are lamentably ignorant. With a view to instruct us upon those points in which we have a great lesson to learn; Prince Albert suggested to the Society of Arts a series of lectures, in which the remarkable features of each section of the Exhibition should be clearly brought forward; peculiarities of manufacture or construction considered, and the direction in which the efforts for improvement should be made clearly pointed out.

Although these lectures were, for the most part, undertaken by men of eminence, the object for which they were instituted appears to have been, in almost every case, lost sight of, and they are little more than catalogues, with enlarged annotations, of the Exhibition; many of them being, indeed, just the reports of the jurors, and nothing more. There are a few exceptions to this—but they are indeed very few. *One* fact we gather from them, and that is the importance with which every lecturer regards the establishment of industrial schools. We might make many selections in proof of this, but we prefer confining ourselves to one passage from the lecture of Mr. Hensman, who so ably superintended that section of the Exhibition which was devoted to machinery.

‘With regard to the question of industrial schools now much talked of, it is quite evident that among our mechanics there is often a very great want of sound information, and any means that will impart this to them will be attended with great good; but in my own experience, I find that few people give time in the day to it, and among those who devote the evening to the purpose of study, technical instruction is generally neglected by them for the more amusing pursuits of literature. This will be found the case in mechanics’ institutions generally, where, of all places, we might expect to find it otherwise; and in the few cases where mechanical science is studied by those engaged in engineering, mechanical publications seem more in demand than lectures. Unlike chemistry in its laboratory, or design in its schools, useful practice cannot be followed out, except on so large a scale that the factory or out-of-doors works are the only means available. . . . For these reasons, in any industrial schools that may be established, I think it will be found that for some time to come, so far as engineering is concerned, money will be better laid out in the library than the lecture room; and, indeed, with a few bright exceptions, we have not

many men who possess both the will and the power to keep an audience constantly attentive on these subjects. Since the foregoing paragraph was written, the lectures to working men at the Museum of Practical Geology have begun, and admission is obtained at a very low rate. I am informed that they are very fully attended, and I sincerely hope that they may be successful.'

This is the expression of an opinion on mechanics' institutions by one of themselves—a man thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the class of mechanical engineers, and other artisans; and is therefore, as such, of much importance.

This leads us to the consideration of the movement of the Society of Arts, with a view to the improvement of the condition of Literary and Scientific Institutions, Mechanics' Institutes, &c. Mr. Harry Chester truly says, 'There is now scarcely a town, or considerable village, which has not its institution under some form and name; but, with very rare exceptions, the institutions are generally in a languishing condition, both as to funds and as to usefulness. I do not mean to assert that they are of no use, but merely that they are not half as useful as they might be.'

On the 18th of May a conference between the Society of Arts and the representatives of the institutions took place—the Marquis of Lansdowne in the chair; several members of both houses of Parliament, some dignitaries of the church, and many scientific men being also present. About three hundred delegates attended; thus, by their presence, admitting the fact that an improvement was required. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Granville, Mr. Strutt, of Derby, the Bishop of Oxford, the Earl of Harrowby, the Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, Mr. Joseph Hume, and the very reverend the Dean of St. Paul's, addressed the assembly as movers and seconders of resolutions. Of these, but little need be said, although it appears to us to argue a narrowness of view on the part of the framers of such a resolution as that which was put in the hands of the Bishop of Oxford, to the effect, that these popular institutions were 'calculated to promote the interests of religion and morality.' Well might the Bishop of Oxford express a doubt whether it was necessary to maintain the proposition, and exclaim—

'My lord, I am not one of those—I hope their number is rapidly diminishing—who have any secret or unexpressed suspicion that there is any opposition between religion and the advancement of literature and science. I am not of those who believe that ignorance has any tendency towards giving people that greatest blessing, that they should be a religious nation. If religion be the heavenly gift from God, whereby man, that highly composite creation, is to be cultivated in his intellect, in his conscience, in his reasonable soul, to

the highest amount to which he can bear cultivation, there can be in the nature of things no contradiction between that which is to cultivate to the highest one set of faculties, and that which raises his other faculties to their proper pitch; nay, rather the highest development of the whole man must depend upon the equal application to him of all these several powers.'

This movement of the Society of Arts, started with a flourish of such trumpets, promises to pass away without effecting much to benefit the institutions of the country. The Exhibition was a great triumph to the Society of Arts, and in consequence there is now a little grandiloquence in all its attempts. There is no doubt but its intentions are good, but in several of its schemes it is evident that trusting to the Micawber system of hoping 'that something would turn up,' rather than digesting carefully its plans, has been the hazardous rule.

When we read, in Mr. Harry Chester's letter, which first awakened the Society of Arts to the wants of literary and scientific institutions, a suggestion for connecting them 'with the British Museum, the Association for the Advancement of Science, the Geological, Botanical, Zoological, and other societies, whose objects may fairly be considered to come within the scope of the institutions,' it is evident that gentleman rests in perfect ignorance of the constitution of these establishments, and of the organization of mechanics' and other institutions in general. This gentleman, the president of the Highgate institution, has been, without doubt, actuated by the most earnest feeling to effect a great good; and being a man of business habits, and much energy of character, he succeeded in organizing the conference, and giving it an appearance of dignity. But with the expression of the opinions of the noblemen and gentlemen present in favour of a system of instruction by popular lectures, the business may be said almost to close.

It is true there is a committee appointed by the Society of Arts for working a union of institutions; but, up to the present moment, there is no appearance of a plan by which such an union can be worked. It is important we should examine the conditions of these institutions, and the difficulties by which they are surrounded. There are about 750 institutions in the United Kingdom bearing the names of Literary and Scientific Institutions, Mechanics' Institutes, Athenæums, Mental Improvement Societies, and the like.

The mechanics' institutions were originally established for the instruction of working men in the arts they practise, and in those branches of science which are applied more particularly to the manufactures in the locality of the institutions. This has been

a complete failure, the object sought has not been realized in a single instance, and the mechanics' institutions have passed out of the hands of the artisans, and become the meeting places of the better middle classes. Lectures were at one time very popular, and they were then given in courses, and, to a great extent, were instructive. They have, however, suffered a lamentable decay, and single lectures, or courses of two or three only, are now usual. One week a lecture on science is delivered, and since it must be essentially popular, it not unfrequently happens that truths are told with very considerable adornment: then follows a lecture on literature; next, one on the drama; then, probably, a concert, or some entertainment of the lightest order. By this system, the institutions have been committing a self-slaughter—they introduce exciting food for the mind, and, like stimulants for the body, appetite for them increases. The result of this was exemplified in a speech from one of the delegates to the Society of Arts, who said, at his institution, when the best scientific lectures were given, five shillings were taken at the doors, but when any amusing matter was introduced, as many pounds were received. Acting upon this principle, the institutions have entered on a career of competition with the theatre and concert-room, in which they must eventually be the losers; and, the value of the lectures estimated by their power to draw paying audiences, the clown must beat the chemist at this. Indeed, all the institutions are now suffering from the consequences of their own folly and mismanagement. They were established as the means of adult instruction, and they have degenerated into theatres of amusement. We have now before us announcements from two of the most *successful* of the mechanics' institutions, that concerts will be given during their autumn course, in which Mr. Sims Reeve and his wife will appear. Lectures on music are eminently appropriate, provided the vocal or instrumental accompaniments are introduced as illustrations of the science of harmonics, the tendency of which is of the most soul-refining character. But the institution is not the place for a concert, and by accustoming the members to such excitements, healthful though they be in their proper place, the result proves that they unfit them for lectures of a purely instructive character, which are for the most part voted '*dry*.'

'It is interesting,' says Dr. Hudson, 'to trace the career of the popular literary societies of the country, and to compare their operations and their results with the expectations entertained by their first promoters. The founders of literary and mechanics' institutions assumed that these associations would effect three great purposes: *First*. The rapid promotion of general science by the greater number

of persons engaged in the observation of its phenomena. The lower ranks, who are chiefly engaged in manual labour, have frequent opportunities of making observations on certain peculiarities in the processes of art, which often escape the notice of observers of a superior rank, and thus the labouring classes of society would be rendered mutually useful in uniting and concentrating the scattered rays of genius, which might otherwise be dissipated and lost to the scientific world. *Second.* An extensive diffusion of rational information among the general mass of society. For by means of lectures and popular discussions, those narrow conceptions, superstitious notions, and vain fears, which so generally prevail among the lower classes of society, might be gradually removed, and a variety of useful hints and rational views suggested promotive of domestic convenience and comfort. *Third.* The creation of intellectual pleasures and refined amusements tending to the general elevation of character. The frequent intercourse of men of different parties and grades of life, for the purpose of promoting one common intellectual object, gradually vanquishing those prejudices and jealousies which almost universally exist, even in cultivated minds, is unquestionably an object to be cherished and encouraged. By such means, a taste for rational enjoyments may be produced, and those hours generally spent in listlessness and in foolish amusements, may be converted into periods rendered precious by the inculcation of enlightened and elevating principles. Habits of order, punctuality, and politeness, would be engendered, and flow from thence into all the other relations and departments of life.—*The History of Adult Education.*

In any attempts which may be made to introduce a national system of industrial instruction, the failure of this in the mechanics' institutions must not be forgotten. It was expected that much knowledge would have been derived from the observations of workmen: this has not been the case. Why? The answer is simple—they have never been taught to observe. The powers of observation require as large an amount of training for their development as any faculty of the mind, and this teaching to *observe* has been entirely forgotten. It appears to us that classes for cultivating habits of observation might be made by far the most attractive features of any institution, and might lead to the establishment of local museums which would be extensively useful. The several members, grouping themselves according to their tastes, might collect a large amount of useful information. To gather the flowers of every hedge-row, and the plants of hill and valley, determine their locality and period of flowering, should be the task of one class; to collect examples of the geology or mineralogy the occupation of others; the Fauna of the district might fall to the hands of another section, and so on. Then meteorology, archæology, and statistics would furnish

exercises for many others of the most interesting kind. And having been trained by studying in classes which should meet and determine all doubtful points, the artisan would be prepared to notice and register facts which, although constantly occurring in his own daily vocation, have been as constantly passed unnoticed.

The Society of Arts, as far as their plans have been developed, contemplate the division of the country into unions, the institutions of each district appointing their centre, this central institute being in immediate communication with the great central committee of the Society of Arts. The business of this metropolitan centre will be to register the names of all approved lecturers, their subjects, and their terms. The institutions within any union having determined upon the number of lectures they require in any quarter of the year, selected their subjects, and adjusted the order of these with the local centre, the secretary of the union communicates with the secretary of the Society of Arts, and he is to endeavour to adjust with the lecturers on their list, that they set forth on their itineration in such order, that within a set time their mission of instruction shall be performed to the 750 institutions of the kingdom. The only charge made to the institutions for this task of arrangement, is two guineas per annum—the president of the institution becoming a member of the Society of Arts. The promise to the institutions, as implied rather than expressed, was to provide them with lecturers of a superior class, and at a cheaper rate than they are now supplied with those of an inferior character. How this is to be effected does not appear. We find, upon careful inquiry, that the average price of lectures is three guineas; some few of the institutions pay five guineas, and several gentlemen of eminence refuse to lecture under this sum; but we find this is, even in their cases, greatly reduced by the number of lectures they made a free gift to institutions under some pressure of temporary difficulty. There can be no question but lecturers can be obtained who will lecture on science and literature at lower terms, but the necessity of engaging such lecturers has already been the cause of the diffusion of an immense amount of false science, and the cultivation of perverted taste.

The requirements of a popular lecturer are of a rare order. It is not sufficient that he possesses an exact knowledge of his subject, but he must have the power of communicating his knowledge to a mixed auditory, which is more difficult than the inexperienced in these matters suppose. A mere statement of facts very soon wearies; the correct enunciation of the truth must be associated with a pleasing delivery, much earnestness,

and such incidental reflections as shall lead those who have not previously attended to the subject, to make fair deductions and realise the bearing of any theory explanatory of the lecturer's views.

The power of doing this is confined to a limited number of men; many of our most eminent experimental philosophers are incapable of explaining any fact in their own science so as to be intelligible to a number of persons. Mere class lecturing is a far more simple affair, and there are few men who have had experience in these matters but would prefer giving fifty lectures to a class of real students, than five to the audiences of mechanics' institutions in general.

The character and qualifications of a popular lecturer are such as should ensure him an income of from 500*l.* to 800*l.* per annum, and for such sums as these a man should be expected to devote all his time to his duties. What will be the result of this? Having no time for investigation, or for studying in his department, whatever it may be, he necessarily falls back. He may go on for a period repeating himself, but in a few years he gets *stale*, he fails to interest, and becomes, in fact, worth less than one half what he was when he commenced his task. We are perfectly aware that many men have travelled for years, and are now travelling, through the country, lecturing on science, many of them having valuable sets of apparatus. To these very men we do not scruple to refer our remarks, and that with no disparagement to them, as proofs that the science they teach is in the rear of the science of the day. We will take an example even from a popular metropolitan institution, where lectures on science are given daily throughout the year, and there we find, as the consequence of this constant iteration, that it is impossible for the lecturer to do more than give a rough outline of novelties, often coloured too highly for the truth.

We learned that the most eminent of the lecturers on science in the metropolis have hitherto refrained from taking any part in the movement which the Society of Arts has originated, assigning as a reason their want of confidence in the committee as at present constituted.

That some improvement must be made in the popular institutions of England is certain. They have done much good, and the general diffusion of useful knowledge, and the almost universal desire for improvement which is manifested throughout the length and breadth of the land, are mainly due to mechanics' and literary institutions. Although it appears imperative that something should be done to advance the institutions to that position of usefulness demanded by the advances of the age, we

are doubtful if it can be effected by the organization of all into a general Institutes Union. The experience of Dr. Hudson was great on this subject, and we now draw attention to his remarks.

'One cause of the failure of too many unions arises, no doubt, from their having been too highly regarded by the managers of individual societies, who were led to anticipate great benefits from the unions, forgetting that the power of the association is contained in the extraction of means of usefulness from the institutes themselves; and whenever the unions have induced the individual societies to tax their funds, as far as expensive lectures, the depressing effect lingers for a long period, and reacts upon the association itself. The Yorkshire Union, in its infancy, was nearly destroyed by a similar course of proceeding. In Ireland, wherever Government aid has supplied the lectures, the same results have followed, owing to the matter, length, and manner of the lectures being, if not antiquated, at least totally unsuited to the taste of the public. The committee of the Northern Union have expressed their conviction that the reading of manuscript lectures forms a more social and beneficial means of instruction, by discussing the question at the conclusion of the paper, than the formal system practised by professional lecturers.

'Literary, mechanics', and other adult educational societies, are constituted on self-governing principles, and they recognise, as a general rule, no other authority than their own selected administration; thus, while they preserve their independence of action in their connexion with unions, they co-operate rather from the confidence they repose in the managers of the associations than from any conviction of its value and importance. The attempts to form a central union have always been restrained by a judicious caution, from a knowledge of the tendency of the larger unions to break up into sub-unions.'

It has been suggested that Government influence might be brought to bear advantageously on an union of institutions:—

'Should a great central union,' says Dr. Hudson, 'be carried out under Government auspices, it must, to succeed even for a brief period, be based upon such regulations as will effectually disarm the just suspicions of the advocates of voluntary education, and subdue those glowing anticipations of extraneous aid in the shape of golden grants, which the mere name of an educational minister of state and a national board cannot fail to excite. On the whole, then, the experience of the past is proof of the danger of Government influence, and of the instability of extreme centralization, while it affords conclusive evidence of the superior and enduring value of voluntary efforts.'

We have endeavoured to give a sketch of the efforts which are now making to give an improved tone to the educational movement in this country, particularly referring to the applications of

science. There is no one section of manufacture which may not be improved by a more perfect knowledge of the materials upon which human industry is exerted. In every branch both material and labour may be economized, and the manufactured article consequently produced at much less cost than at present. Art, again, is in the very infancy of its application to manufacture amongst us, and future generations will, when they examine the forms of our fictile and metal manufactures, and the ornamentation and colours of our textile productions, be disposed to place the present age as one still low in the scale of refined civilization. The business of industrial instruction, is now fairly commenced in the Museums of Practical Geology and Practical Art. In the Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts, and in the Department of Practical Art, we hope we have institutions destined to be the centres from which an enlarged system of education shall go forth, and that the manufactures of England, through their agencies, may be produced for the markets of the world, of the highest degree of excellence, and with the utmost economy of production. Beyond this, the system of instructing our workmen in the art of design must, if efficiently carried out, end in adding to the perfection of British manufacture that charm of the beautiful which soon extends its influence to the morals of an enlightened people.

ART. VI.—*Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord COCKBURN. Two vols. 8vo. Black, Edinburgh. 1852.

THE material incidents in the life of Lord Jeffrey go within a small compass. He was born in Edinburgh in 1773, and received his early education in the High School of that city. In 1787 he became a student in the University of Glasgow, from which place he removed, in 1791, to pass a portion of that year as an inmate of Queen's College, Oxford. He then returned to Edinburgh, and three years later, in the twenty-first year of his age, he was called to the Scotch bar. His success was so limited, that in 1801, when he married, his income from his profession had never exceeded a hundred a-year. In 1802 Jeffrey stood committed, with others, in the starting of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which journal he soon afterwards became editor, retaining that office until 1829. In 1830 he became Lord Advocate, and obtained a seat in the House of Commons; and in 1834 he took his place

on the bench as a judge of the Court of Session. In the discharge of the duties of this office he continued until within a few days of his decease, which took place in January, 1850, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

It is easy to give these successive points of progress, even in the career of such a man. But it is not easy to depict the life-long labours—the ever-bounding thoughts and passions, which issued in this succession of results, giving them their place, as we now see them, in the irrevocable past. Jeffrey rose to sovereignty as a man of letters; but the sceptre has passed from his hand, and the time has come in which we may venture to inquire as to the effect with which that sceptre has been wielded. This we are the more disposed to do, inasmuch as there are, we think, some foolish misconceptions abroad as to the place that should be assigned to the influence of the *Edinburgh Review* in the history of our literature.

Lord Cockburn has given us two volumes concerning his friend—a volume of narrative and a volume of letters. But the narrative is without a break of book, chapter, or section, from beginning to end; and the letters have scarcely a vestige of note or illustration. His lordship is evidently a sagacious *reader* of books—strange that the help he must often have derived from a little of the manipulative art in book-making should not have suggested to him something different. To complete what appears to be his idea of the beautiful in this respect, he should have gone one step further, and have dispensed with the halting places supplied by paragraphs! If we may trust ourselves to say anything further in the way of complaint, it must be to express our regret that the phases of Jeffrey's history which his lordship has presented are so much of the sort to be interesting to Edinburgh men, rather than to the men of these nations generally. The book, indeed, is a thorough Scotch affair, and might have been written by a man with a vow upon him never to be found more than a Sabbath-day's journey from Arthur's Seat.

But the volumes are deeply interesting, notwithstanding these deductions. Many English readers will not be prepared to find in the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, a man with so much warmth of heart, breathing, in the main, a spirit so kindly and generous. He is before us in these pages as a person of a sensitive temperament, with a good deal of light and shade in his moods, but as one formed for manly fellowships, and never so liable to be depressed as when separated from them. Besides his high natural capacity, and that most valuable of all capacities, his capacity for labour—the passions dominant in him in his early years, were such as fitted him for giving himself with an

extraordinary intentness to the accumulating of knowledge, and to such exercises of his genius upon the material of knowledge, when acquired, as should secure it to its best uses. From his boyhood, to *write* was as much his occupation as to read and to think. It was not enough that his ideas seemed to be in his head; to be sure that they were there definitely and fully, he must see them upon paper. When the passion to realize, and the passion to place what has been realized in a shape for use, are thus combined, we may be sure that there is work to be done. The work so done may not always be done in the best manner, but it will be done with much of that kind of skill which comes from much practice. Poetry by volumes, of some sort, original or as translations, did this student youth find time to write. Essays, orations, and criticisms also, on nearly all subjects, and almost without number. In all this he appears to have been obedient to impulses in such directions, which it was scarcely in his power to resist. It was devotion to literary exercise from the love of it. But the time which might seem to have been wasted in such efforts was not lost. To constitute the man of great literary power, there must be this passion for offspring. The products of mind, are to men of high authorship, what children are to women. It was the force of this feeling which fitted young Jeffrey for his labour as a student, while it prompted him to be ever bringing a plastic and creative power of his own to all the objects of thought with which his mind became conversant. It was by such tastes, and by the habits formed under their influence, that he became eminently qualified to bear the responsibilities which ere long rested upon him as the Atlas of the *Edinburgh*.

The origin of the *Review* is now sufficiently known. In 1801 Jeffrey endeavoured to obtain the comparatively humble office of a reporter of decisions in the court in which he then practised as a barrister. But the appointment rested with the bar, and party feeling left his friends in a small minority on the day of election. On this event, and on what soon followed, Lord Cockburn thus writes:—

‘Whatever this rejection proved to the party from which it proceeded, it was to Jeffrey personally a most fortunate occurrence. It has been supposed that if he had been allowed to waste himself in the obscure labour of reporting, the *Edinburgh Review* might never have been heard of. There is little probability in this opinion; but undoubtedly a very slight measure of professional employment would have prevented him from having much connexion with it. This exclusion increased his despair of success in the law, and co-operated with his literary ambition in leading him into the scheme and manage-

ment of that great work with which his name is now permanently associated, which, for the next twenty-seven years, became the principal business of his life.

'Mr. Smith's account of the origin of the *Edinburgh Review* is this: 'One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat, in Buccleugh-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*.'—*Preface to Smith's Works*.

'The merit of having first suggested the work is undoubtedly due to Mr. Smith. He himself claims it in the preceding words, and to those acquainted with his character this is sufficient. But Jeffrey admits it. His '*Contributions*' are dedicated to Mr. Smith, expressly as '*The Original Projector of the Edinburgh Review*.' And no other person has ever come forward to dispute the fact. Whatever credit, therefore, attaches to the first announced idea of the undertaking, it belongs to Mr. Smith. But his statement might make it appear that the resolution to begin it was sudden and accidental, and as if it had occurred and been acted upon at once at that casual meeting. But probably all that it means is, that it was then that the matter was brought to a practical conclusion. Because it is difficult to believe that such an undertaking could have been determined upon, on the suggestion of a moment and without previous calculations and arrangement. Accordingly, Jeffrey never ascribed more to this meeting than that it was there they had their '*first serious consultations about it*.' It happened to be a tempestuous evening, and I have heard him say that they had some merriment at the greater storm they were about to raise.'—pp. 124, 125.

In this account we think Lord Cockburn is unnecessarily sensitive about the reputation of these young gentlemen on the score of prudence. We think it highly probable that the case was precisely as Sydney Smith has stated it—that the first suggestion was made on that 'tempestuous evening'—that it was received with a burst of acclamation, as a bold and brilliant idea, and that what followed was not what Lord Cockburn supposes—that the matter was then 'brought to a practical conclusion,' having been broached before; but that from that evening the notion was so entertained as to issue in the publication of No. 1 in the following October. Nor did this confederation consist of persons who were quite so juvenile as was commonly insinuated. This Lord Cockburn himself has shown. There was Mr. Allen, who was thirty-two; Sydney Smith, thirty-one; Francis Jeffrey, twenty-nine; Dr. Thomas Brown, twenty-four; and Henry Brougham, twenty-three. The spring of 1802 advanced, the summer began to wear away, and preparations for the *Review* were so fitful and limited, that Jeffrey expresses himself as by

no means sanguine about the result. That the experiment would not disgrace the parties engaged in it he felt sure; but that it would live so as to do the work needing to be done, he sometimes doubted. The next stage in this history Lord Cockburn shall describe:—

‘At last, on the 10th of October, 1802, the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* appeared. Besides several other articles, it contained seven by Smith, four by Horner, four commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham, and five by Jeffrey, one of which, upon Mourier on ‘The influence of the French Revolution,’ began the work.

‘The effect was electrical; and instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increased on each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel, or almost to understand, the impression made by the new luminary or the anxieties with which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of everything that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiates were extinguished at once. The learning of the new journal—its talent, its spirit, its writing, its independence, were all new; and the surprise was increased by a work so full of public life springing up suddenly, in a remote part of the kingdom. Different classes soon settled into their different views of it. Its literature, its political economy, and its pure science, were generally admired. Many thoughtful men, indifferent to party, but anxious for the progress of the human mind, and alarmed lest war and political confusion should restore a new course of dark ages, were cheered by the unexpected appearance of what seemed likely to prove a great depository for the contributions of able men to the cause of philosophy. Its political opinions made it be received by one party with denunciations of its iniquity, with confident prophecies of the impossibility of so scandalous a publication lasting, much pretended derision, and boundless abuse of its audacious authors. On the opposite side it was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day. It was not merely the intelligent championship of their principles that those on that side saw apparently secured, but the far higher end that reason would be heard. The splendid career of the journal, as it was actually run, was not anticipated, either by its authors or by its most ardent admirers; none of whom could foresee its long endurance, or the extent to which the mighty improvements that have reformed our opinions and institutions, and enabled us to engraft the wisdom of experience on the maintainable antiquities of our system, were to depend upon this single publication.’—Vol. i. p. 131, 132.

Our object in this paper is not so much to follow Lord Jeffrey through his labours or successes as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, as to endeavour to ascertain the place that should be assigned to that journal in relation to our literary and social progress. On this subject the most absurd notions have been broached, some-

times by Whig vanity, and sometimes by ignorance. Even the statements of Lord Cockburn on this point partake of the common exaggeration. To see what the effect of this remarkable journal has really been among us, it will be necessary to glance at the condition of our periodical and general literature, both prior to its appearance, and through the interval of its greater influence.

In the history of our periodical literature during the eighteenth century, we find politics and literature so blended that it is scarcely possible to treat of the one separately from the other. Not only were nearly all our great writers great as writers on the politics of the time, but in those days, as in our own, the critical journal often trenched on the province of the newspaper, and the newspaper as often on the province of the critical journal. Concerning newspapers, Mr. Hallam has said:—‘The publication of ‘regular newspapers, partly designed for the communication of ‘intelligence, partly for the discussion of political topics, may ‘be referred, upon the whole, to the reign of Anne, when they ‘obtained great circulation, and became the accredited organs of ‘different factions.’ The first daily paper in London was published in 1709. It bore the title of the *Daily Courant*. But nearly twenty newspapers of various kinds were then in course of publication in the metropolis. The year 1709 was also the year in which the first number of the *Tatler* appeared, which opened the way for the whole series of publications known to us under such names as the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, the *Freeholder*, or the *Rambler*. Persons think of these publications now-a-days as of so many merely literary performances, given to the world by men of letters almost as much for their own amusement as for that of their neighbours. But, in fact, these essays often took along with them, as the original papers show, a considerable batch of printed news. This last portion of the fare, as having flavour for the *quidnuncs* of that time, and very little for the same respectable class of persons among ourselves, has dropped very suitably into oblivion, leaving us the Essay as the only part of the provision likely to prove attractive for a continuance. Not only was there a good deal of newsvending in these serials, they were some of them avowedly and strongly political. It was with this object that Dean Swift and Lord Bolingbroke sent papers to the *Examiner*. Opposed to the Tory *Examiner* was the Whig *Freeholder*, in which Addison spared no pains to vindicate the existing government against the attacks made upon it from that quarter. Political topics, moreover, often found their way into the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and in all these works Addison found his ablest coadjutor in Steele. The style and tactics of

the *Examiner* were most licentious. It is thus described by Addison :—

‘The *Examiner* was a paper which was the favourite work of the party. It was ushered into the world by a letter from a secretary of state, setting forth the great genius of the author, the usefulness of his design, and the mighty consequences that were to be expected from it. It is said to have been written by those among them whom they looked upon as their most celebrated wits and politicians, and was dispersed into all quarters of the nation with great industry and expense. Who would not have expected that at least the rules of decency and candour would have been observed in such a performance? But instead of this, you saw all the great men who had done eminent services to their country but a few years before, draughted out one by one, and baited in their turns. No sanctity of character or privilege of sex exempted persons from this barbarous usage. Several of our prelates were the standing marks of public raillery, and many ladies of the first quality branded by name for matters of fact which, as they were false, were not heeded, and, if they had been true, were innocent.’—*Freeholder*, No. 19.

The ‘*Examiner*,’ in the hands of Swift and Bolingbroke, was, in fact, much such a journal as our own ‘*John Bull*’ newspaper proved, in certain other hands, some thirty years ago. The public were not uninterested in these discussions, nor without deriving some advantage from them. Addison, indeed, states, that the passion of the people for news, in his time, was insatiable; and that the part they took in politics was so general and so ardent, that from having had the reputation of being an island of saints, we were in danger of being mistaken for an island of statesmen. Even country towns, accordingly, now began to call for their journal of news and politics.

On the whole, the Whigs proved more than a match for their assailants; and the popular feeling was known to turn considerably in their favour. Anne, in consequence, in the tenth year of her reign, called on the parliament to take measures for curbing the freedom assumed by the press. The two houses promised attention to the subject; and the result was, not any direct law curtailing the liberty of printing, but the introduction of a tax on paper and advertisements, together with a stamp-tax of one halfpenny on the publication—a measure which brought a grave, indirect injury on the press, and an injury under which it suffers to this day. The stamp-tax alone, small as it may seem, was fatal to some publications. Even the ‘*Spectator*’ ceased from this cause in the following year. Others were perpetuated only by combining two or more into one.

The circulation of these publications had been on the whole as

great as anything of the kind known in our time. In an age when the population of England was not a third of what it now is, and when the proportion of persons who were readers of literary productions of any sort was much less than among ourselves, the 'Spectator' began with a daily circulation of three thousand, and when the tax was imposed it had risen to four thousand. When the papers were issued in sufficient numbers to make a volume, an edition of ten thousand of each volume was not sufficient to meet the demand. In those days, the man of letters, if a man of genius, was more to be feared as an antagonist, by public men, than the statesman. The rule which prohibited the publication of the debates in parliament confined the oratory of the two houses almost entirely to their own members. It was not through that channel, accordingly, but purely through the press, that the public mind could be acted upon. The periodical press, and political pamphlets, were the only effective medium of utterance on such subjects. It was to his power in this respect, together with the excellence of his character, that Addison owed his success as a public man. He could not speak, but no man of his time could write as he had written.

Steele was the friend of Addison, but they were friends only partially alike. Steele was a dissipated, not an orderly, man. He knew much of London society, but had not acquired his knowledge without cost. He had some wit and some humour; but his tastes, while in part literary, lay strongly in the direction of the gay and the fashionable. His career demonstrated that, to meddle with politics so much as Addison had done, and not to incur trouble, required all Addison's prudence. Not content with what he might do through the press, Steel became foolishly anxious to enter the House of Commons, and gained his object; but the sequel contributed more to his notoriety than to his comfort. The Tory administration of the day was much enraged on finding him returned, and took measures towards unseating him by petition; but, despairing of their case, or impatient of a process that could not be brought to a speedy issue, they instituted a prosecution against him on the ground of libellous and seditious language, said to be found in some of his publications. Steele was required to answer to the charges preferred against him, from his place in parliament. On the day fixed he made his appearance, amidst a crowded house. When the obnoxious passages from his writings were read, as the charges were various, and as no notice had been given of them, he prayed that he might be allowed a week to prepare his defence. But it was moved that the defence should not be delayed beyond the Monday following. Whereupon, glancing

at his two chief prosecutors, who happened to be grave Presbyterians, playing, for the occasion, the part of Tories, Steele assumed the demure aspect and whining tone accounted as befitting the people who worshipped in conventicles, professed 'in the meekness and contrition of his heart that he was a very great sinner; and hoped the member who spoke last, and who was so justly renowned for his exemplary piety and devotion, would not be accessory to the accumulating of sin upon one whose transgressions were already too many, by obliging him to break the Sabbath of the Lord in perusing such profane writings on that day as might serve for his justification.' The humour of this scene convulsed the house with laughter, and procured for the clever gentleman the interval of delay which he sought.

Steele defended himself with great ability, and it was on this occasion that Walpole raised his protest against the conduct of the house in taking upon it the office of prosecutor in such cases, in place of leaving them to be settled by the courts of law. But neither the wise speech of Walpole, nor the chivalrous speech of Lord Finch, son of the Earl of Nottingham, were of any avail to the accused. The voting was determined by party-feeling, not by argument or eloquence.* So flushed, indeed, were the base men who had thus far prevailed in this instance, that their tools through the provinces felt emboldened to give a most edifying licence to their zeal against the alleged seditious of the times. Even one of the judges could write to the Lord Chancellor after this manner:—

'I declare, in all my charges in this circuit, as I did the last two terms in Westminster, that the number of base libels and seditious papers is intolerable, and that now a quicker course will be taken about them; for that now the government will not be so much troubling itself to find out the authors of them; but as often as any such papers are found on the tables of coffee-houses or other news-houses, the master of the house shall be answerable for such papers, and shall be prosecuted as the publisher of them, and let him find out the author, letter-writer, or printer, and take care, at his peril, what papers he takes in.'

The name of this patriotic guardian and administrator of the law was Sir Littleton Powys. Among the political writers of celebrity during this period, are Thomas Gordon, since known as a translator of Tacitus, and Thomas Trenchard, a man of family and of considerable means. Cato's Letters, which were of sufficient merit as compositions to be attributed to Lord Bolingbroke, were first published by these authors, as contributions to the 'London Journal' and the 'British Journal.' They were.

* *Parl. Hist.* VI. 1265-1327.

also the originators of the 'Independent Whig.' Their politics, as the title of the work last mentioned will indicate, were liberal, and they were strenuous defenders of the liberty of the press.

Bolingbroke was born in 1678, and lived to 1751. His writings, which, without his letters, extend to five quarto volumes, were mostly on the political or party questions of his time. From this cause, in part, they have long ceased to attract much attention. But his lordship was famous as a talker, an orator, and an author. His style is at once easy and scholar-like, combining the fluency of well-bred conversation, with the measure of point, stateliness, and force derived from a familiarity with books; and from some practice in public speaking. Forgotten as he now is, he did much to influence the style of our political authorship during the former half of the eighteenth century; and his sway would probably have lasted much longer, had not Junius and Burke followed so closely upon his path. He came out as a periodical critic in the 'Occasional Writer' and in the 'Craftsman.' But nearly all his writings were of the nature of periodical criticism, and would probably have appeared as review articles, had there been the pages of a 'Quarterly' through which he could then have spoken. He would not have done to take the place of Jeffrey a century later, but he would have been a potent coadjutor under such a chieftain. The papers of the 'Craftsman,' when reprinted, extended to seven volumes, and to that work Bolingbroke was the chief contributor.

Swift was eleven years younger than Bolingbroke, and died six years before him. He could play the orator as an author, in a more effective style than Bolingbroke; but his strength lay, as all the world knows, in his satirical vein, which became inimitable in its caustic power, or in its humour, according to his mood. Strange was the compound of his nature, and his whole nature came into his writings. He has been compared to Cervantes and Rabelais, and not without reason. He did not possess every characteristic of those authors, certainly not every one in the same degree; but he possessed a force, in some respects, even of their order, which was greater than theirs, and he is more fittingly classed with them than any other man in the history of modern literature. His wit and humour are not more extraordinary, than the penetration and compass of his intellect. His prejudices were prodigious, but his moral sense, perverted as it often was, gave an underlieing seriousness to his broadest joke, his bitterest raillery. He makes you merry, but it is that he may make you hate. He means that you should laugh, but it is that you may assent to the putting down of the folly or the vice so depicted. Little is heard now-a-days of his

'Drapier Letters.' Their object was to banish a copper coin which had been put into circulation in Ireland, by a private person, but as the result of a compact with the government. Swift insisted that the issuing of this coin was at once a fraud and an insult to the people of Ireland, and by his periodical epistles he so far carried his countrymen with him, that his individual will sufficed to control the will of the imperial government. His style, rich in its idiomatic English, and on fire with a Demosthenian energy, was matchless; and contributed, with the qualities of his genius above-mentioned, to render his labours conducive, in an extraordinary degree, to the progress of our language and literature generally. Dull must the nation have been that could fail to profit largely under such a master.

But with this mention of Bolingbroke and Swift, as great educators, both of readers and writers in our language, a century since, we must connect a reference to Defoe, a man whose fertile genius, amazing industry, and high political and moral worth, combined to render his life eminently influential. During the first forty years after the Revolution of 1688, he is constantly before the public as a writer, and to a large extent as a political writer, and a periodical critic. He was warily attached to the principles of the Revolution; but he was a conscientious politician, and could never be induced to give to a party what he believed to be due to patriotism, humanity, or religion. The author of 'Robinson Crusoe' wrote other fictions with the same inimitable naturalness of manner; and in his political writings, his intelligent earnestness is always allied with the same simplicity of language, rising at times to a strong idiomatic force, if not to eloquence. The *Review*, the *Mercator*, and the *British Merchant* were periodical publications to which he was successively the editor and, of course, chief contributor.

By such men had our literature been cultivated, so as to leaven the community with its taste and spirit, before the accession of George I., and in no connexion were the signs of improvement more perceptible than in the periodical press. By this time, London had three daily papers; ten were published three times a week, and a greater number weekly. In the next reign, the evasion of the stamp duty became so general, that the government adopted the most stringent measures to put an end to it, and the jails were suddenly filled with the dealers in unstamped periodical literature.

In 1729, great complaint was made in parliament that the licence of the press had proceeded to such lengths as to print the speeches of honourable members and noble lords, contrary to

the privilege of parliament. In 1738, this alleged offence was again brought forward, but in the course of this debate, says Archdeacon Coxe, 'though no one undertook to defend the practice, the danger of impairing the liberty of the press was more insisted upon than would formerly have been usual; and Sir Robert Walpole took credit to himself for respecting it more than his predecessors.' *Boyer's Register* had given some account of the debates from about the accession of George the First to this year, from which time this reporting, such as it was, went on in the *London Magazine*, afterwards in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1740, Dr. Johnson succeeded Guthrie, the historian, as reporter, or rather, writer, of the parliamentary speeches in the last-mentioned magazine, and continued in the performance of that piece of public service for three years. In 1745, the Pretender's invasion made the press important to the government. Fielding the novelist now took his place among journalists; and not many years later, Dr. Johnson thus expresses himself with regard to the influence of this kind of literature on English society.

'One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians, the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are very necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one grade of the people has nothing to do but to observe the lives and fortunes of the other. To us, who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are supplied from day to day with materials for conversation, it is difficult to conceive how man can subsist without a newspaper, or to what entertainment companies can assemble in those wide regions of the earth that have neither Chronicles nor Magazines, neither Gazettes nor Advertisers, neither Journals nor Evening Posts. *All foreigners remark, that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.*

The doctor had his moments in which he could deliver bitter diatribes against the popular press of his country, but the above passage may be taken as giving his more sober and trustworthy view of the subject.

After the appearance of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, in the early part of the eighteenth century, an interval elapsed in which several attempts were made to secure circulation for publications of the same description, but with little effect. Among these comparative failures we may reckon the *Freethinker*, edited by Ambrose Philips; and the *Museum*, which dates from

1746, and to which Horace Walpole, Akenside, and the two Whartons were contributors. But with the *Rambler*, the first number of which appeared in March, 1750, periodical criticism in this essay form revived, and again became fashionable. The *Rambler* was followed by the *Adventurer*, the *World*, the *Connoisseur*, and the *Idler*; and among the contributors to these works, beside the names of Drs. Johnson and Hawkesworth, we find those of the Earls of Chesterfield, Bath, and Cork, Lord Littleton, Horace Walpole, and Soame Jenyns. But with the close of the *Idler*, which belongs to the year 1760, this second prosperous interval in our essay literature reaches its close. About twenty years later, an attempt was made to revive this kind of publication in Edinburgh. First the *Mirror*, and afterwards the *Lounger*, was published there. The papers appeared once a week. The chief contributor was Mackenzie, author of 'The Man of Feeling.' But in 1787, all effective periodical essay writing ceased in Scotland, as it had done long before in England.

But periodical literature in relation to news and politics, rose in its influence as essay writing declined. For political journalism, however, in those times, we must look to London.

In May, 1762, appeared the first number of *The Briton*, edited by Smollett, but originated by Lord Bute, in aid of the Government, of which his lordship was a member. The very next week, however, appeared the *North Briton*, supported by Lord Temple, and edited by the notorious John Wilkes, with the assistance of Churchill, the poet. Wilkes and Smollett had once been friends, but bitter now was the fighting between them. In the following February the *Briton* expired under the blows of its antagonist; and the extinction of the *North Briton* was not far distant, but that event was to be brought about after a different manner. In his forty-fifth number, Wilkes described a statement in a royal speech as a falsehood. The Government issued a general warrant against Wilkes, sent him to the Tower, condemned his paper to be burnt in Cheapside by the hangman, and expelled the author from his seat in Parliament. Great was the storm raised by these proceedings. The land was filled with it.* In the end, the ministerial order against Wilkes, his printer, and publisher, was declared by the House to be illegal, and heavy damages were granted by the courts of law against those

* Wilkes was a great wit, and a brilliant talker; but, as often happens with such men, he suffered much when taken out of the sphere of conversation into that of authorship. In the course of this transition his wit seemed to forsake him, and his readiness at reply, which gave him such advantage in the banter of life, availed him little. His coadjutor in the *North Briton*, as stated, was Churchill the poet. An instance of the sort of promptitude which characterised the genius of Wilkes occurred at the time of his arrest. Churchill entered the room at that moment. The officers had been

who had put these several parties under arrest on such authority. This was a weighty concession on the side of political liberty. But it was not obtained until Williams, the printer, had stood in the pillory, in Palace-yard, as part of the punishment of his offence. The ignominy in this case, however, was not hard to bear. The culprit went to his place of exposure in a hackney coach, bearing the number *forty-five*. Opposite the pillory, the populace raised a gallows, on which they hung a boot—emblematic of Lord Bute—placing over it a bonnet of straw. Money was collected on the spot, amounting to nearly 200*l.*, which the prisoner received in a blue purse, decorated with orange, colours denoting attachment to the Revolution, and hate of the Stuarts. The ill-fated Chatterton wrote several papers in this memorable *North Briton*.

The next observable stage in the history of our political literature is that marked by the appearance of the 'Letters of Junius.' Concerning these well-known productions, and the tempest of wrath in high places which was called forth by them, it will suffice to say, that only in a country of high civilization, and possessing a high degree of civil liberty, could such letters have been published; while the prosecutions of printers and publishers which followed, ended, not in the abridgment, but in the greater enlargement of the liberty of the subject and of the press.

Contemporaneous with these proceedings in relation to Junius, were the excitements produced by a new attempt of the House of Commons to prevent the publication of its debates. Whatever had been done in this way since the Restoration, had been done by indirect means, and at some hazard. Protests, as we have seen, were frequently made by honourable members against this practice, and the parties engaged in it were threatened with severe penalties. But now the time had come in which there was to be some vigorous doing, as well as threatening. The majority in the lower House was governed by parties who had become much irritated by the hostile criticisms to which the fuller reports of their speeches exposed them. In the hope of protecting themselves against an ordeal which was felt to be so inconvenient, the Government issued its ministerial order for the arrest of two printers. The minority expostulated, said much about the folly of provoking a discussion, and seeking an authoritative issue on this vexed question, while the public mind was so much excited

instructed to apprehend both, but the person of Churchill was not known to them; and Wilkes, with an air of familiarity, addressed the poet as Mr. Thompson, expressed his great pleasure at seeing him, inquired for Mrs. Thompson and the children, and in this manner gave his friend an opportunity of escape. Churchill hastened home, secured his papers, and concealed himself in the country until the storm had spent itself.

on other grounds; and they did not scruple to predict that the result would be disastrous to the parties who appeared to be so bent on taking this responsibility upon them. The two printers, whose fate was to be such as effectually to deter all persons of their sort from like offences, eluded the officers, disregarded the summons to surrender themselves—persisted in doing so. The serjeant-at-arms having thus failed, a royal proclamation was issued, with the offer of fifty pounds reward for the discovery of the persons chargeable with this contempt of the authority of the high Court of Parliament.

While these proceedings were pending, six other printers braved the displeasure of Parliament, by continuing to publish reports of its debates. It was proposed that these parties should be taken into custody along with the two already named. On this motion, discussion became still more animated. Some members of the opposition described this battle with a set of printers as likely to prove interminable, and as beneath the dignity of the House. Others went so far as to deny the authority of the House in such cases, and said, 'that it was a usurpation assumed in bad times; that while their privileges and authorities were used in defence of the rights of the people against the violence of the prerogative, all men willingly joined in supporting them, and even their usurpations were considered as fresh securities to their independence; but now that they saw their own weapons converted to instruments of tyranny and oppression against themselves, they would oppose them with all their might.' But these just and wise counsels did not avail. Finding no other course left to them, the opposition did their best to delay proceedings, and to gain time. The different questions were impeded by motions of adjournment and by amendments. Some twenty or thirty divisions took place at a single sitting; and the excitement out of doors was augmented by the news that the House was debating on this subject to the, then, extraordinary hours of three or four o'clock in the morning!

At length some of the printers were made to appear before the House, but it was the course taken by the two whose names were in the proclamation which brought this great question to a settlement. These persons allowed themselves to be arrested. The aldermen before whom they separately appeared, not only discharged them, but bound them over to prosecute those who had apprehended them, for assault and false imprisonment. The arrest, in this case, had been made in virtue of a royal proclamation, which was not law; and without the proof or charge of any offence, which was contrary to law. The same ground was

taken by the Lord Mayor, in the case of the printer of the *London Evening Post*, when that person was brought before him. This, as we may suppose, raised the displeasure of the Commons' majority to its climax. Olivier, one of the delinquent aldermen, was a member of the House, and after an angry and disorderly debate was sent to the Tower. The mayor insisted on being heard by counsel, in behalf of the liberties of the city, of which, by his oath of office, he was the guardian. But his plea was not admitted, and his lordship had to share in the sentence passed on Olivier. But these measures were characterized throughout by so much passion and arbitrariness, as to have filled the mind of the people, especially the people of London, with the greatest resentment. The blow directed against the London magistrates was interpreted as levelled against everything sacred in English liberty. Very speedily this angry House of Commons was dissolved; with it, the authority which had committed Olivier and the Lord Mayor to the Tower ceased, and their liberation followed, as a matter of course. But from that time the House of Commons has been more wary in the exercise of its judicial functions. No House of Commons—no ministry, has since ventured to use these *lettres de cachet*, or to oppose the printing of the debates. To this day, the House is not supposed to be cognizant of the presence of reporters, but a tacit assent to usage has given it the force of law. The narrative of these proceedings in the *Annual Register* for the year is ably given, and deeply interesting. From that time, the discussions in Parliament have been as a constant discoursing, in the hearing of our whole people, on all kinds of political questions—and discoursing obviously of the best description as means of educating the public mind in the science of politics, inasmuch as it naturally tends to bring the *pro* and *con* upon all subjects to the surface. The means, moreover, which it has furnished to constituencies for judging as to the manner in which their representatives are acquitting themselves, gives it the highest practical value.

The leading journal of London in 1688 was the *Orange Intelligencer*, set up by the Government. It appeared twice a week, and consisted of a leaf, about the size of the *Knight's Penny Magazine*, with its two pages of print. In these pages the public might expect to find two or three advertisements, and scraps of news 'Forrain and Domestick,' mostly of a very trivial description. In 1788, just one century later, appeared the first number of the *Times*. This paper consisted from the first of four pages, nearly the size of our *Globe* or *Standard*, with four columns in each, and presented, on the whole, about ten times the matter contained in a number of the *Orange Intelligencer*. Mr. J. Walters

was the originator of this journal, and by the skill and energy which he brought to the whole business management, he made it what it ere long claimed to be, and really was, the leading journal of Europe. Our loss of America, and the fall of the French monarchy, were events of sufficient magnitude to make all our men politicians, and our women scarcely less so. Fifty thousand copies of Paine's 'Rights of Man' were sold with extraordinary rapidity, and thirty thousand of the reply to it by Edmund Burke were as suddenly put into circulation. Cobbett now makes his appearance as a political writer, and Mackintosh distinguishes himself as the opponent of Burke.

In 1792 a royal proclamation was issued directing all officers of the Government, and all magistrates, to use their utmost vigilance to discover the authors and publishers of seditious writings. New taxes also were laid upon newspapers. Such men as Mr. Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, and Mr. Sheridan, raised their protest against these proceedings, and in behalf of a free press. But the majorities in the Commons at this time always went to the illiberal side on such questions. The number of prosecutions against the press in the reign of George III., and mainly through the great instrument of that monarch in such measures who was raised to the chancellorship as Lord Eldon, surpassed anything of the kind in our previous history. In 1795 this man said from his place in Parliament—'The House should 'remember that there have been more prosecutions for libel 'within the last two years than for twenty years before.' But the bar was not found wholly on one side. The speech of Erskine in defence of free publication, delivered at the trial of Paine, became as a household word among the people. Nor should we forget to mention that it was during the heat of these proceedings that Robert Hall published his 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' and his 'Apology for the Liberty of the Press.' In the midst of these excitements, Crabbe published his poem intitled the 'Newspaper.' Lord Thurloe and Edmund Burke had shown the poet some kindness, and his courtly style of verse bespoke his gratitude to his patrons. Pitt availed himself of the press more systematically than any minister in our history had done, and with no small advantage to his policy.

From this retrospect, brief as it is, we may judge with some precision as to the field left at the commencement of the present century to the *Edinburgh Review*, as an organ of political, or of general literary criticism. Our General English Literature had manifestly attained to such a state at that time as to leave little to be contributed to its ripeness by the new comers; but the same cannot be said of the literary criticisms put forth at the

commencement of the present century by our Periodical Press. Here, indeed, the scene changes. In this department our best literature was so bad as not only to admit of being easily displaced, but such as might have died out without leaving any substitute in its room, and the nation have been no perceptible loser by the catastrophe. The *Monthly Magazine*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Monthly Review* were the great critical tribunals, apart from the newspapers, to which all authors stood amenable in those days.

The *Monthly Magazine* in 1802 had reached its thirteenth volume. It was published by Richard Phillips, in St. Paul's Churchyard. The number for January of that year extends to nearly a hundred pages, of which one-third is filled with 'Letters from Correspondents,' on nearly every kind of subject. So numerous are these communications, as to suggest that the people of those times must have had greatly more leisure on their hands than has fallen to the present generation. The 'original letters' are followed by a considerable supply of poetry, which the now-forgotten authors no doubt flattered themselves was also 'original.' Then we have a section on 'Public Affairs,' another which gives you a monthly retrospect of the fine arts, and others in which the same periodical reports are made concerning agriculture and commerce. There is also a 'review' department, but it is restricted to musical publications; a large list of 'new publications,' and a summary of 'provincial occurrences,' with all the marriages and deaths—arranged geographically, in the order of the counties from north to south—and the list of bankruptcies to boot! On the whole, but for its constitutional dread of politics, we might describe the *Monthly Magazine* as a very harmless sort of monthly newspaper, designed mainly, notwithstanding its monthly account of 'diseases in London,' for very harmless people in the country.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* rose a little above this level of dullness, but only a little. Here we have the same summaries of 'occurrences' in town and country, at home and abroad; and the same carefully-prepared lists of marriages and deaths, with all necessary information about the weather. Urban, indeed, has his principles, both in politics and religion, but these he is concerned to hold in the manner to be expected from a person bearing his name. He greatly admires our happy constitution in Church and State, but he can bear with differences so long as they do not pass the limits of moderation. Then, he never fails to give you some bits of antiquarianism, which are often curious, if not in any high degree useful; and his notice of books is not confined to 'musical publications.' But this is about all that

can be said in favour of a periodical which circulated more widely than any other of its class, and which, in its literary character stood next to the leading Review of the time—the *Monthly*.

The *Monthly Review* dragged 'its low length along' until not many years since. The number of this journal for the month in which the first number of the *Edinburgh* was published, extends, as usual, to somewhat more than a hundred pages, and included nearly fifty articles on as many separate publications. But of this number of articles, sixteen only are given in the manner of a modern review paper; the remainder, though numbered with the preceding, are in smaller type, and such as we are familiar with under the title of 'short notices.' As will be supposed, even the papers of most pretension are brief. The longest does not exceed fourteen pages; some do not cover a second page. In general, the object of the reviewer is not so much critical as expository—his observations, and the extracts given, being intended to assist the reader in forming some judgment of the book, both as to contents and execution. In the longer papers, the length is chiefly made up of extracts, and the observations of the critic, while moderately liberal, and evincing, in respect to theology, a considerable Unitarian bias, are usually of the most formal, wordy, common-place description imaginable. Thus an article upon 'Forsyth on the Management of Fruit-trees,' begins with the following sentence, in which our readers will not fail to see that the weight of the instruction is sustained by a suitable gravity of expression:—'The hints and practical observations of 'an experienced horticulturist must be acceptable to all those 'who are employed by others, or are interested themselves, in 'the management of fruit-trees.' We should have thought that the observations of an *experienced* horticulturist about the management of trees might have been presumed to be *practical* without their being so described; and that the world might have been safely left to find its way to the notion that persons who wish to bring the best skill to any employment will appreciate the assistance of those who can best help them towards that object. The following sentence is the conclusion of an article on 'White's Selborne:—

'On the whole, we trust that this collection of minutes, the fruit of actual observation, will be perused with interest both by the scientific and the more ordinary reader, and will contribute to promote the practical study of natural history.'

Did people need a ghost to tell them that so rich a book as 'White's Selborne' might possibly be in this humble measure useful? We may cite the following from the same number, as

another specimen of this brilliant and instructive style of writing. It is the opening paragraph in the review of a 'Journey from Edinburgh,' in two volumes, quarto, by some Alexander Campbell:—

'Our attention has of late, in several instances, been directed to the subject of Scottish tours; and we have accompanied several writers with pleasure in their excursions to the northern parts of our island. Among others, the Hon. Mrs. Murray and Mr. Stoddart, recently engaged our notice, and amply repaid our labour. We were gratified by their descriptions, because we found them to be appropriate; and we were improved by their delineations of character, because from experience we acknowledge them to be accurate. Few countries abound more in bold and picturesque scenery than the highlands of Scotland; and as few places are calculated in a greater degree to surprise and delight the traveller, so a just representation of them, proceeding from the joint efforts of the pencil and the pen, cannot fail to impart pleasure. Books of travels have at all times been perused with avidity, and the present prevailing taste for beautiful decorations has given them a more extended circulation, and a more interesting appearance. When the powers of the writer are inadequate, the abilities of the artist are called to his aid, and their united exertions produce, as on the present occasion, an agreeable entertainment for the public.'

The reader must feel this to be very edifying material, especially as stilted forth in such measured phrase! In concluding a paper on landscape gardening, as treated by Payne Knight and Uvedale Price, the critic says:—

'In opposition to the dressed appearance which results from well-kept lawns and gravel walks, they contend for the superior charms resulting from roughness and negligence as approaching nearer to the sublime glories of the picturesque.'

'This is meant to be a spirited conclusion. We should have thought that charms desired as 'superior' to others, would have been described as coveted in *preference*, not in 'opposition' to others; and as to 'sublime glories,' they are not often the qualities intended in our use of the term 'picturesque.' Certainly, so sluggish is our imagination, that we should see a good deal of negligent gardening before we should be thereby made to feel that we were approaching the Himalayas or the Alps. 'Dictionaries,' said Johnson, 'are like watches—the worst are better than none:' and the same may be said of the craft of reviewing, as it was carried on in this Island at the commencement of the present century. The *Monthly Review* was the bad watch, with which our poor English people were obliged to content themselves from the want of something better.

But if periodical criticism in this form was in this pitiable con-

dition, we have said enough to show that the general literature of the age is not to be estimated according to any such standard. The literary criticism of the age had fallen far below its authorship. The men who affected to sit in judgment on the writings of others, were themselves, with rare exceptions, the veriest dullards and hacks in their vocation, such as might be hired from any literary market-place. What *might* be done in this way Johnson and Goldsmith had shown in their time, and the men were abundant, both in England and Scotland, who could have eclipsed, and with very moderate effort, the most successful pretensions to literary criticism in 1802. The only thing needed was, that there should be some diversion of the talent flowing in so many other directions, into this almost deserted channel. In proof of this, we cite the following passage from the *Anti-Jacobin* weekly paper, which made its appearance about four years before the publication of the first number of the *Edinburgh*.

‘It has been represented to us by a correspondent, whom we highly respect, that we should show some little mercy to the *Morning Chronicle*; and now, that we have conducted it in safety to Newgate, leave it (as far as is consistent with the interests of our country), to the repentance which solitude and reflection will not fail to produce.

‘To talk to us of humanity is touching us on our weak side. We therefore consent to spare it, not that we shall abstain altogether from noticing its lies, misrepresentations, &c.; but that it must be satisfied, in future, with a secondary place in our paper, in which it lately occupied so conspicuous a situation!

‘THAT situation we now intend for the *Courier*—a paper which has been recommended to our notice by several of our friends, and to which we purpose, in future, to pay a very marked attention:

‘Is nobis feriendus aper qui maximus errat.’

‘We cannot venture to promise that we shall conduct this print to Newgate in its turn; but we assert, without hesitation, that if there be that energy in the government and that regard for truth and honour in the public which we confidently believe, we shall speedily compel its conductors to take up some less dangerous and dirty method of employment, or to flee from general execration and contempt, to *Bridewell* or the *Fleet*!

‘We trust no one will imagine that the *Courier* has obtained this preference from any inherent merit it possesses. Quite the reverse. Its flatness, dullness, and stupidity, are inconceivable: nor is the chaotic mass ever enlivened by a single ray of information, except a French paper accidentally strays into its office once or twice a quarter. We have other reasons for our predilection, as our readers will presently see.

“SOME may think that the *Morning Post* should have succeeded to the vacant seat; and this was once our own opinion. But we have

lately had occasion to make a distinction in favour of that paper. It is the only one upon which our castigations have had any effect. The *Chronicle* is grown more blasphemous, the *Courier* more mischievous, and the *Herald* more dull and sottish, in consequence of them. The *Morning Post* alone has wisely shrunk from our severity, reformed its principles in some material points, and in more than one of its last columns held a language which the *Whig Club* and *Corresponding Society* will not soon forgive.

‘If we could but cure this paper of its inveterate habits of lying and swearing, and give it a few accurate notions of *meum* and *tuum*, we should not despair of seeing it one day an English opposition paper, but this must be the work of time. To time, therefore, we leave it, with the sincerest wishes for the accomplishment of what, we freely confess, we rather hope than expect.’

Our younger readers must not suppose that there is anything remarkable in the wit, or in the force of any kind, observable in this extract, as compared with the general style of the *Anti-Jacobin*. It is no more than a fair sample of the writing to be found in almost every page of that journal.

But from the manner in which many express themselves on this subject, we should suppose that the contents of each number of the *Edinburgh Review* were distinguished by qualities of authorship, the like of which had never been seen before in our literature. The land of Shakspeare and Milton, of Bacon and Newton, of Dryden, Defoe, Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Goldsmith, and Johnson, had fallen so low, that it was left to a small band of young men, hitherto unknown, to startle it into wakefulness, by utterances such as its literati had wholly lost the power of delivering. The presumption against the justice of such a notion must, one should think, be very strong. The fact is, such a view of the case is anything but truthful.

Within the half century preceding the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, Hume, and Robertson, and Gibbon had all given the fruits of their genius to the world. Not to mention other names, Junius and Burke had, during that same period, conquered for themselves their place in history. The former of these men had become the terror of his time, by means of a style of writing characterised by nearly every vice or virtue of authorship in which the early contributors to the *Edinburgh* laboured specially to excel. Edmund Burke, during the same interval, had risen to his place for all time and all nations; exhibiting in every production of his genius, that breadth and beauty of philosophical thought and imagination, and in his style, that logical clearness, and that pathos and loftiness, of which the proudest in the confederacy of the Buff and Blue have been content to be-

come imitators, and for the most part with but indifferent success, unto this day. The 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful' had appeared in 1757, the 'Reflections on the French Revolution' in 1790.

The mention of Burke leads us naturally to the benches of our two Houses, and brings up our Walpoles and Chathams, our Foxes and Sheridans; while from those halls of debate we as naturally pass to France, and become witnesses to the wonder-working of the Voltaires, the Rousseaus, the Diderots, and the D'Lamberts of that country—men whose genius seemed to be capable of penetrating and demolishing almost anything which their judgment or their passions had doomed to destruction. Place everything brilliant in the *Edinburgh Review* for its first quarter of a century on the one side, and these works from the spirit of the age, as it was in action through the years not long preceding the appearance of that journal, on the other, and how faint in comparison does the great northern luminary become!

The *Edinburgh Review*, then, did not become famous thus suddenly because the men who wrote in it were giants, and all who went before them were pigmies. That was not true; nothing like it was true. The fact is, there are fashions in literature, as in tastes of all kinds; changes which come in their season, and endure for their season. In the history of our own literature it was left, as we have seen, to such men as Steele and Addison to set the example of men of genius employed in sending forth small and cheap papers on the character and manners of the age week by week, and even day by day. The old channels of authorship did not afford the outlets which the literary mind felt to be necessary to its purpose, and the swelling waters forced for themselves a new passage. Of course, as a rule, it is only powers which have established themselves elsewhere that are entitled, after this manner, to take possession of new territory. But whenever population exceeds a certain limit, some such enlargement of the homestead becomes inevitable. What nature does in such cases, genius does in the same circumstances—it creates a field for itself. It is in the nature of genius, moreover, to consecrate what it touches, and in the case mentioned, it made way into the saloons of fashion for things as humble in cost and appearance as a street-ballad.

It was in this manner that the French philosophers took up the idea of the Encyclopædia. The war, as hitherto conducted, by separate action and separate publication, seemed to resemble a campaign entrusted to riflemen, in which the expenditure of skill and courage might be great, while the results were small. The time came, accordingly, in which it was suggested that it

would be far better policy to move upon the enemy with more compactness, as with the strength and breadth of a battalion, and that this might be done by a confederation, which should agree to publish an encyclopædia. This idea, too, like Sydney Smith's proposal to start a quarterly review, appears to have been received with acclamation, and it was long acted upon with powerful effect.

Sir Walter Scott furnishes another example of this kind. When his sovereignty as a poet came to be disputed by Lord Byron, Sir Walter, with the inventive susceptibility which belongs to such minds, began to inquire whether there was not some undiscovered or unclaimed territory on which he might set up his throne without the danger of such disturbance. He saw that the field of prose fiction had been left, for the most part, to unworthy hands. He began to bethink him of writing poetry in prose, being well aware, we have reason to suppose, that there was little in what he had given to the public in verse, that might not have been given with more freedom and force in another form. The historical novel was attempted. Such a king had not trod on that ground before. We know the result.

We might also mention the cheap publication idea, first acted upon in the origination of the Useful Knowledge Society, as another of those productive thoughts concerning modes of action in connexion with literature, which seems natural to its history. But we have said enough for our purpose on this point. New exigencies will suggest new expedients. Just now, *small* books are almost everywhere taking the place of *great* ones—what next?

In this manner, reviewing became to the gifted men who started the *Edinburgh*, what literary essays had been to many of our men of genius from the time of Queen Anne; what the Encyclopædia became to the philosophers of France during the latter half of the eighteenth century; and what the historical novel has since become in the hands of Sir Walter Scott.

The mission of the originators of this project was not to make the world sensible to the existence of powers in them which had no place elsewhere, so much as to bring its sluggish thought to the fact, that when old modes of action become ineffective, it is time to cast about for new modes, which may be, in their turn, what the old have once been. The more cultivated and capable mind of the age had expanded, needed larger space, and it came. The existing outlets for this force were deficient, not only in breadth, but in flexibility, and in novelty. The periodical essay vein had been worked admirably, but it had been worked both so long and so well, that it could be worked with effect no longer. The Encyclopædia notion was less old, but it was huge and unwieldy;

still more, it was French, and as such too much identified with Gallic anarchy and atheism; and, beyond all this, it could have been at best but a borrowed thought.

It was open to the spirits which gave existence to the *Edinburgh Review*, to have addressed themselves to the somewhat prejudiced and angry public around them separately, each man attaching his name to his production. But that would have been to risk much to small purpose. The work important to be done, was such as old men would be sure not to attempt; and such as young men could not hope to be equal to, except as working in combination and in secrecy. The thing desiderated was a power that should scare not a few of the dwellers in the Noddledom, by saying bold and effective things through this unexpected channel, as to the course generally given to affairs in that same Noddledom, and in support of a freer and more fair-play spirit in politics, literature, and everything beside, than was at all likely to find speedy favour in that region. Given the existence of Noddledom, as it was; and given the existence of this wish in the heart of this confederacy, as it was—the course taken seems to have been, not only the most natural, but almost the only one that could have been taken.

It is true there was power in the English Parliament. Men were giving themselves to labour in the right direction there, who would have been great men in any age or country. But to secure admission to the House of Commons was, naturally, for young men, a work of time. Labour there, moreover, was necessarily slow in producing any perceptible impression. But would it not be possible to create an organ which should deal with the more important matters of debate in those assemblies, and with many other questions interesting to thoughtful and cultivated men, as in the full audience of the public? Was there not a feeling existing as to the desirableness of something of this nature, sufficiently wide to promise success to an experiment of this sort, if only conducted in a manner to *deserve* to succeed? That it would be within their power to establish such an organ as the *Edinburgh Review* ultimately became, was not, we may suppose, in their thoughts; but it is evident that the idea of its being possible that they should do something of mark in that direction did visit them, and with sufficient force to produce the attempt ere long made. It was precisely thus with Steele and Addison when they started the *Tatler*. They felt, from the first, that they had hit upon a good vein, but they were far from seeing whither it would lead—the *Spectators*, *Guardians*, *Ramblers*, and *Idlers* that would follow.

With men who had reached the point at which Jeffrey and his

compeers had now arrived, the sole question might well be—can we *invent* an agency that shall realize our object—or is there anything existing that may be *made equal to it*? What they could have invented for this purpose, we confess we do not see; and the only agencies existing that could have been made available, were either the newspaper or the review. It is not difficult to see why the newspaper was not chosen. To have sustained a publication of that description with efficiency, either in Edinburgh or in London, would have demanded the exertions of parties who could be much more together, and whose attention to their object could be much more regular than was possible in the case of these persons—to say nothing of that grave question—capital. But a journal that should not appear more frequently than once in three months, and which might include a much larger compass of subjects than could be felt to be in place in a newspaper—that was possible, and that accordingly was the project entertained. Had a newspaper project been equally practicable, and had it been worked with the same spirit, the journal so started might possibly have filled the same place in relation to the history of our newspapers, that the *Edinburgh Review* now fills in relation to the history of our reviews.

We see, however, in the history of the newspaper press, since the beginning of the present century, that without any such impetus, the newspaper has become pretty well all that we can suppose it would have become with it. Query—would our review literature have been much as we now find it, if the *Edinburgh Review* had never come into existence? There is nothing ungenerous or unreasonable in this question. Certain it is, that few mistakes are more common than that of concluding that parties who have been so fortunate as to have taken advantage of a tide in human affairs, have in fact created that tide, in place of merely using it to their purpose. In all historical inquiries, we are in danger of overlooking the predisposing causes of events, through allowing our attention to become fixed too exclusively on the persons who have become prominent as the immediate agents in producing them. What a journal is in comparison with the literature which has preceded it in its own department is one thing; what it is in comparison with the general literature found working everywhere side by side with it is another. In our particular walk, we may be much in advance of our predecessors—but there may be no great merit in that, inasmuch as our rate of movement may only be the rate at which everything else has moved. We do not account it a great virtue to keep pace with a stream; but men often trace what comes upon them thus by a propulsion from without, to a force from within. The spirit of the age which gave the

originators of the *Edinburgh Review* their power, conferred similar gifts, at the same time, elsewhere, and close has been the race between the rival forces thus called into play.

The newspaper literature of the London press, during the last fifty years, has been a literature of amazing talent. The powerful writing to be found in papers which have nevertheless failed, is not the least significant fact in this section of our literary history. But in the midst of failures of all sorts, the high order of ability secured to this service has been steadily such, that the time has long since come, in which few care much about what the *Edinburgh Review* shall say on public questions, compared with the importance attached, on some ground or other, to the leaders in the *Times*. During the last twenty years at least, the average writing in the *Times* has been writing of much more power than the average writing in the *Edinburgh*.

What makes this the more remarkable is the fact, that the field in which the *Edinburgh* has allowed itself to be thus clearly beaten, is the very field to which it owed its early success and its ultimate status. It was its politics, more than everything else taken together, that made it what it became. True, its manner of discussing political questions exposed it to much hostility; but for every foe made by such discussion, a friend was gained to place over against him. It was as expressing the opinions of a large and powerful political party, that the *Edinburgh Review* gained its party. Of course, the more able and brilliant the treatment of general topics in the journal the better, supposing it all to be allied with a due measure of the political. It would be showing the politics themselves to the greatest advantage, by obliging the world to take note of the excellent company into which they were admitted. But without supplying that motive to fealty, the *Review* might have sent forth its papers on science, art, and literature, and however brilliant the writing, the success would not have been such as to have disposed the original workmen to continue long at their work. As it was, they were most of them fitful fellows, and could be kept in the harness of anything like steady application but with the greatest difficulty. Nothing short of the extraordinary combination of qualities which distinguished Jeffrey, could have secured to the publication the position which it filled during his reign, or a marked degree of success of any kind.

Further, the publication of such a journal as the *Edinburgh Review*, even in London, by the side of our drowsy old friend, the *Monthly*, would have been an observable event; but much more observable was the fact, that a point north of the Tweed should be that from which the new luminary had made its appearance.

In England, the old Jacobite feeling had been pretty well exorcised; and the battle for a free press, and for freedom generally, had been carried on bravely, unceasingly, and to a large extent successfully. But in Scotland, the Jacobite foolery was still wide spread; the hate of Whiggery was desperate; and the effect of the French revolution had only been to give a more thorough intensity to this amiable madness. On the state of Scotland, however, in this view, we shall allow Lord Cockburn to speak. Concerning the time now under consideration, his lordship says—

‘There was then in this country no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no effective rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases (except high treason), than what was consistent with the circumstances that the jurors were not sent into court under any impartial rule, and that, when in court, those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge. The Scotch representatives were only forty-five, of whom thirty were elected for counties and fifteen for towns. Both from its price and its nature (being enveloped in feudal and technical absurdities) the elective franchise in counties, where alone it existed, was far above the reach of the whole lower, and of a great majority of the middle, and of many even of the higher ranks. There were probably not above 1500 or 2000 county electors in all Scotland; a body not too large to be held, hope included, in government’s hand. The return, therefore, of a single opposition member was never to be expected. A large estate might have no vote; and there were hundreds of votes which, except nominally, implied no true estate. The return of three or four was miraculous, and these startling exceptions were always the result of local accidents. Of the fifteen town members, Edinburgh returned one. The other fourteen were produced by clusters of four or five unconnected burghs electing each one delegate, and these four or five delegates electing the representative. Whatever this system may have been originally, it had grown, in reference to the people, into as complete a mockery as if it had been invented for their degradation. The people had nothing to do with it. It was all managed by town councils, of never more than thirty-three members, and every town council was self elected, and, consequently, perpetuated its own interests. The election of either the town or the county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people, that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper; for the farce was generally performed in an apartment from which, if convenient, the public could be excluded, and never in the open air. The secession church had not then risen into much importance. There were few Protestant dissenters. Even the Episcopalians were scarcely perceptible. Practically, Baptists were unknown. During a few crazy weeks there had been two or three

wretched newspapers, as vulgar, stupid, and rash, as if they had been set up in order to make the freedom of the press disgusting; and, with these momentary exceptions, Scotland did not contain a single opposition newspaper, or magazine, or periodical publication. The nomination of the jury by the presiding judge was controlled by no check whatever, provided his lordship avoided minors, the deaf, lunatics, and others absolutely incapable. Peremptory challenge was unknown. Meetings of the adherents of government for party purposes, and for such things as victories and charities, were common enough. But, with ample materials for opposition meetings, they were in total disuse. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1820. Attendance was understood to be fatal. The very banks were overawed, and conferred their favours with a very different hand to the adherents of the two parties. Those who remember the year 1810 can scarcely have forgotten the political spite that assailed the rise of the Commercial Bank, because it proposed, by knowing no distinction of party in its mercantile dealings, to liberate the public, but especially the citizens of Edinburgh. Thus politically Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man's gate. Without a single free institution or habit, opposition was rebellion, submission probable success. There were many with whom horror of free principles, to the extent to which it was carried, was a party pretext. But there were also many with whom it was a sincere feeling, and who, in their fright, saw in every Whig a person who was already a republican, and not unwilling to become a regicide. In these circumstances, zeal upon the right side was at a high premium, while there was no virtue so hated as moderation.'

Beside this great difference as regards general liberty and public spirit in Scotland, as compared with England, the Dundas management and intrigue diffused its paralysis in all directions, to a degree utterly unknown and impracticable in this country.

'If there had been any hope of ministerial change, or even any relief by variety of ministerial organs, the completeness of the Scotch subjugation might have been less. But the whole country was managed by the undisputed and sagacious energy of a single native, who knew the circumstances and the wants, and the proper bait, of every countryman worth being attended to. Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville, was the Pharos of Scotland. Who steered upon him was safe; who disregarded his light was wrecked. It was to his nod that every man owed what he had got, and looked for what he wished. Always at the head of some great department of the public service, and with the indirect command of places in every other department; and the establishments of Scotland, instead of being pruned, multiplying; the judges, the sheriffs, the clergy, the professors, the town councillors, the members of parliament, and of every public board, including all the officers of the revenue, and shoals of commissions in the military, the naval, and the Indian service, were all the

breath of his nostril. This despotism was greatly strengthened by the personal character and manners of the man. Handsome, gentleman-like, frank, cheerful, and social, he was a favourite with most men, and with all women. Too much a man of the world not to live well with his opponents when they would let him, and totally incapable of personal harshness or unkindness, it was not unnatural that his official favours should be confined to his own innumerable and insatiable partisans. With such means, so dispensed, no wonder that the monarchy was absolute. But no human omnipotence could be exercised with a smaller amount of just offence. It is not fair to hold him responsible for the insolence of all his followers. The miserable condition of our political institutions and habits made this country a noble field for a patriotic statesman, who had been allowed to improve it. But this being then impossible, for neither the government nor a majority of the people wished for it, there was no way of managing except by patronage. Its magistrates and representatives, and its other base and paltry materials, had to be kept in order by places, for which they did what they were bidden; and this was really all the government that the country then admitted of. Whoever had been the autocrat, his business consisted in laying forty-five Scotch members at the feet of the government. To be at the head of such a system was a tempting and corrupting position of a weak, a selfish, or a tyrannical man. But it enabled a man with a head and a temper, like Dundas's, to be absolute, without making his subjects fancy that they ought to be offended. Very few men could have administered it without being hated. He was not merely worshipped by his many personal friends and by the numerous idolators whom the idol fed, but was respected by the reasonable of his opponents, who, though doomed to suffer by his power, liked the individual; against whom they had nothing to say, except that he was not on their side, and reserved his patronage for his supporters. They knew that, though ruling by a rigid exclusion of all the unfriendly who were too proud to be purchased or too honest to be converted, he had no vindictive desire to prosecute or crush. He was the very man for Scotland at that time, and a Scotchman of whom his country may be proud. Skilful in parliament, wise and liberal in council, and with an almost unrivalled power of administration, the usual reproach of his Scotch management is removed by the two facts, that he did not make the bad elements he had to work with, and that he did not abuse them, which last is the greatest praise that his situation admits of.

‘In addition to common political hostility, this state of things produced great personal bitterness. The insolence, or at least the confidence, of secure power on the one side, and the indignation of bad usage on the other, put the weaker party, and seemed to justify it, under a tacit proscription. It both excluded those of one class from all public trust, which is not uncommon, and obstructed their attempts to raise themselves any how. To an extent now scarcely credible, and curious to think of, it closed the doors and hearts of friends

against friends. There was no place where it operated so severely as at the bar. Clients and agents shrink from counsel on whom judges frown. Those who had already established themselves and had evinced irresistible powers, kept their hold; but the unestablished and the ordinary had little chance. Everywhere, but especially at the bar, a youth of a Tory family who was discovered to have imbibed the Whig poison, was considered as a lost son.'

It will not now be difficult for our readers to see wherein the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review* was destined to mark an epoch in the history of our literature. It was not that the talent which the contributors brought to their undertaking was greater than might be found in the general authorship of the time. If so compared, the originators of that publication did not *lead* the spirit of the time, so much as *follow* it. Nor did this Buff and Blue confederacy consist of men of higher education or position than had hitherto given themselves to periodical writing on literature or politics. In this respect, our Steeles and Addisons, our Swifts and Bolingbrokes, our Fieldings and Smolletts, had all gone before them. In fact, they are entitled to our gratitude mainly on two grounds—first, as having taken possession of a most ill-worked field of labour—the field of *reviewing*, bringing to our literature in that department, the ability which had long characterised it in its general authorship; and secondly, as having committed themselves to a manner of writing on social and political questions, which was sure to expose them to many and deep resentments in England, and still more in Scotland. They took the weaker side, with all its certain or probable losses, because with it lay the *right*; and they declined to take the stronger side, with all its certain or probable gains, because with it lay the *wrong*. We respect the genius which fitted them to see the uses that might be made of the neglected field before them, and to bring the requisite ability to its culture; and still more do we respect the feeling which must have prompted to such a course in such circumstances. England had been powerfully influenced by mind of this order through more than a century past, but Scotland had been little affected by it during the same interval—and this last fact contributed much to the success of the new journal, the quarter in which it had originated, being the last from which men would have been disposed to expect it.

Lord Cockburn naturally looks to the *Edinburgh Review* as he looks to its first editor, with all the partiality of friendship. Such a style of writing, in such authorship, is not only natural, but has its uses. It gives us the best on one side, the means of correcting exaggeration being, in most cases, sufficiently at hand.

To assist us in judging of what the *Review* must have been, Lord Cockburn gives us a list of some forty distinguished names, in various departments of literature and science, as found among its contributors. But the *extent* to which these persons were contributors, is a point on which his lordship furnishes but small information. Some of these names, it is well known, are the names of persons whose connexion with the *Review* was of short duration, and the contributions of others were few and far between, the articles supplied by the greatest names being, in many cases, by no means the most effective. We have sometimes heard our old friend the *Eclectic* extolled as a journal enriched by contributions from such men as Montgomery, Foster, and Hall. Foster's name may be justly so used, but had the *Eclectic* found no better auxiliary than Hall, we scarcely need say what its fate must have been. Such names warrant some inference as to the general reputation of the work with which they are connected, but there is a use of them which is illusive. They are rarely the names of the men who make a periodical journal what it is in its average and character. That is commonly the doing of the editor, with such assistance as he can command from writers who are not so much men of eminence, as men on their way to it. In general, when men rise to greatness, their hands become much too full to allow of their giving much time to periodical literature. But there are always young and rising forces in society, which, if placed under a proper editorial experience, are of the first order in value. Jeffrey was too good a general not to be aware of this fact. But he moved in this direction discreetly. In 1827, he writes, and we have no doubt, truly—

‘From the very first I have been anxious to keep clear of any tradesmanlike concern in the *Review*, and to confine myself pretty strictly to intercourse with *gentlemen* only, even as contributors. It would vex me, I must own, to find that, in spite of this, I have lowered my own character, and perhaps even that of my profession, by my connexion with a publication in which I certainly engaged on very high grounds, and have managed, I think, without dirtying my hands in any paltry matters.’—Vol. i. p. 280.

Lord Cockburn states, and very justly, that no other man connected with the *Review* could have brought such a circle of contributors together, or, having them about him, could have retained them in their allegiance for a single year. Jeffrey possessed the double faculty requisite to his vocation,—that of knowing how to manage nearly all sorts of men, and that of knowing how to write himself on nearly all sorts of subjects. In general, the thing he could not get others to do, he could do

himself, and he did it. During the first seven years of the *Review* his own articles amounted to some three or four in every number. On the average, he wrote an article every five weeks during the seven and twenty years of his editorship. Sydney Smith was the next man of importance as regarded the number and value of the papers furnished. By his exhaustless wit and humour, he did more than any other person, not excepting the editor himself, to secure and to sustain the popularity of the work. Horner was slow and fastidious; Brougham was busy and uncertain; Allen could be only partially relied upon; Dr. Thomas Brown went off after the second number; Scott, Coleridge, and others, who had never done much, withdrew as soon as the *Quarterly* made its appearance; and the assistance derived from such men as Sir James Mackintosh was valuable, not from its amount, so much as from the influence of a name. It was a matter of deep regret with Jeffrey that the *Edinburgh* could never vie with the *Quarterly* in classical literature. Even in science, whether relating to physics or metaphysics, it was only occasionally that it rose above a decent mediocrity; and we scarcely need add that its politics, by so soon taking the Holland House stamp, began, at a comparatively early period, to lag far behind the spirit of the nation. The newspaper press was more observant of that spirit, and more abreast with it.

During its first twenty years, the *Edinburgh Review* owed its influence mainly to Jeffrey and Smith; through the next twenty its great light was Macaulay, and subsequently Stephen; concerning its master spirits just now, it will not be expected that we should offer an opinion. Of Macaulay and Stephen we have spoken heretofore, and more fully we believe than any of our contemporaries; but this may be the proper place for a few brief observations on the genius of Jeffrey and Smith.

The variety of subjects on which Jeffrey employed his pen, if we suppose his treatment of them to have evinced any fair measure of competency for the work, is such as to bespeak an extraordinary compass of reading and investigation. Physical science, mental philosophy, politics in the more common and the larger uses of that term, and every branch of our lighter literature, came alike under his critical cognizance, and his manner of dealing with all these subjects must be admitted to have been in a high degree skilful. He makes it felt, at one and the same time, that while he has a taste for analysing the philosophical scepticism of Hume, he can estimate the genius displayed in the historical novels of Scott; that he can test principles of morals or legislation as elaborated by Bentham, and discourse upon theories of poetry as reduced to practice by Southey or Wordsworth, by

Scott or Byron. The man who diffused his genius over such a surface, so constantly, and through so long an interval, and with so great a degree of freshness and power to the last, must have been no common man. It must be added, however, that Jeffrey was too constantly teaching ever to be really learned, and that he meddled with too many things to deal profoundly with any one of them.

The style of Jeffrey has many qualities of excellence. We almost envy him the adroitness with which he gives you the substance of a long story in a few sentences, and the contents of treatises, it may be of volumes, in a few paragraphs. The power to be brief in such cases, without being obscure, was his in a remarkable degree. But the style of this writer, in his graver articles, is not without faults. It is often diffuse and wordy, and at times very heavy; but its most exceptionable feature lies in a tendency towards a sameness of structure—in its verging so far towards a level line as to be by no means free from monotony. It has not much of the sententious mannerism of Johnson, more of the lighter and more negligent vein of Burke, but it never becomes so imaginative, so impassioned, so truly great as is the style of the writer last mentioned in his moments of higher inspiration. It has its admixture of short sentences, and is in general beautiful in its clearness. Even the most weighty discussions, also, are often relieved by sprightly illustrations, and by touches of wit and humour. But it lacks the terse, the axiomatic—that power of presenting good thoughts as apothegms never to be forgotten, which distinguishes the higher order of genius. Jeffrey not only could not do this, he was wanting in the power to appreciate it when done. Such achievements belong to minds possessing the power of concentration, and the genius of Jeffrey was essentially discursive. Not unfrequently his style becomes slovenly in its diffuseness, but even at such times it rarely presents the ease and naturalness which the writer evidently intended should distinguish it. It is not, in the main, what it is meant to be—the style of educated men in their ordinary conversation; it is not even the style in which such men express themselves in correspondence with each other. It is, after all, a style which you feel the author knows is to be printed, and is to come out in a book. The sentences, as they make their appearance, drop each into its place, too much after the rhetorical fashion of the bar, too little in the more varied and natural style proper to the critic. We think we see in the writer something like a consciousness of this tendency towards a recurrent structure of expression, and a not unfrequent effort to break in upon it, but the

attempt is not more than partially successful. In the style of Sydney Smith we find scarcely an approach towards fault of this kind. By comparing a few of his pages with those of Jeffrey, a reader of discernment will soon become sensible, we think, to the drift and justice of these remarks.

It may seem strange that a journal like the *Edinburgh*, made up of contributions from a great diversity of writers, should take with it any characteristic impress as to style. But, however the fact may be explained, a fact it is, that our leading organs of criticism, during the last fifty years, have all had their characteristics in this respect. It is very clear, moreover, that the characteristic style of the *Edinburgh* during its first quarter of a century, was given to it, for the most part, by Jeffrey. The style which predominates in the work is manifestly from him—his own articles being numerous, and their success having disposed many, consciously or unconsciously, to different degrees of imitation. The general style of the *Quarterly* is readily distinguishable from that of the *Edinburgh*; the style of *Blackwood*, again, is easily distinguishable from both; and that of the *Westminster*, through all its changes, has been its own. The style of the *Quarterly*, as compared with that of the *Edinburgh*, is distinguished as partaking much less of the march and swell of rhetoric, and as combining, we feel bound to say, in a higher degree than the *Edinburgh*, strength with repose, brilliancy with ease, and variety with dignity. Our northern scribes, indeed, are most in earnest, and write in the manner best adapted to move the thoughts and passions of the community. But, in the years of which we are speaking, the southern men give you the impression of being much the riper men of the two in their vocation—men who can better afford to be calm, and to move leisurely in what they do. There is a courtly self-possession, and a refinement of manner, about them, in which their rivals do not often excel.

We think, as we have said, that these peculiarities in the *Edinburgh* are to be traced very much to Jeffrey's example. In his articles of lighter criticism—on biography, poetry, and especially when a folly is to be dissected, or a quack is to be put under the lash, his authorship becomes much too spicy to admit of its being kept within the comparatively artificial and stately limits to which it is at other times restricted. But as the necessity for disquisition returns, so does the tendency towards a didactic or an oratorical march.

Speaking of poetry, it is a notorious fact, that some poets highly praised by Jeffrey are now little read, while others, on whom he once poured the vials of his critical wrath, have become great favourites with the public. This want of agreement

between so wise a critic and so wise a community, has caused some perplexity to Jeffrey's biographer. Lord Cockburn's defence of his friend is, that the poets who have become popular, as if in defiance of the critic's opinions, have so become by reason of excellences which the critic never denied, and in spite of the faults which he censured—not at all by those faults ceasing to be such. But this plea is more ingenious than satisfactory. From Jeffrey's style of criticism on such men as Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, the only fair conclusion is, that, in his judgment, such poetry never could become popular. The poetry, however, is read, while the criticism is forgotten, or, if not forgotten, is remembered in no reverential spirit.

We think the explanation of this matter by no means difficult. So much of the fame of the *Edinburgh Review* had resulted from its bold and slashing style of writing, that the temptation was strong to carry it to excess. By this means the journal had created for itself a large circle of readers who were always thirsting for such potent stimulants. It is possible thus to vitiate the public taste, until everything like sobriety becomes flatness, and the dram must be considerably above proof, if it is to be accepted as of the right sort. This may not be to bid for customers after the manner of the ordinary quack, but it is to do so too much after the manner of the gin-palace. It was left to the *Edinburgh Review* to take this style of writing out of the domain of politics, and to naturalize it in our literature.

We think also, that this characteristic in the *Edinburgh Review* is to be traced in part to a characteristic in its first editor. Jeffrey was not naturally an unkind man, but mercilessness in a critic seems to have obtained a high place in his code of morals. Goëthe has somewhere said—'Take care of the beautiful, the useful will take care of itself.' This was not the feeling of Jeffrey. His maxim rather was,—take care of the faults of a book, its excellences may be left to other keeping. Hence his object in writing always seems to be, to correct rather than to admire; to abate sympathy with excellence, rather than to nurture it—all feeling of that nature being such as to need a curb, from its tendency to become extravagant and indiscriminating. So strong was the bias of our critic in this direction, that his friends had about as much reason to complain of his strictures upon them as his enemies. With every disposition, in one portion of his nature, prompting him to say agreeable things about his acquaintances, the chances are many, that when he comes to review what they have written, the critic will so get the mastery over the man, that the result will be something considerably removed from what might have been expected from the par-

tialities of friendship. Nor was this the result simply of the feeling which seemed to say, that to allow faults to escape him, even in such cases, would be to betray a want of faithfulness in his vocation. It was the effect, fully as much, of an ascendancy of the analytical and the critical over the emotional which belonged to his temperament, and which always seemed to come in and to preclude any passionate admiration of the beautiful, by putting him upon taking it to pieces, in order to find out what it is that contributes to make up the beautiful. Give him the face of Venus or of Apollo to look upon, and the chances are, that he will discourse to you about the anatomy beneath those features, showing that it must be as it is, or the external phenomena would not be such as you witness. No mind with a strong bias of this description can be a safe guide in matters of taste. Our tastes are not from our understanding merely; they come rather from our intuitions—from the joint action of all our capacities and susceptibilities. But Jeffrey always insists on your giving a logical reason for your admiration, before he allows you to admire, and by so doing he robs you of the pleasure of admiring that you might otherwise have enjoyed. By this double process—giving a prominence to faults, and detracting, virtually, if not intentionally, from excellence—he leaves you but little that you can feel as pertaining to the agreeable. There is a sort of cleverness in the critic; but, in most cases, alas! for the author. We were not aware, until the publication of these volumes, that Jeffrey had once tried his hand very resolutely at poetry, and failed; and we must be allowed to say, that the style of his criticisms on such subjects is precisely of the kind we should expect from a man of such antecedents. The inspiration that should have fitted him to become a good poet, would have qualified him to become a good critic of poetry. We have no faith in the notion that a man needs little or nothing of the former qualification, to be eminent in the latter.

Still, Jeffrey was not capable of giving himself willingly to anything immoral. He is entitled to much praise for the purity of his writings, in the common sense of that term. In looking through the number of the *Monthly Review* for October, 1802, we found an article on Moore's early poems, published under the name of 'the late Thomas Little,' which proved to be a most imbecile affair, with scarcely a censure on the impurity of the book. We could not but contrast it with the burning strictures on that work sent forth soon afterwards in the *Edinburgh*—strictures which told so magnificently upon the author as to lead to a duel between him and Jeffrey.

Sydney Smith and Jeffrey were always at one in upholding all those social principles which have come to be designated by the

term 'liberal.' Not less agreed were they in their scorn of everything that partook of the nature of a sham, in whatever guise it might come before them. Never were they more in their element than when exposing the hollowness of some ancient fraud, or when tearing the mask from some piece of living imposture. In this honourable vocation they laboured with their whole heart. Smith, while at times, and in appearance, even more devoid of pity for the delinquent than his friend, was at least his equal in hearty sympathy with the injured and down-trodden everywhere, and with suffering whenever of a nature which seemed to entitle it to be so regarded. But his humanity never became maudlin. His sense of right, speaking generally, was no respecter of persons.

Smith was greatly the inferior of Jeffrey in knowledge and culture, but greatly his superior in genius. His reading was limited, and his information scanty, but he possessed the tact common to men of his class. He never exposed his ignorance by proceeding beyond his depth. If, as often happened, he did not know all he ought to have known concerning the topic in discussion, he could see where to stop, and could bring so much material and vivacity to his exposition of it, as gave to it an interest, and even an instructiveness, which many better-informed men would have laboured in vain to impart to it. In point of style, he had greatly the advantage of Jeffrey. It is not only more brilliant, but his whole manner is more easy, varied, and natural. Everywhere it is the man writing as you conceive he would talk, were you in his presence. So little of art is there in it, or so completely is the art concealed, that you never think of what is said as having been the result of the least effort on the part of the man who has said it. The sarcasm, the imagination, the humour, the wit—all are of the most unstrained and spontaneous description. Nor is it too much to say that he is as superior to Jeffrey in sagacity, as in taste and brilliancy. His estimate of men is in general singularly thorough and felicitous. He often sees at a glance, what Jeffrey could not have seen by long study; and does with a stroke, what his 'sovereign' would have laboured at long, and have done clumsily at last. He knew men—men in all grades—as Jeffrey never could have known them; and the intuitive penetration which gave him this superior knowledge, gave him his unrivalled skill in presenting it to others.

In one memorable particular, even Sydney Smith was the patron of a sham. The greatest sham in this Great Britain of ours, according to his own account of it, is the Church of England. If we may believe him, not a decent piece of humanity would ever be found presenting itself as a candidate for the order of priesthood in that church, did not that church take care

to keep a very large supply of loaves and fishes in sight, so as to warrant the leanest clerk in indulging the hope of being allowed to come in some day for a refreshing share of them. Nevertheless, the said clerks are all required to vow that they are moved, and do profess to be moved, by quite other influences, and our jocular friend Sydney Smith among the rest! The *pretence* is, that they are constrained by the Holy Ghost to give themselves to the oversight of souls; the *reality* is, that they have set their hearts, or rather their stomachs, on the provender in the distance. This, be it remembered, is Mr. Smith's own account of the matter, and this very knight-errant in his war against shams, gives himself day by day, through a long life, to the upholding of this most monstrous of shams—ay, and contrives to amass a considerable fortune by so doing!

This brings us to our gravest charge against the *Edinburgh*. While in the hands of Jeffrey, its spirit was often irreligious. If it did not openly assail Christianity, its criticisms in relation to it, and to its professors, were in general unfriendly. The good in the piety of the age it was too much disposed to overlook, the evil it did not fail to exaggerate, and the course taken was, in the main, such as an enemy might have been expected to take. The public were justified, accordingly, in regarding the journal as subject to anti-christian influences. There was a scoffing, infidel tone often perceptible in it, which gave the whole weight of the *Review* to the side of the enemies of Christianity. The reverend gentleman whose consistency we have just adverted to, did eminent service in this infidel direction. Of course, his reverence was concerned to distinguish between Christianity, and the creed of the Methodists, and of those 'consecrated cobblers' in the character of missionaries who fell under his lash. But the sort of faith in Christianity which this merry priest really possessed it would be very difficult to define. The only thing certain seems to be, that he believed in the expediency of a church establishment, that so a genteel provision might be realized by that large class of people who are too idle to work, and too proud to beg. When the *Review* passed into the hands of another editor, this peculiarity in its taste or policy gradually disappeared, until, of late, it has occasionally done good service in defence of Christianity. But this change did not become observable until after the appearance of the *Westminster*. From that time, it seems to have been accounted more respectable to leave the infidel thunder to the new journal, which was disposed then, as now, to wield it with much greater freedom than its more wary predecessor had ventured to do. Some of our good Christian people have interpreted this change in the *Edinburgh* as the evidence of a favourable change among our literary and

scientific men in regard to Christianity. But herein they do not reason well. This fact is not in itself sufficient to warrant the inference deduced from it. It is true the *Edinburgh* has changed for the better, but our press in general has changed for the worse. The infidel publications of the present day are not so offensive as were those of forty or fifty years since; but it is beyond doubt that publications of that description are more numerous, and of a much more influential description now, than they have ever been in our history.

In attempting to form a sound judgment as to the influence of the *Edinburgh Review* on the mind of this country, the mischief done by its irreligious spirit must not be overlooked. It is justly said to have been the glory of Addison, that he made the nation feel that the faith and morality of the Christian, might be found in company with the most brilliant wit, and with the richest humour; and that he effectually turned that mockery against irreligion, which had been too long directed against every semblance of sincere piety. But, we regret to say, the course of the *Edinburgh Review* while in the hands of Lord Jeffrey, has no glory of this sort about it. On the contrary, it did much to strengthen an irreligious spirit which it has since deemed it expedient to renounce and disown. In regard to religion, as to politics, it has long been content to submit to public opinion rather than to lead it.

Nor must we overlook the fact already mentioned—viz., that it was the work of this journal to set the example of introducing that onesidedness and bitterness—that stiletto and bludgeon style of writing, which had been restricted to our writers on party politics, into the domain of criticism on matters of literature and science. With so much effect was this done, that the imitation became general in our periodical press, and for many long years an author had almost uniformly to lay his account with finding his sins as a politician, visited upon him in his capacity as a man of science, or a man of letters. Lord Cockburn, indeed, supposes that he has sufficiently vindicated his friend on this point, by expressing himself thus:—

‘Other journals arose. *Which of them have been less cruel. Which of them has exhibited the virtues for the want of which the Edinburgh Review was blamed? Which of them has not surpassed it in all the iniquities of its justice? Which of them has practised less the art of giving pain?*’—Vol. i. p. 290.

The italics in this extract are not ours. But it is the manner of Lord Cockburn to account a delinquent as ceasing from liability to censure, because his example is known to have been so infectious that nearly all persons who have come under its influence have been disposed to follow in the same track? Of

course we are far from meaning to say that the follies and knaveries about us are not often such as to deserve the most thorough exposure that can be given to them, either by means of wit or wisdom. The complaint in this case has respect to something which presses beyond such limits. To assist us in judging of our obligations to the *Edinburgh Review* in other respects, Lord Cockburn thus writes:—

‘We can only estimate our permanent obligations to the *Edinburgh Review*, when Jeffrey retired from it, by placing ourselves on the eminence of 1829, and looking back on the space between that point and the month of October, 1802. It is nearly impossible even to count the useful intervening changes. A few of the more material ones stand out, and will for ever display themselves, as the great marks that attest the progress of the age. In 1802, dread of the people, and a stern resistance of improvement, because it multiplied change, were the necessary, and often the only qualifications for favour with the party in possession of power. The rights of religious toleration were so little understood, that several millions of the population were subjected, on account of their creed, or their forms, to various important disabilities. We traded in human beings, under the protection of a great party, and of the law. Popular education was so utterly unknown to England, that the ignorance of the lowest orders was considered as a positive recommendation. Ireland was in a state of disorderly barbarism; and, because it was peopled by Papists, this was thought its natural and deserved condition. There was much hardness or indifference of public opinion, showing itself particularly in the severity of our dealings with all we had to punish or control—the sailor or soldier, the criminal, the insolvent, the lunatic, and the young. The foundations of many parts of our public policy were hollow; or when solid, what had been raised upon them was unsound; so that facility of revision was what was required; yet these defects were exactly what were successfully maintained to be the best parts of our policy. The mere elements of political economy were very sparingly known, except to a very small class. Some of the physical sciences, such as geology, were only arising, and all of them admitted of great improvement. The literary horizon was but beginning to glow with the brilliancy of its later great era. The public mind was in the bud, but if not cherished, the blossom and the fruit might have been destroyed, or long delayed.

‘In the year 1829, all this was altered or mitigated. The alteration from youth to manhood, in an individual, is not more complete than had taken place in the nation. That miserable horror of change, which must in time reduce any country to idiocy, was duly abated; and novelty, though it never of itself became a recommendation, ceased to be a reproach and conclusive. The Protestant dissenter and the Papist were emancipated. Nothing effectual was yet done for popular education; but the existing evil had been exposed, and we heard little of the praises of ignorance. The sad insanities of Ireland, which may

still baffle a century of sound legislation, were not cured; but the folly of dealing with that as a doomed island, and the duty of trying to relieve its miseries, though self inflicted, by justice and prudence, and the hope of the ultimate success of wise measures, even on that people, came to be the habitual sentiments of parliaments and of public men. Our great crime of slavery was put down; and the many curses by which it will ever revenge itself upon any people that practise it, were avoided. The light was admitted into many abuses, and many defects, in many parts of our polity, not excepting the fiscal and the legal, the most inscrutable and best guarded of them all. The heart of the nation was softened. All the haunts, whether of penal or corrective control, of innocent or of guilty misery, were reformed by that pity which would have entered them in vain, but for the improved humanity of the age. Commercial and kindred questions came to be solved by an application of the economical science to which they belong, and which lost by discussion much of its mystery, and became familiar to the ordinary thoughts of ordinary people. That extension of the elective franchise, without which it now seems certain that revolution could not have been long delayed, had not actually taken place; but it was close at hand. Campbell, Crabbe, Southey, Scott, Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth, had risen, and shone, and nearly passed away. But not till the true principles of poetical composition had been examined and applied to each. There never was a period in which such numerous and splendid contributions, moral and physical, were made to the treasury of public knowledge; and all of these were now discussed with no general and feeble expressions of praise or of blame, but with a degree of independence and talent, entering into the very heart of the matter, that gave people of all sides an assurance of being adequately instructed.'—pp. 296-299.

If we are right in what we have written on this subject, it must be obvious that the light and shade of this picture is given with much partiality. It almost ignores what had been done in this country to extend the principles of liberty, and to raise the popular intelligence, previous to 1802, and it exaggerates the amount of change realized up to 1829. It is subsequently to the year last mentioned that the most material changes in our social progress have been brought about, and it will hardly be pretended that the political influence of the *Edinburgh Review* has been of a very powerful description since that time. Its artillery might do some execution when it came, but its opportunities for action occurred only at the close of long intervals, and even then its doings were of necessity limited, by reason of the many other things which it was obliged to be doing. It is a significant fact, patent to every man of observation, that the *political* influence of our review literature has been steadily declining during the last thirty years, while the influence of the newspaper press has been

as steadily increasing. The review may speak with more weight, and with more fulness than the newspaper, when it does speak; but the newspaper more than compensates for its disadvantage in this respect, by the promptitude and frequency of its utterances. Once in three months, or once a month, is much too long for the public to be waiting for trustworthy opinions on questions which are in immediate pressure, and care has been taken that the wants of the public in this respect shall be well supplied. In no period since 1802 has the popular influence of our review literature in relation to politics been such as to admit of comparison with the influence of our newspapers; and during the latter half of this interval the scale has turned most remarkably in favour of our weekly and daily journalism. Publications which appear at longer intervals, and which admit of more deliberate, as well as fuller expressions of opinion, will no doubt continue to act as powerful educators of the public mind; but it will be for the most part after a normal manner—instructing many, who, in their turn, will become the instructors of others. In this way, the early volumes of the *Edinburgh Review* did signal service. The fact of its existence, moreover, taken along with the terror which its retributive criticisms had inspired, operated as a preventive of evil, hardly less than as a stimulant to good. But when we find the names of ‘Campbell, Crabbe, Southey, Scott, Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth,’ cited as if these men owed their appearance, or anything really distinctive of them, to the epoch created by the schooling of the *Edinburgh Review*, we begin to feel the want of a little more discrimination in the treatment of this subject. We say of the *Edinburgh Review* as we say of these eminent persons, that it was not so much the maker of the times, as made by them; doing considerable service, beyond a doubt, but service which was no more than tributary, along with innumerable influences besides, towards that improved state of affairs, which, from a combination of causes, had its place among the natural certainties of the future.

It is, as we all feel, somewhat humiliating, that the work possible to be done by individuals, or even by confederations, in the affairs of this world, should be commonly thus limited—all human effort being *dependent*, in this manner, like the plant, on the possession of a genial atmosphere in which it may live and flourish. But it is in vain to quarrel with this fact—we see it everywhere—it comes from a law of providence.

Since the decline of the tide of popular favour which enabled the Whigs to carry the Reform Bill, the political tone of the *Edinburgh Review* has ceased to be what it once was. Its party

has been in power, and the influence of that fact has not been favourable to its popularity, nor to that spirit or ability in the conducting of it as regards the treatment of political questions, which might have entitled it to popularity. Its tone on such subjects has become that of the upper and wealthy classes, and has ceased to be that of the people. Earnest reformers have long regarded it as operating in the way of a drag, rather than as an impetus, in relation to most of the questions in which they are interested. An article in one of its recent numbers on parliamentary reform, is quite sufficient to show that there is a degree of justness in this impression. During the last twenty years, the Whigs have always been in office, or the near expectants of office, and it is not difficult to see what the effect of such circumstances would be upon a great Whig organ in regard to political speculation. With occasional exceptions, it is now a heavy vehicle, and unless some great disaster should befall the Whig party, so as to call up its old aggressive spirit, there is little chance of our seeing the *Edinburgh* become other than we now find it. It began with the popular, it will probably die of the genteel. Its great solicitude at present seems to be, to befriend those who know sufficiently well how to befriend themselves—an occupation that may have its conveniences, though we cannot say much for its wisdom or its heroism.

Strange to say, the most valuable papers in the *Edinburgh* since the retirement of Macaulay, have been of a religious nature. Its exposures of the bastard popery that has been allowed to nestle, and grow up, within the walls of our Established Church, do it much honour; as does its altered style in respect to the claims of Christianity, and of religious men generally. But its general criticism does not attract much attention. No man fears it; and no man thinks of leaning upon it as a matter that may be in any material degree helpful to him. For many years, a war of much spirit was carried on, by a large class of authors on the one side, and by the Edinburgh reviewers on the other; and the skill and prowess of the combatants attracted multitudes to the arena, who looked on with deep interest. But whether it be that our authorship has fallen so low as not to be worthy of such criticism, or that the new race of critics are of a much tamer breed than the old, so it is, that we now often read and sigh, as we think of days gone by.

But it is observable that not only the *Edinburgh*, the organ of the winning side in the political contest, has thus declined in influence, the same is no less true of its opponents, who have their place as politicians on the losing side. The *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, are no more what they once were

as to social influence, than their great precursor and rival the *Edinburgh*. If the latter has suffered from the influence of prosperity, the former have failed to profit by the discipline of adversity. The politics of the English Quarterly and of the Scotch Monthly have been identical, and have been urged in a manner which, if manner alone might have been successful, must have commanded success. Iteration, earnestness, brilliancy, and, we regret to add, foul play quite as much as fair play, have all been brought to the full to this service. But the end sought has not been gained. Truth has shown itself more potent than genius. Every step in our political progress during the last thirty years has been opposed by these journals, inch by inch, and to the last. But the *Quarterly*, once so formidable to all the lieges of this land, has seen its great party diminish and fall away; and losing its party, it has lost its power. On its political theories, and on those of its Scotch auxiliary, the nation has pronounced, and its verdict is against them. Their cardinal truths have been declared untrue. We are not displeased to see that if a journal is to be powerful now-a-days, it must possess something more than brilliancy, and do something more than amuse. The lighter criticisms of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* are all that they have ever been, and in these qualities they have, on the whole, always taken precedence of the *Edinburgh*. But the graver purpose of these publications is not truthful. Their political notions are servile, their ecclesiastical notions are not less so, and the nation, for the greater part, has outgrown both. Most unwise would they be to deal less than they do in the brilliant and the amusing; but a higher manhood in political thinking, and in religious thinking, must come to them, and in a great measure also to their somewhat aged precursor, the Buff and Blue, if the glory which has departed from them is ever to return. At present there is a timid, cowering conservatism pervading them all.

What we want is a new power, which might be to our two great family parties what the Whigs were to the Tories fifty years since. The times seem to be ripening to some such issue. Had we a great NATIONALIST party—we like that word, it is large meaning and large-hearted—even the literature of such a party would be as a morning freshness to us all. It would be a literature of conviction and feeling. At present our literature is hardly less subservient to the artificial pleasure of certain superiors among us, than was that of France under Louis XIV. to the will of its great ruler.

- ART. VII. (1.)—*Discourses on the Fine Arts*. By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Edinburgh. W. & R. Chambers.
- (2.) *The Germ; a Collection of Papers on Art and Poetry*. London. 1850.
- (3.) *Pre-Raphaelitism*. By JOHN RUSKIN. London. Smith & Elder. 1851.
- (4.) *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy*. Eighty-fourth Year. London. 1852.

SOME five years ago a few very young men, then students in the Royal Academy, formed themselves into a kind of clique, with the intention of aiding and abetting each other while they prosecuted the study of Art in a new and somewhat peculiar manner. One of the most influential members of this clique, if not its actual founder, was William Holman Hunt, a young man who had already given proofs of his determination to be an artist by overcoming not a few difficulties that lay in his way; the other members were—Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William M. Rossetti, the sons of a well-known Italian professor, naturalized by a long residence in England; F. G. Stephens, J. Collinson, Thomas Woolner, and John Everett Millais. Of these seven, six were painters, and one, Mr. Woolner, a sculptor. Half in freak, half in earnest, they called themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Clique—a name which, from its reference to Italian art, we conclude that the Rossettis suggested. Afterwards, disliking the word ‘clique,’ they called themselves the ‘Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,’ or, more shortly, and to show that they were a good deal in fun all the while, the ‘P. R. B’s.’ They were all young men of independent talent; and there was really nothing more of brotherhood about them than that they found themselves of a similar way of thinking in matters of art, and were, by choice, very much together both in the Academy and out of it. As was natural, they became known to the other students as the ‘P. R. B.’ set; and, as is very apt to happen in such cases, the name adopted in a moment of frolic has clung to them longer than some of them perhaps wished or expected. Of the original seven, however, one or two have either given up Art or fallen off from the brotherhood, while one or two others have been added in their places. The Pre-Raphaelites now best known are Hunt, Millais, the elder Rossetti, and C. Collins. The last, though in fact more obstinately Pre-Raphaelitesque than any of the others, was not one of the original seven; and Rossetti is so fastidious as a painter, and abandons so many of his paintings half-finished, that Millais and

Hunt, who have the greatest respect for him, are almost angry that he does not appear more evidently as their rival. Woolner, who is also a young artist of real stuff and promise, is at this moment, we are sorry to say, on his way to Australia; whence, we hope, he will return to take his place among English sculptors. On the whole, it may be said, that the Pre-Raphaelites best known to the public, through their works at this and the last annual exhibition of the Academy, are Hunt, Millais, and Collins.

So much for gossip; and now as to Pre-Raphaelitism itself. In its origin, we believe, Pre-Raphaelitism was a protest by the young artists whose names we have mentioned, against certain traditions in art which had come down with the double sanction of practice and teaching. Until very recently, the work which has served in England both as a text-book to the professional student of art, and as a compendium of information respecting art for the use of the general reader, has been 'Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.' We shall select from this really pleasant and useful work those passages against which, as we conceive, Pre-Raphaelitism is most distinctly a rebellion.

'Ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought in the heavens, but upon the earth. They are about us, and upon every side of us. But the power of discovering what is deformed in nature, or, in other words, what is particular and uncommon, can be acquired only by experience; and the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind. All the objects which are exhibited to our view by nature, upon close examination will be found to have their blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms have something about them like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection. But it is not every eye that perceives these blemishes. It must be an eye long used to the comparison of these forms; and which, by a long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common, has acquired the power of discerning what each wants in particular. This long laborious comparison should be the first study of the painter who aims at the great style. By this means he acquires a just idea of beautiful forms; he corrects nature by herself—her imperfect state by her more perfect. His eye being enabled to distinguish the accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and deformities of things, from their general figures, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms, more perfect than any one original; and—what may seem a paradox—he learns to design naturally by drawing his figures unlike to any one object. This idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artist calls the Ideal Beauty, is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted. By this Phidias acquired his fame. He wrought upon a sober principle what has

so much excited the enthusiasm of the world; and by this method you, who have courage to tread the same path, may acquire equal reputation. This is the idea which has acquired, and which seems to have a right to, the epithet of *divine*; as it may be said to preside, like a supreme judge, over all the productions of nature—appearing to be possessed of the will and intention of the Creator, as far as they regard the external form of living beings. When a man once possesses this idea in its perfection, there is no danger but that he will be sufficiently warmed by it himself, and be able to warm and ravish every one else. Thus it is from a reiterated experience, and a close comparison of the objects in nature, that an artist becomes possessed of the idea of that central form, if I may so express it, from which every deviation is deformity.’—*Third Discourse*.

‘How much the great style exacts from its professors to conceive and represent their subjects in a poetical manner, not confined to mere matter of fact, may be seen in the cartoons of Raffaele. In all the pictures in which the painter has represented the apostles, he has drawn them with great nobleness; he has given them as much dignity as the human figure is capable of receiving; yet we are expressly told in Scripture they had no such respectable appearance; and of St. Paul, in particular, we are told by himself, that his bodily presence was mean. Alexander is said to have been of a low stature: a painter ought not so to represent him. Agesilaus was low, lame, and of mean appearance: none of these defects ought to appear in a piece of which he is the hero. All this is not falsifying any fact; it is taking an allowed poetical licence.’—*Fourth Discourse*.

‘The first idea that occurs in the consideration of what is fixed in art, or in taste, is that presiding principle of which I have so frequently spoken in former discourses—the general idea of nature. The beginning, the middle, and the end of everything that is valuable in taste, is comprised in the knowledge of what is truly nature; for whatever notions are not conformable to those of nature, or universal opinion, must be considered as more or less capricious. My notion of nature comprehends not only the forms which nature produces, but also the nature and internal fabric and organization, as I may call it, of the human mind and imagination. The terms beauty or nature, which are general ideas, are but different modes of expressing the same thing, whether we apply these terms to statues, poetry, or pictures. Deformity is not nature, but an accidental deviation from her accustomed practice. This general idea, therefore, ought to be called nature; and nothing else, correctly speaking, has a right to the name.’—*Seventh Discourse*.

‘I remember a landscape painter in Rome, who was known by the name of Studio, from his patience in high finishing, in which he thought the whole excellence of art consisted; so that he once endeavoured, as he said, to represent every individual leaf on a tree. This picture I never saw; but I am very sure that an artist who looked only at the general character of the species, the order of the

branches, and the masses of the foliage, would in a few minutes produce a more true resemblance of trees, than this painter in as many months. A landscape painter certainly ought to study anatomically, (if I may use the expression,) all the objects which he paints; but when he is to turn his studies to use, his skill, as a man of genius, will be displayed in showing the general effect, preserving the same degree of hardness or softness which the objects have in nature; for he applies himself to the imagination, not to the curiosity, and works not for the virtuoso or the naturalist, but for the common observer of life and nature. When he knows his subject, he will know not only what to describe, but what to omit; and this skill in leaving out, is, in all things, a great part of knowledge and wisdom.—*Eleventh Discourse.*

These maxims are certainly neither so clear in themselves, nor expressed with such a commanding appearance of intellectual authority, as to render assent inevitable. Accordingly, there have always been artists who have proceeded in a spirit contrary to that which they indicate. It was left for the Pre-Raphaelites, however, formally and openly to avow their denial of them, and to signalize the same by a peculiar style of practice.

The great principle which the Pre-Raphaelites took up separately, and which became the bond of their union, was that they should go to Nature in all cases, and employ, as exactly as possible, her literal forms. If they were to paint a tree as part of a picture, then, instead of attempting to put down, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds's prescription, something that might stand as an ideal tree, the central form of a tree, the general conception of a beautiful tree derived from a previous collation of individual trees, their notion was that they should go to Nature for an actual tree, and paint *that*. So, also, if they were to paint a brick wall as part of the background of a picture, their notion was that they should not paint such a wall as they could put together mentally out of their past recollection of all the brick walls they had seen; but that they should take some actual brick-wall and paint it exactly as it was, with all its seams, lichens, and weather-stains. So also, in painting the human figure, their notion was that they should not follow any conventional idea of corporal beauty, but should take some actual man or woman, and reproduce his or her features with the smallest possible deviation consistent with the purpose of the picture. So also, in a historical picture, their notion was that there should be not an effort, primarily at least, after what Sir Joshua calls the grand style, but the most faithful study of truth in detail, truth in costume, truth in the portraiture of the personages introduced, truth to all the contemporary circumstances of the action repre-

sented. Their notion, in painting a St. Paul, would have been, we believe, not to have idealized him, as Sir Joshua affirms that Raphael has done, but actually to have exhibited him as he was, a man in whom a great soul was shrined in a mean and contemptible body presence. And, in a similar manner, in painting Alexander, they would, we believe, have been resolutely attentive to the fact that he was a Greek of small stature.

This protest in favour of Naturalism or Realism, which constitutes the essence of the Pre-Raphaelite innovation in Art, is, it will be observed, almost exactly identical with that which constituted the Wordsworthian innovation in poetical literature. What Wordsworth affirmed was, that for nearly a century before his time, the persons calling themselves poets had, with a few exceptions, thought and written in a conventional manner, according to certain traditions of what poetry must be, neither looking directly to Nature for the objects of their descriptions, nor using such language as men use in real life. What he attempted, therefore, was to return to Nature, to take things as they actually are, to be rigidly true to fact both in the appearances of the external world, and in the moral circumstances which constitute human life, and while operating on this material with the imagination of a poet, to make use of natural and direct language. The Pre-Raphaelites apply the same theory to art. Until about the time of Raphael, they say, the painters of Europe, and those of Italy in particular, proceeded in the main on a true principle, faithfully copying what they found in Nature, and arriving at beauty and impressiveness through their implicit regard for truth; but since the time of Raphael, painters have for the most part held up Raphael between themselves and Nature; interposed, as it were, certain intellectual phantasms of ideal beauty between their eyes and the literal forms of God's world. Their own aim in Art, consequently, has been, to discard these intellectual phantasms, these generalized forms, which, by Sir Joshua Reynolds's advice, were to stand for ever by the painter's easel, teaching him what to accept and what to correct in Nature, and to go back to Nature herself with something of that docile and reverent spirit which characterized the early Italian masters.

It would be unjust to the Pre-Raphaelites, however, not to take note of the fact that this protest of theirs in favour of realism, was by no means a protest in favour of the Dutch kind of realism, and that no recent school of artists have been more disposed to vindicate the claims of painting to take rank as a high imaginative or poetic art. Precisely as Wordsworth, by his

demands for literal accuracy of delineation and for simple and direct language, did not depreciate the function of imagination in poetry, but rather exalted it and defined it more clearly, so the Pre-Raphaelites, while insisting on truthful observation and exact rendering as essential matters with the artist, recognised from the first, both in their theory and in their practice, that the greatness of an artist consists not in truthfulness of observation and exactness of rendering alone, but in the spirit manifested through these qualities, in the thought, purpose, or inner intention to which, in that artist's pictures, these qualities are made to minister. Few artists have conceived more intimately and fully than they, the common maxim that the forms and colours of Nature are but the *language* of the painter, the symbols through which he expresses meanings of his own mind; and that, consequently, in the absolute examination of any picture, the question as to the value or grandeur of the meaning expressed, must necessarily take precedence (though even here there are profound bonds of connexion) of the question as to the excellence of the expression itself. In short, they have recognised clearly enough that the ability to represent with fidelity in form, in colour, and in light and shade, the appearances of Nature, is merely the accomplishment of the painter as a painter—his peculiar *technick*, so to speak—the faculty necessary to all painters alike; and that, as beyond the *painter* there lies the *man*, so it is in proportion as the painter makes this *technick* the means of conveying and impressing what is great and noble in manhood generally that his works are to be in the end appreciated. The warrior takes his place finally among the great ones of the earth, not in virtue of the mere military excellence of his battles, but in virtue of the political notions and the moral purposes which his battles expressed; and so, as the Pre-Raphaelites would admit, a painter is great or little, not alone in virtue of his skill in faithful execution, but in virtue also of the nature of the thoughts of which his pictures are the conveyance. The Pre-Raphaelite advice to return to the faithful study of Nature was not, essentially, therefore, an attempt to lead Art in any one particular direction; it was an advice addressed to all painters alike, and it left an infinitude of varieties in painting—from the humblest Dutch painting of individual objects, up to the highest efforts in landscape or historical painting—as possible as before. What the Pre-Raphaelites asserted was, that all painters universally should cultivate the habit and possess the faculty of painting things with literal truth; when a painter had thus acquired the language of his art, he might employ it as his character and genius prompted, either babbling jocosely over mugs of beer and tobacco-pipes like the

Dutch painters, or dealing forth fierce satire on men and manners like Hogarth, or towering among celestial conceptions like Raphael and Michael Angelo. If they insisted more on the necessity of strict truth in reference to the finer kinds of artistic study, it was only because conventionality had here more firmly seated itself, and effected a wider divorce between Art and Nature.

In point of fact, however, several things were involved in this Pre-Raphaelite movement in art, in addition to what might at first appear implied in the mere resolution faithfully to copy Nature. It may be well to enumerate some of these more latent corollaries, or concomitants of the main principle of Pre-Raphaelitism.

First of all, then, there was universally noted in the earlier works of the Pre-Raphaelites, a kind of contempt for all pre-established ideas of beauty. It even seemed as if, in their resolution to copy literally the forms of Nature, they took pleasure in seeking out such forms as would be called ugly or mean. Thus, instead of giving us figures with those fine conventional heads and regular oval faces and gracefully-formed hands and feet which we like to see in albums, they appeared to take delight in figures with heads phrenologically clumsy, faces strongly marked and irregular, and very pronounced ankles and knuckles. Their colouring, too, and especially their colouring of the human flesh, was not at all so pleasant as we had been accustomed to. In Mr. Millais's picture, for example, of the *Holy Family*, exhibited the year before last, the colouring of the faces, hands, and feet of the personages painted—and these the most sacred personages that an artist could paint—was altogether so peculiar that critics among his brother-artists declared that he must have had scrofulous subjects for his models. And so, in Mr. Hunt's *Jolly Shepherd*, in the present Exhibition, the complexions of the shepherd and shepherdess in which send away some ladies angry and others giggling. Are there no beautiful faces, or fingers, or feet in Nature, say the fair critics, that clever young men should paint things like those; or have the poor young men been really so unfortunate in their life-series of feminine visions? It is in vain to represent to the indignant critics—for the *spretæ injuria formæ* enters largely into the criticism on these occasions—that such contempt for the conventional ideas of beauty on the part of the artists in question is not unconscious, but founded on deliberate reason; that, as artists, they must know perfectly well what is accounted beautiful; and that it would be quite as easy for them, if they chose, and even in many cases far more easy, to gratify the common taste by painting objects in themselves agree-

able than by painting as they do. It may be far more difficult, for example, to paint a dull, muddy pool than to paint a piece of beautiful clear water; and yet so forgetful are people of this, that they stand opposite the pictures which contain pieces of beautiful clear water, and add the feeling of the beauty of the water to the feeling of merit in the painter, while they pass a picture containing a muddy pool as if the muddiness of the pool were a constitutional fault in the painter. That it may be in part so we will not deny; for perpetual muddiness of pools or perpetual ugliness of faces, though it might not detract a whit from the painter's reputation for skill, might justly indicate that his idea of art, the artistic reason which governed his choice of subjects, was false or limited. But what we desire specially to note at present is, that this tendency towards forms not conventionally agreeable, which has been found fault with in the Pre-Raphaelites, was natural, and even, to some extent, inevitable on their part; and was, in fact, a necessary consequence of their zeal in carrying out their favourite principle of attention to actual truth. Precisely as Wordsworth, in his resolution to break away from conventionalities in poetry, shocked his finical critics by selecting his subjects from among the pedlars, and waggoners, and tinkers of homely English life, and introducing into his verse donkeys and duffle-grey cloaks, and other things hardly before heard of in prose or rhyme; so the Pre-Raphaelites, bent on a similar innovation in Art, left, as it were, the beaten walk of traditional beauties to take a turn of exploration among Nature's less-favoured and more stunted things. Whether they have kept so well within bounds as Wordsworth did, or whether their practice in this respect will not in the end be seen even by themselves to have been a temporary exaggeration for a dogmatic purpose, is a question which we will not now wait to discuss.

Another peculiarity discernible in the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, and indeed inseparable from the very notion of Pre-Raphaelitism, is fondness for detail, and careful finish of the most minute objects. Instead of supposing that what the painters call breadth of effect is attainable only by a bold neglect of all except general arrangements and larger masses, the Pre-Raphaelites, from the very first, entertained the belief, that as broad effects in Nature are compatible with, and, in fact, produced by, infinite aggregations of detail, so they may be in Art. It is another point of similarity between Wordsworth and the Pre-Raphaelites, that this fondness for detail has manifested itself specially in their case, as in his, in extreme accuracy and minuteness in all matters pertaining to vegetation. The very essence of the Wordsworthian innovation in literature, considered in one

of its aspects, consisted in this, that it tore men that were going to write poetry out of rooms and cities, and cast them on the green lap of Nature, forcing them to inhale the breath of the ploughed earth, and to know the leafage of the different forest trees, and to gaze in dank cool places at the pipy stalks, and into the coloured cups of weeds and wild flowers. Richness in botanical allusion is perhaps the one peculiarity that pre-eminently distinguishes the English poets after, from the English poets before, Wordsworth. There is, indeed, a closer attention throughout to all the appearances of Nature—the shapes and motions of the clouds, the forms of the hills and rocks, and the sounds and mystery of the seas and rivers; but, on the whole, one sees very clearly that Wordsworth's advice to be true to Nature has been interpreted, for the most part, as an advice to study vegetation. And so it is, in a great measure, with the Pre-Raphaelites. With them, also, vegetation seems to have become thus far synonymous with Nature, that it is chiefly by the extreme accuracy of their painting of trees, and grass, and water-lilies, and jonquils, and weeds, and mosses, that they have signalized their superior attentiveness to Nature's actual appearances. Not, by any means, that they deceive the public into a belief of their attention to Nature by a trick of extreme care in botanical objects alone; for the same accuracy that distinguishes the Pre-Raphaelite studies of vegetation, will be found to distinguish their representations of all physical objects whatever that are introduced into their pictures; but that necessarily, when a man resolves to observe accurately, he confirms the habit by peering with exaggerated interest into the secrets of such sweet little things as violets, and ferns, and bluebells, and that it is in the representation of these pets of vegetation that attention to Nature's finer minutiae is most easily discernible. We note, therefore, attention to vegetation as one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Pre-Raphaelite painters.

A third peculiarity of the Pre-Raphaelite painters, or at least of some of them, is a kind of studied quaintness of thought, most frequently bearing the character of archaism, or an attempt after the antique. Much of this, too, we believe, is resolvable into the desire to be literally true to Nature. One of the first results of such a desire, whether in art or literature, must always be a kind of baldness of thought and expression, a return to the most primitive style of thinking and speaking; a preference, so to speak, for words of one syllable. In his efforts to seize the *thing* meant, and to present it literally, the poet or artist, except on those special occasions, when the force of his own emotion makes him a braggart in language, and fearlessly polysyllabic, is apt to make

his delineations as bare and simple as they possibly can be. Thus Wordsworth, on the publication of certain of his more characteristic poems, was universally attacked for affectation, babyism, and what not. And so with many of the best American writers at the present day,—the very recoil of these writers, from the artificiality and rhodomontade of their countrymen, leading them into an affected simplicity often offensive to a manly taste. It was all very well, for example, for an American once to describe a youth in search after truth as a ‘seeker,’ or to speak of a young man, in a spiritual sense, as in a state of ‘growth;’ but when such transatlantic phrases pass into common talk, so that one meets every evening young gentlemen who define themselves as ‘seekers,’ or as employed exclusively in ‘growing,’ the infantine stuff becomes odious, and the knowing auditor cannot help winking his contempt of it to his sympathetic neighbour. A good round swaggering expression, coined to express the meaning of the moment, is far better than these paltry precisenesses. Now, something akin to this tendency to the primitive, the simple, and the monosyllabic, which used to be complained of, though we think falsely, in Wordsworth, and which has been carried to an intolerable extent by some of our American friends, is visible also, and from a similar cause, among the Pre-Raphaelites. But, in their case, a special agency has been at work, contributing to this result. Looking with peculiar veneration to the works of those Italian artists who lived before Raphael, they have,—in some cases deliberately, in others reluctantly,—superinduced upon that tendency to the simple and unadorned in thought which would have arisen spontaneously out of their zeal for rigid truth, a kind of derivative, or artificial simplicity, consisting in a relish for mediævalism. It is precisely as if a modern writer, not content with such a simple and direct diction as he would naturally acquire by faithful and earnest negotiation, in every instance, with the matter then on hand, were to endeavour after the attainment of a double degree of simplicity, by an assiduous study of Dante’s *Vita Nuova*. Every one who is acquainted with this exquisite autobiographic romance of the great Italian poet, must recollect, as something inimitably charming, the quaint and almost helpless *naïveté* with which it tells the story of his love for Beatrice,—how he first saw ‘his lady;’ how once ‘his lady, being in the company of other ladies, laughed at him;’ how ‘a lady who knew his lady’ took pity on him; and so on, in a kind of dainty little chronicle of incidents that befell him and the ladies. Now, if the Pre-Raphaelites were to write prose or verse, the very same feeling which makes them Pre-Raphaelites in painting, would lead them to outdo even the simplicity of

Wordsworth, by a return to the more archaic simplicity of the writers of the time of Dante. This is not a mere supposition. We have now before us a little volume of papers on art and poetry, written chiefly by the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends, to illustrate their notions on these subjects; and what strikes us most in these papers, is the archaic quaintness of their style, which is precisely such as would be formed now-a-days by a passionate study of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, or of parts of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. We shall quote a sentence or two at random, by way of specimen.

'I love my lady; she is very fair;
Her brow is white, and bound by simple hair;
Her spirit sits aloof and high,
Altho' it looks thro' her soft eye,
' Sweetly and tenderly.

' My lady's voice, altho' so very mild,
Maketh me feel as strong wine would a child;
My lady's touch, however slight,
Moves all my senses with its might,
Like to a sudden fright.'

' After this Chiaro's first resolve was that he would work out thoroughly some one of his thoughts and let the world know him. But the lesson which he had now learned, of how small a greatness might win fame, and how little there was to strive against, served to make him torpid, and rendered his exertions less continual. Also Pisa was a larger and more luxurious city than Arezzo; and when, in his walks, he saw the great gardens laid out for pleasure, and the beautiful women who passed to and fro, and heard the music that was in the groves of the city at evening, he was taken with wonder that he had never claimed his share of the inheritance of those years in which his youth was cast. And women loved Chiaro; for, in despite of the burthen of study, he was well-favoured and very manly in his walking; and, seeing his face in front, there was a glory upon it, as upon the face of one who feels a light round his hair. So he put thought from him, and partook of his life. But, one night, being in a certain company of ladies, a gentleman that was there with him began to speak of the paintings of a youth named Bonaventura, which he had seen in Lucca; adding that Giunta Pisano might now look for a rival. When Chiaro heard this, the lamps shook before him, and the music beat in his ears and made him giddy. He rose up, alleging a sudden sickness, and went out of that house with his teeth set.'

' The blessed Damosel leaned out,
From the gold bar of heaven :
Her blue grave eyes were deeper much,
Than a deep water even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.'

The simplicity of the simplest pieces of Wordsworth was nothing to this; and one needs to remember, that the writers

were very young men when they wrote such things, and also to be aware of the actual amount of talent shown in the things themselves, (the poem, for example, from which the first extract is made, is a really beautiful poem of some length), not to become provoked in reading them. What we have to remark, however, is, that the same tendency to quaintness and archaism which appears in the writings of such of the Pre-Raphaelites as have given us an opportunity of judging of their powers of writing, appears, in a greater or less degree, in the paintings of them all. The best known of the Pre-Raphaelites, indeed—Millais, Holman Hunt, and Collins—are, as far as we know, entirely guiltless of the use of the pen; so that whatever of the mediæval vein they possess, shows itself only in their sympathy, as painters, with the peculiarities of mediæval ecclesiastical art. On this point of the mediævalism of the Pre-Raphaelites as painters, Mr. Ruskin has the following passage:—

‘The current fallacy of society as well as of the press was, that the Pre-Raphaelites imitated the *errors* of early painters. A falsehood of this kind would not have obtained credence anywhere but in England, few English people, comparatively, having ever seen a picture of early Italian masters. If they had, they would have known that the Pre-Raphaelite pictures are just as superior to the early Italian in skill of manipulation, power of drawing, and knowledge of effect, as inferior to them in grace of design; and that, in a word, there is not a shadow of resemblance between the two styles. The Pre-Raphaelites imitate no pictures: they paint from Nature only. But they have opposed themselves, as a body, to that kind of teaching above described, which only began after Raphael’s time; and they have opposed themselves as sternly to the entire feeling of the Renaissance schools,—a feeling compounded of indolence, infidelity, sensuality, and shallow pride. Therefore they have called themselves Pre-Raphaelite. If they adhere to their principles and paint Nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science—with the earnestness of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they will, as I said, found a new and noble school in England. If their sympathies with the early artists lead them into mediævalism or Romanism, they will of course come to nothing. But I believe there is no danger of this, at least for the strongest among them. There may be some weak ones, whom the Tractarian heresies may touch; but if so, they will drop off like decayed branches from a strong stem.’—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 27, 28.

The authority of Mr. Ruskin is, of course, decisive as to the question whether there is anything like technical archaism in the Pre-Raphaelite painting,—any actual resemblance between the modern Pre-Raphaelite paintings and the paintings of the early Italian school as works of pictorial art. But that one of the characteristics of the Pre-Raphaelites as a body is sympathy with

mediævalism of sentiment, we know to be a fact. Among other ways in which this has shown itself, is their tendency to that peculiar class of ecclesiastical subjects of which the early Christian artists were fond. Mr. Collins is perhaps the only well-known Pre-Raphaelite in whom this tendency takes so pronounced a form as to indicate what would be called a leaning to Puseyism; we believe, however, that one or two of the original Pre-Raphaelites have gone farther in this direction than he, and actually fulfilled Mr. Ruskin's prediction, by laying their Pre-Raphaelitism at the feet of the ancient mother-church, in whose service the early artists produced the paintings they so much admire. Mr. Millais is a man of too fine a poetic nature, and too full of sympathies with what is modern, to have retained more than an evanescent tinge, such as any artist may gracefully have, of the spirit of mediæval ecclesiasticism; and, if a little more of it still adheres to Mr. Hunt, his strong sense will soon throw it off.

After all, what seems mediævalism in such stronger Pre-Raphaelites as Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti, may be nothing more than the inadequate manifestation of that aspiration after spirituality and religious meaning in art, which, in common with all the Pre-Raphaelites, they possess. For, in addition to the various characteristics of Pre-Raphaelitism which we have hitherto noticed, this also is to be taken into account, that it aims at rescuing Art from the degraded position of being a mere minister to sensuous gratification, and elevating it into an agency of high spiritual education. That Art should be pervaded with the Christian spirit,—that it should convey and illustrate the highest truths relating to man's being, is a maxim of the Pre-Raphaelites for which, and for their endeavours to carry it out, they ought to be held in honour. But it is easier to hold by such a maxim theoretically, than to devise the appropriate artistic means for giving effect to it, in an age when the human intellect has torn up and huddled together, as a mere heap of relics, much that the feet of the ancients walked on as solid pavement, that the eyes of the ancients gazed on as indestructible walls, and that the artists who worked for the ancients had nothing to do but assume, and be in everlasting relation with, and everlastingly and obdurately point to. How shall artists now tell of heaven and hell as emphatically as these old Italians,—now that the earth is not, as they fancied it, an infinitely extended mass of brown mineral matter, with a sulphurous hell somewhere in the chasms beneath, and a heaven of light as close above, as seemed the upper sky with its stars; but a little orb poised in infinite azure, with a serene and unfathomable firmament beneath, and a firmament

above as serene, and where equally the telescopes descry nought but new removes of suns and galaxies? And this is but one extreme instance. As astronomy has felled the old physical images to which men attached their ideas of heaven and hell, so in a thousand other directions has the thought of man felled the ancient images to which ideas, morally as everlasting as these, had their sensible attachment. But, as it is the function of the artist, if he makes it an express aim to foster and impress these ideas at all, to do so by symbols that shall have power over the contemporary mind, how can an artist now fulfil this function? This is the great question—a question in the presence of which Pre-Raphaelitism, so far as this aim is concerned, can appear at best as aspiration, and falls far short of performance. The abnegation of the nude may be a right step, or it may not, in the process of spiritualizing art; but if the Pre-Raphaelites, seeking the mere positive aids of allegory and intellectual symbolism (always, we think, a dangerous expedient for the artist,) can do nothing but fall back upon the symbols of early Italian ecclesiasticism, striving to teach the same truths as the early Italian masters taught through the same devices of doves, and monastic robes, and glories round the heads of saints, and the like,—then all that they do will be but an artistic anachronism after the fashion of the Eglington tournament. Better far abjure allegory and dogmatic intention altogether, and devote themselves, in the earnest spirit which characterizes them, to the study and representation of what is beautiful in the concrete. And this is what the best of them are doing. Collins has far too much of the mediæval kind of symbolism in his style; and the very reflectiveness of Hunt inclines him a little more than might be wished to conceptions of his own having a doctrinal purport; but Millais is shaking himself free from all that, and coming forth as a pure artist.

It may serve to elucidate and confirm some of the remarks we have made on the peculiarities of the Pre-Raphaelites, if we extract a passage or two in which Pre-Raphaelitism is delineated by the Pre-Raphaelites themselves. We take the following from the collection of papers already mentioned.

‘An unprejudiced spectator of the recent progress and main direction of Art in England will have observed, as a great change in the character of the productions of the modern school, a marked attempt to lead the taste of the public into a new channel, by producing pure transcripts and faithful studies from Nature, instead of conventionalities and feeble reminiscences from the old masters; an entire seeking after originality in a more humble manner than has been practised since the decline of Italian Art in the middle ages. . . . It has been said that there is presumption in this movement of the

modern school, a want of deference to established authorities, a removing of ancient landmarks. This is best answered by the profession that nothing can be more humble than the pretension to the observation of facts alone, and the truthful rendering of them. If we are not to depart from established principles, how are we to advance at all? Are we to remain still? Remember, nothing remains still; that which does not advance falls backward. That this movement is an advance, and that it is of Nature herself, is shown by its going nearer to truth in every object produced, and by its being guided by the very principles the ancient painters followed, as soon as they attained the mere power of representing an object faithfully. . . . That the earlier painters came nearer to fact, that they were less of the Art artificial, cannot be better shown than by a statement of examples from their works. There is a magnificent Niello work by an unknown Florentine artist, on which is a group of the Saviour on the lap of the Virgin. She is old (a most touching point), lamenting aloud,—clutches passionately the heavy-weighted body on her knee: her mouth is open. Altogether, it is one of the most powerful appeals possible to be conceived; for there are few but will consider this identification with humanity to be of more effect than any refined treatment of the same subject by later artists, in which we have the fact forgotten for the sake of the type of religion, which the Virgin was always taken to represent, whence she is shown as still young; as if, Nature being taken typically, it were not better to adhere to the emblem throughout, confident by this means to maintain its appropriateness, and therefore its value and force. . . . It need not be feared that this course of education would lead to a repetition of the toe-trippings of the earliest Italian school, a sneer which is manifestly unfair; for this error, as well as several others of a similar kind, was not the result of blindness or stupidity, but of the simple ignorance of what had not been applied to the service of painting at their time. It cannot be shown that they were incorrect in expression, false in drawing, or unnatural in what is called composition. On the contrary, it is demonstrable that they exceeded all others in these particulars, that they partook less of coarseness and of conventional sentiment than any school which succeeded them, and that they looked more to Nature; in fact, were more true and less artificial. That their subjects were generally of a melancholy cast is acknowledged, which was an accident resulting from the positions their pictures were destined to occupy. A certain gaunt length and slenderness have also been commented upon most severely; as if the Italians of the fourteenth century were as so many dray-horses, and the artist was blamed for not following his model. The consequence of this direction of taste is that we have life-guardsmen and pugilists taken as models for kings, gentlemen, and philosophers. The writer was once in a studio where a man, six feet two inches in height, with Atlantean shoulders, was sitting for king Alfred. That there is no greater absurdity than this will be perceived by any one that has ever read the description of the person of the king, given

by his historian and friend, Asser.'—*From a paper on the Purpose and Tendency of Early Italian Art.*

'What you call ripeness, others, with as much truth, may call over-ripeness—nay, even rottenness; when all the juices are drunk with their lusciousness, sick with over-sweetness. And the Art which you call youthful and immature, may be—most likely is—mature and wholesome in the same degree that it is tasteful,—a perfect round of beautiful, pure, and good. . . . What an array of deep, earnest, and noble thinkers, like angels armed with a brightness that withers, stand between Giotto and Raffaele! To mention only Orcagna, Ghiberti, Masaccio, Lippi, Fra Beato Angelico, and Francia—parallel *them* with post-Raffaele artists? If you think you can you have dared a labour of which the fruit shall be to you as dead sea apples, golden and sweet to the eye, but in the mouth, ashes and bitterness. And the Phidian era was a youthful one—the highest and purest period of Hellenic art: after that time they added no more gods or heroes, but took for models instead, the Alcibiadeses and Phrynes, and made Bacchuses and Aphrodites—not as Phidias would have done, clothed with greatness of thought, or girded with valour, or veiled with modesty; but dissolved with the voluptuousness of the bath, naked, and wanton, and shameless. . . . The modern artist can have no other than a settled conviction that Pagan Art, devil-like, gloses but to seduce, tempts but to betray; and hence he chooses to avoid that which he believes to be bad, and to follow out that which he holds to be good, and blots out from his eye and memory all art between the present and its first taint of heathenism, and ascends to the art previous to Raffaele; and he ascends thither, not so much for its forms as he does for its *thought and nature*—the root and trunk of the Art-tree, of whose numerous branches, form is only one, though the most important one; and he goes to Pre-Raffaele Art for these two things, because the stream at that point is clearer and deeper, and less polluted with animal impurities than at any other in its course.'—*From a Dialogue on Art.*

The thought of such passages as these, it will be perceived, is as juvenile and immature as the writing; and if Pre-Raphaelitism had to rest its claims entirely on such expositions of its aims and meaning, one would have to credit it with a considerable amount of boyish earnestness in a good direction, but with very little more than that. What Pre-Raphaelitism really is, however, is to be ascertained less from these attempts of some among the minor Pre-Raphaelites to expound it theoretically, than from the practical exemplifications of it in the series of more eminent Pre-Raphaelite pictures exhibited during the last three or four years. As might be expected, Pre-Raphaelitism, expresses itself far better on canvas than on paper. Yet, as all know, even the ablest of the Pre-Raphaelite painters have had a hard battle to fight. A year or two ago, their pictures, though praised by

artists themselves for their technical skill, were the subjects of universal jesting and merriment. Visitors to the Exhibition, with the exception of a few of the more judicious, approached the Pre-Raphaelite pictures only to laugh and go away again. The critics of the press were, almost to a man, against them. As late as last year the notices of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the newspapers were, most of them, violent attacks. This year there is a complete change. The *Times*, indeed, attempted to renew the old cry, and to bring public ridicule once more down upon the 'opinionative youths' who had persisted, notwithstanding repeated warnings, in painting in their old manner. But even the *Times* was driven into silence; and the Pre-Raphaelite paintings of the present year, and especially those of Millais, have been more widely commented on, and more heartily praised than any others in the Exhibition. Millais and Pre-Raphaelitism have, indeed, been the talk of this metropolitan season. The reason of this change may partly be, as the critics allege, that the Pre-Raphaelites—and especially Millais—have themselves improved—have, while retaining their peculiar excellences, got rid of some of their more obvious faults; in a far greater degree, however, it appears to us that the change is a triumph of the Pre-Raphaelite principle, and a reward of Pre-Raphaelite perseverance. One circumstance which makes this more likely is the extent to which Pre-Raphaelitism is visibly gaining ground among artists themselves. Some twelve or thirteen pictures might be pointed out in the present exhibition, and one or two of these by artists of high note and settled reputation, in which there is more or less distinctly a touch of Pre-Raphaelite influence. As the poets and the critics came round to Wordsworth, so, though scarcely yet on so large a scale, the artists and the critics seem to be coming round to the Pre-Raphaelites. That the change has been so sudden, however, is owing, doubtless, in a considerable degree, to the generous intervention in behalf of the Pre-Raphaelites made by Mr. Ruskin last year.

The specially Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the present Exhibition are—three by Mr. C. Collins; one by Mr. W. Holman Hunt; and three by Mr. J. E. Millais. Mr. Gabriel Rossetti has exhibited nothing.

Mr. Collins's three pictures are those marked respectively, No. 55, No. 347, and No. 1091 in the catalogue. No. 55 is entitled, '*May in the Regent's Park*,' and is a curious and very pretty little specimen of minute painting of vegetation. The effect is as if one were looking at a piece of the park through an eye-glass from the window of one of the neighbouring houses. The Pre-Raphaelite qualities most conspicuous in it are those of

simple fidelity to the objects represented, with minute finish of colour. The peculiar sentimental tendencies of at least a portion of the Pre-Raphaelites are better seen in Mr. Collins's other two pictures, which have more of direct human reference in them. No. 347 bears no title, but it is described by a verse from Keble's 'Lyra Innocentium,' appended to it in the catalogue, and of which it is designed as an illustration. The verse is as follows:—

‘So keep thou, by calm prayer and searching thought,
Thy Chrisom pure, that still, as weeks roll by,
And heaven rekindles, gladdening earth and sky,
The glow that from the grave our champion brought,
Pledge of high victory by his dread wounds wrought,
Thou mayst put on the garb of purity.’

To illustrate this, or to be illustrated by it, we hardly know which, we have the figure of a young girl, in a very stiff, high white dress, against a blue background. The face is that of an ordinary modern girl; the eyes are looking down at the fingers, which are engaged in fastening the dress close round the throat; and the whole expression is rather sullen. The painting, we believe, would be described by good judges as, technically, very well done, though there is not much of it; and any objection that we would take to it is on the deeper ground of the meaning and sentiment. So, also, with the remaining painting, which is entitled, *The devout Childhood of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, of whom it is told by Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, that ‘if she found the doors of the chapel in the palace shut, not to lose her labour, she knelt down at the threshold, and always put up her petition to the throne of God.’ To illustrate this interesting legend, we have a pious little girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, with a rather comely, healthy face, brown hair, and a green dress, kneeling at the iron-barred oaken door of a chapel, her hands against the wood, and a missal, which she has brought up the gravel-walk with her, deposited on the door-step. Here, too, the technical performance is good; but, if we take the sentiment into account, we begin, in spite of liking, to grow angry. In short, it is in these two pictures of Mr. Collins's, and in Mr. Collins's choice of subjects generally, that we discern something of that paltry affection for middle age ecclesiasticism with which the Pre-Raphaelites as a body have been too hastily charged. Little girls keeping their Chrisom pure against blue backgrounds, and other little girls kneeling on church-door steps to say their prayers,—Puseyite clergymen may like such artistic helps towards teaching young ladies the way to the blessed life; but most decidedly the public is right in declaring, that though the painting were never so good, it will not stand that sort of thing. The

most important thing about a work of art, and that which most surely gives the style and measure of the artist's intellect, is the choice of the subject. That is a great work of art, as distinct from a mere study, the subject of which is a broad and impressive human fact, and the sentiment of which shoots down, like a tremor, among the depths and antiquities of human association. A 'Chrisom pure,' and the like, may be permissible now and then, simply in as far as there is still something gentle and human in little thoughts of that kind; but an artist unmans himself if the habitual and pre-ordered forthgoing of his contemplations is along the line of these petty ecclesiasticalities, where his eyes never lose sight of the Tractarian parson, and where his hands may touch the tops of the pews. What Keble is among poets, will that artist be among artists who views the world according to Keble. No; if we are to have religious paintings, let us have no mere 'Chrisoms pure,' and other dear little adaptations of religion to the dilettantism of Belgravia; but the true legends of the church, powerful at all times and in all places. Let us have true stories of the lives of the saints, whether those of ordinary or those of ecclesiastical record; or if artists will, in their desire to paint religiously, keep strictly in the line of the holiest Christian traditions—let them oftener than they do, ascend to the commencement of that line, reading not the *Lyra Innocentium*, but St. Matthew's Gospel, and representing, not gravel-walks leading to the doors of nunneries, but those actual oriental fields over whose acres walked the houseless Man of Sorrows under many a scorching sun; that mountain, still to be seen, from which, on many a solitary night, he gazed, thinking of his mission, at the lights of sleeping Jerusalem. Or, to concentrate what we have to say into a humbler, and, perhaps, in the circumstances of the case, a more available form, let Mr. Collins pitch Keble overboard, and addict himself to Tennyson.

Mr. Hunt's single picture, marked No. 592 in the Catalogue, is entitled *The Hireling Shepherd*, and purports to be a free version of these lines in one of Shakespeare's snatches of ballad,—

'Sleepest thou or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And, for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.'

The suggestions of these lines are attended to in the picture, and perhaps there is an allusion also in the conception to the scriptural idea of a hireling shepherd; but, on the whole, the picture is a piece of broad rural reality, with none of the fantastic circumstance implied in the lines quoted, and with no attempt to bring out the scriptural allusion, if it exists, by deviating from

what is English and modern. A brawny shepherd, in a brown jacket and corduroys, and as brawny a shepherdess, in a white smock and red petticoat, (too much like brother and sister, as we have heard it remarked,) are sitting among a clump of trees, separating a meadow from a field of ripe corn. They are idling away their time; and he has just caught a death's-head moth, which he is exhibiting to her, while she shrinks back, half in disgust, from the sight, though still curious enough to look at it intently. Meanwhile the sheep that they should have been attending to, are straggling about, and getting into mischief. Some are fighting; some are off to a distant part of the meadow; one is fairly up to the neck among the ripe corn, and several are following in the same direction. To make the mischief all the more patent, a lamb is lying quietly on the shepherdess's lap, munching one of two green apples which the hussy has left there; green apples, as we understand, being certain death to lambs. All this is in the foreground of a fine breezy English landscape, on a pleasant summer's day; there are rich yellow fields in the distance, with rows of trees, and swallows are flying along the meadows. The picture is, in all respects, one of the best in the exhibition. Such corn, such sheep, such meadows, such rows of trees, and such cool grass and wild flowers to sit amidst, are not to be found in any painting that we know. The Pre-Raphaelitism of the artist in this picture shows itself, not only in the ordinary Pre-Raphaelite quality of minute truth of detail,—perhaps a little overdone, as in the introduction of the swallows in the act of flying,—but also in the audacity with which he has selected such a veritable pair of country labourers for the principal figures. There is certainly no attempt at poetry here; for a fellow more capable than the shepherd of drinking a great quantity of beer, or a more sunburnt slut than the shepherdess, we never saw in a picture. Mr. Hunt is clearly far more of a realist by constitution, and by resolute purpose, than Mr. Millais, and will probably continue for a longer period to paint pictures containing objects too harsh for the popular taste. He has something of the rigid reflective realism of Thackeray, without anything of Thackeray's bitter social humour; and as the man to whom this constituent of Pre-Raphaelitism was originally most native, it is natural that he should carry it farthest. That we quite like such extremes of realism in pictures as the jolly shepherd and his mate, we cannot in conscience say; but Mr. Hunt is a man who knows what he is about better than most critics can tell him; and the public will learn to accept his pictures the more readily and admiringly the more of them they see. It is greatly in his favour that, with a decided bent towards serious

and impressive subjects, and with perhaps a wavering preference, if he were free to do as he liked, towards illustrations of religious story, he has too strong and too unsophisticated a sense of what fact is, to seek for it exclusively among West-end ecclesiasticalities. His range of subjects has already been tolerably wide; and every new picture he paints will, we believe, be distinct from its predecessors.

Of Mr. Millais's three pictures, the chief are the *Ophelia* (No. 556), and the *Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, refusing to shield himself from danger by wearing the Roman-catholic badge*, (No. 478.) No pictures in the Exhibition have attracted so much attention as these. The death of *Ophelia* has been a favourite subject with artists, and with illustrators of Shakespeare; but we do not believe that the subject was ever treated before with any approach to the minuteness with which Millais has treated it in the present picture. The lines of Shakespeare describing the scene were, indeed, a sufficient temptation to any painter.

'There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That showeth his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands, did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do 'dead men's fingers' call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.'

Mr. Millais, in his illustration of these lines, has given us such a pool as no other English painter could or would have painted. We believe he went into the country in search of an actual pool to suit the description; resided by it for some weeks, and painted from it morning and evening till the whole was finished. It is a deep, dark, silent, all but motionless pool, made by a brook in the darkest covert of a thick wood. The still living body of *Ophelia* has floated at full length down from the spot where she fell in, to a place where a huge pollarded trunk lies heavily athwart the stream, some of the multitudinous osiers which have sprouted from it dipping down among the ooze on one side, while the greater portion shoot upwards, and arch over with abundant leafage towards the water flags on the other. The hands are above the water; the face is crazy; the mouth is open as if still singing; and down the

stream, and along the rich bridal dress which she wears, and which is completely under water, float the flowers which have escaped from her incapable hands. White blossoms on the branches above, and a robin perched on one of the branches, add a touch of quaint beauty to the weirdly aspect of the scene. Altogether the painting is a wonderful one, and it is with something of reluctance that we set down two critical observations that we have made upon it. The one is, that the artist seems to have been more faithful to the circumstantial of the actual brook which he selected as answering to Shakespeare's description, than to the text of the description itself. Clearly the moment chosen by Mr. Millais is that, when Ophelia, not yet dead, is still floating in the water, and gaily singing as she goes to her fancied bridal. Now, at this moment, Ophelia, in Shakespeare's text, is evidently not floating horizontally on the water, as in Mr. Millais's picture, but buoyed up, in the attitude of a mermaid, by 'her clothes spread wide.' Whether the graceful management of this attitude by a painter would be easy, we do not know; but certainly, if it were, a painting so conceived would strike less painfully, not to say less awkwardly, than one in which the corpse-like length of robe and figure suggests so literally the drowning woman. The other observation we have to make is one in support of which we can allege nothing but our individual feeling and preconception. It is that the face of Ophelia, however admirable the expression depicted in such a face, is not the face of the real Ophelia of *Hamlet*, but a shade too fair in colour, and decidedly too marked and mature, in form. Nothing similar can be said of the face of the lady in Mr. Millais's other picture, that of the *Huguenot refusing the badge*. Almost unanimously critics have pronounced this picture the gem of the Exhibition. It is a less laborious work than the *Ophelia*, and the subject itself is less ambitious and genuine; but as a representation of the subject, such as it is, it is a painting of exquisite beauty. A Catholic lady is standing by a garden wall somewhere in the suburbs of Paris, looking up with the most anxious affection at the face of her handsome Huguenot lover, round whose left arm she is trying to bind the white scarf that would save his life; while he, looking fondly down at the fair suppliant with a smile at her earnestness, is firmly but gently resisting the action. The brick-wall, the leaves, the flowers, the costume of the lovers, are all painted with matchless fidelity, but the special feature of the picture is the face of the lady. It is a poem in itself, and the only face that can be compared to it in the Exhibition (if we may compare two faces so entirely and so necessarily different) is the face of Robespierre in Mr. Ward's picture of *Charlotte Corday going to execution*. On the whole,

Mr. Millais's pictures in the present exhibition show more distinctly than any of his previous pictures that Pre-Raphaelitism with him has been a creed assumed on conviction, and conscientiously adhered to by a mind already gifted with a keen intuitive sense of the poetic and the beautiful. In some of his earlier paintings the Pre-Raphaelite peculiarities were exaggerated for their own sake; in these they exist but as means to an end; and in the end his paintings will probably escape the imputation of mannerism or sectarianism altogether.

One additional word, in conclusion, on Pre-Raphaelitism itself. The great purpose and effect of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in art has been to impress on artists the duty of being true to nature. But 'being true to nature' is a very vague phrase; and the advice contained in it can go but a very little way towards teaching an artist how he is to paint pictures. If the business is to paint an actual landscape, or other assemblage of objects already collocated in nature, the advice has a specific meaning almost co-extensive with the occasion. But nine out of every ten pictures are not of this kind. Mr. Millais's *Huguenot*, for example, is not and could not be a transcript from nature; it is a thought or invention of the painter. In order to reconcile, therefore, the Pre-Raphaelite maxim of being true to nature with Goethe's famous maxim, so contrary in appearance, 'Art is called Art simply because it is *not* Nature,' it must be remembered that the true painting of natural objects is but the grammar or language of art, and that, as the greatness of a poem consists, not in the grammatical correctness of the language, but in the power and beauty of the meaning, so the greatness of a painting depends on what there is in it that the painter has added out of his own mind. This is true even of the most literal transcript from nature, where there is always room for diverse interpretation; much more is it true where the artist first conceives a thought of his own, and then tries to express it in appropriate natural circumstances. After all, there is something of real and deep truth, however ill it may have been expressed, in those phrases of Sir Joshua Reynolds about 'ideal forms,' and 'generalised forms,' against which the Pre-Raphaelite theory is, in a certain sense, a protest. What Sir Joshua meant by such phrases was probably identical with what Goethe meant by the aphorism which we have just quoted, and with what Bacon also meant when he said that painting 'raises the mind by accommodating the images of things to our desires.' Equally with the poet, the painter must take his rank ultimately according to his power of invention—according to that in his paintings which is, in the strict sense of the word, *factitious*, or supplied out of his own

heart and mind, whether for the interpretation, or for the artistic combination into new and significant unions, of the appearances of so-called Nature. The special merit of the Pre-Raphaelites consists in this,—that they have treated as a mischievous fallacy the notion that this power of artistic invention, this painter's sway over Nature, is a thing to be taught in the schools, and have called attention to the fact that what is teachable in the art of painting, is the habit of patient observation and the power of correct imitation. If they have seemed to insist upon this too much, it is not, we believe, because they have undervalued invention, but because they truly consider that the prerequisite to invention in painting is the ability to paint. There are two modes by which they may redeem themselves from whatever of the imputation of excessive realism still justly adheres to them, in consequence of the peculiar nature of their past efforts. On the one hand, they may make it more clear from their own practice, that they do regard the power of correct imitation only as the mastery of the painter over his peculiar language, and that they have the ability, as well as other painters, to use that language for the expression of meanings the most factitious, the most fantastic, the most gorgeously and exquisitely ideal. Or, on the other hand, they may push their realism to the utmost, and learn to show, what they have hardly shown yet, a rigorous appreciation of fact and truth, as well in the entire subjects and notions of their pictures, as in their circumstantial and details. Millais is probably taking the former direction; Hunt will probably labour in the latter. Either way it will come to very nearly the same thing in the end; and, either way, in order to attain the highest excellence, it is necessary that the painter should cultivate acquaintance, as a man of general intellect, with all that is deepest and clearest in the thought of his own time.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*. In Three Volumes. London. Bentley. 1852.

IN the spring of the year 1849, when the armies of republican France were engaged in trampling down the rising liberties of republican Rome, the care of one of the principal hospitals in the besieged city was entrusted to an American lady, who entered with all the ardour of a native Roman into the excitement of that deadly struggle. Enthusiastically sympathising in the hopes and fears of the republican leaders, she had also personal risks and interests involved in the issue, in which she could ask no sympathy from those around her, and which would have disabled a weaker spirit from being more than a trembling looker on. Scarcely one of even her most intimate friends had any idea that among the defenders, in a foremost post of danger, was her husband, and that as each successive waggon-load of wounded and dying drew up at the hospital gates, the agonizing fear was renewed, lest *his* form should meet her eye among the sufferers; or that while she quietly passed through the wards, in the discharge of her painful and responsible duties, soothing and alleviating the anguish of others, her own heart was bursting with the yearning which a mother's heart alone can fully comprehend, towards her child, separated from her by this cruel strife, and consigned, at a safe distance from the scene of war to the hired care of strangers.

Powerful reasons, arising out of political circumstances, had rendered expedient, if not absolutely necessary, the concealment of her marriage with the Marquis Ossoli, which had taken place about a year and a half before; and she was therefore still known only by her maiden name of Fuller. Bearing about this secret burden of personal sorrow and anxiety, she yet devoted herself nobly and unshrinkingly, night and day, to the duties of the honourable but most trying post of *Regolatrice* assigned her. Even a casual visitor of the hospitals must have received the impression that Miss Fuller was no ordinary character. Under her management, and that of the Princess Belgioioso, the hospitals were brought out of the 'chaotic condition' in which the priests had left them, into a state of order, regularity, and comfort. One of her friends, who accompanied her in a visit to this heartrending scene, describes the comforting influence diffused by her presence among the poor wounded sufferers, to many of whom, probably, kindness and sympathy were unwonted

luxuries. 'How long will the signora stay?' 'When will the signora come again?' they eagerly asked. For each one's peculiarities she had a cure: to one she carried books, to another she told the news of the day, and listened to another's oft repeated tale of wrongs as the best sympathy she could give. They raised themselves upon their elbows to get the last glimpse of her as she was going away. Even when the siege was over, and the wife was at length permitted to claim her husband, and the mother to embrace her child, though with crushed hopes and blighted prospects, her heart was not too much engrossed with its own emotions (pardonable though this might have seemed then) to bleed for the miseries of others.

'I cannot tell you,' she wrote to a friend, 'what I endured in leaving Rome,—abandoning the poor wounded soldiers,—knowing that there is no provision made for them when they rise from the beds, where they have been thrown by a noble courage,—where they have suffered with a noble patience. Some of the poorer men, who rise bereft even of the right arm—one having lost the right arm and the right leg—I would have provided for with a small sum. Could I have sold my hair, or blood from my arm, I would have done it. Had any of the rich Americans remained in Rome, they would have given it to me; they helped nobly at first, in the service of the hospitals, when there was far less need, but they had all gone. . . . You say you are glad I have had this great opportunity for carrying out my principles. Would it were so! I found myself inferior in courage and fortitude to the occasion. I knew not how to bear the havoc and the anguish incident to the struggle for these principles. I rejoiced that it lay not with me to cut down the trees, to destroy the Elysian gardens, for the defence of Rome; I do not know that I could have done it, and the sight of these far nobler growths, the beautiful young men, mown down in their stately prime, became too much for me. I forgot the great ideas, to sympathize with the poor mothers who had nursed their precious forms only to see them all lopped and gashed. You say, I sustained them; often have they sustained my courage: one, kissing the pieces of bone that were so painfully extracted from his arm, hanging them round his neck to be worn as the true relics of to-day—mementos that he also has done and borne something for his country and the hopes of humanity. One fair young man, who is made a cripple for life, clasped my hand as he saw me crying over the spasms I could not relieve, and faintly cried, 'Viva l'Italia.' 'Think only, *cara bona donna*,' said a poor wounded soldier, 'that I can always wear my uniform on *festas*, just as it is now, with the holes where the balls went through, for a memory.' 'God is good,' 'God knows,' they often said to me, when I had not a word to cheer them.'—Vol. iii. pp. 218-20.

Of such a woman we cannot either write or think without respect and admiration, whatever defects we may discover either

in her character or her opinions, or whatever faults we may find with the volumes which record her short and sad history. It is, indeed, chiefly in virtue of its closing portion, that this history possesses an interest for readers to whom Madame Ossoli was not personally known, sufficiently strong to demand a permanent record, and especially its presentation, in three elegant volumes, to the English public. Only as we contemplate this lady's character as it unfolds itself during the brief period of her married life, can we at all justify to ourselves the enthusiastic admiration of her personal friends, which otherwise, as far as the imperfect judgment we are able to form from these volumes extends, appears often ridiculously exaggerated. In fact the biographers of 'Margaret,' (as, with somewhat questionable taste, they habitually call their friend,) seem to take pleasure in making large demands on the reader's faith, while keeping him on very short allowance of evidence. They tantalise us by references to heroic fortitude, of the occasions for which they leave us in ignorance; vague intimations of romantic adventures, blighting disappointments, and cruel trials, which they are not at liberty further to particularise; and rapturous praises of those brilliant sallies of wit, learning, and eloquence, of which, unfortunately, it is not permitted us to judge for ourselves. When a lady is placed in the same relation to the reader as the heroine of a novel, by being always called by her Christian name, one seems to expect the novel reader's privilege of sharing in all her secrets, this half confidence is very disagreeable; more especially as Miss Fuller's private journals have been ransacked, and perhaps some of the portions presented in these pages are among the last which she would have wished to meet the public eye. If the editors have not sedulously sought to mystify the reader, they have at all events taken small pains to enlighten him. Instead of either a full and orderly chronicle of the events of their heroine's life, or a well drawn and distinct portraiture of her character and mental history, they have given us a succession of hazy, dazzling sketches; a fragmentary olio of biography, eulogy, rhapsody, description, and extracts, *not* in chronological order, from journals and letters; written by three different hands, cut up into numerous small sections, interlarded—for what precise purpose does not appear—with numerous mottoes, prose and poetry, in different languages; the grand design of the whole, apparently, being to produce point, brilliancy, intensity,—in a word, effect. The account of one of the most important and interesting passages in the youthful life of 'Margaret,' is extracted from a *tale*, written by her, the heroine of which is a certain 'Mariana;' and we have no grounds at all,

beyond the brief reference to its 'touching truthfulness,' with which it is introduced, to form any judgment how far this passage of 'Mariana's' school-life is really a transcript of Miss Fuller's own experience, or how far reality is disguised in fiction. Even the autobiographical fragment which presents the account of her childhood, is stated to have been written by her 'as the *introductory chapter to an autobiographical romance.*' One cannot help regretting that there is no more satisfactory guarantee than this statement affords of its literal accuracy. Almost the only piece of genuine continuous narrative in these three volumes is the profoundly affecting account of the voyage and melancholy shipwreck with which they close.

The impression produced by the first two volumes of these memoirs is, to our mind, we must confess, anything but agreeable. They present the portraiture, first of a singularly gifted, morbidly precocious and sensitive child, ruined and all but killed by injudicious training; and then, of an eminently intellectual and accomplished woman, prodigiously learned, brilliant, and eloquent, but also, except to the select circle of her initiated worshippers, prodigiously disagreeable, living in an atmosphere of artificial excitement and literary sentiment, in which those affections which flourish only beneath the quiet shade of home seem dwarfed and choked by the overgrowth of intellect.

An enthusiastic disciple of Mr. Emerson, we find her unflinching in 'self-culture,' and full of the necessity of 'making life a poem,' and so forth; but painfully deficient in most of what is expressed by the word 'feminine,' whose gentle virtue alone forms the spell by which woman truly makes the poetry of this work-day world. For where the head tyrannises over the heart, instead of doing homage to its rightful predominance, woman—so at least we hold—is no longer truly woman, but merely an inferior sort of man. This is precisely the idea suggested by many passages in these volumes,—an idea which seems often to have suggested itself to Miss Fuller herself,—what a pity she was not a man! Doubtless it was this feeling which involved her, spite of her strong sense, in the melancholy hallucination still rife, we fear, among our transatlantic lady-cousins, that the 'rights of women' comprehend their being made as much like men as possible. We are not intimating any inferiority of the feminine mind or nature to the masculine, any more than the reverse. The perfection and the beauty of each depend on their being so distinct as to admit no comparison: as distinct as the perfection of the lily and of the oak; as distinct as the beauty of the cloud-capped lichen-coated cliff of granite, and that of the silver-robed, snow-skirted cascade, clinging to

its rugged side. Mentally and morally, as well as physically, woman's power is the power of beauty; man's beauty is the beauty of power.

Happily, nature is potent, and laughs to scorn theories, even of Bostonian philosophers and philosophesses. We are more than repaid for all the dissatisfied feelings awakened in the earlier portions of these memoirs, by the charming contrast between Margaret Fuller and Margaret Ossoli. Out of reach of the circle in which she had shone, at terrible cost, with such self-consuming brilliancy, and of the influences of American literary society, which these pages would lead us to deem anything but healthful or natural,—under the genial sky of Italy her character seems to mellow and ripen like fruit in warm sunshine. The woman's heart re-asserts its prerogative, both in its weakness and in its strength. The eminent and talented blue-stocking of the nineteenth century, and of New England, is lost sight of, merging into the much more common-place, but also much more delightful character,—happily not peculiar to any century or to any country,—the devoted and loving wife and mother. This transformation and development of character is to us far the most striking and beautiful thing in these volumes. It is like stepping out of a hothouse, with its splendid but forced growths, and artificial atmosphere, into the fresh green fields, filled with the songs of birds and the hues and odours of wild flowers. We feel how largely the defects of earlier years are traceable to an unhappy education; and we almost forget them in contemplating a character almost as noble, elevated, and pure, as a character can be, while lacking the crowning grace and central strength of evangelical Christianity. We do not mean that Madame Ossoli was irreligious. Far from it. She was earnest, constantly mindful of an eternal future and an all-wise, all-powerful Disposer of events; susceptible of powerful religious emotion, and at times mystically and rapturously devout. But the religion of St. Paul and St. John she unhappily neither possessed nor understood. This defect, in our eyes so essential and so melancholy, is, of course, in the eyes of her biographers, the crowning glory of her character; but for which, we cannot help suspecting, these memoirs would never have been published, at least under their editorship. To us, one of the most affecting lessons furnished by their pages,—a far different one from any contemplated by Mr. Emerson or his companions in the task,—has been the utter inadequacy of a mere philosophic faith, however self-sufficient, or mere religious sentiment, however intense, to meet the wants of the heart and of life. How would the deepest shadows of the life here recorded have been lighted up, its most painful enigmas solved, or at least

laid asleep, and its anxious yearnings met and satisfied, if this passionate heart, and powerful, penetrating intellect, had been able to understand and appropriate that one word of the inspired philosopher of Tarsus,—‘TO ME, TO LIVE IS CHRIST!’

Sarah Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridge-Port, Massachusetts, on the 23rd of May, 1810. We have already referred to the source from which the sketch of her childhood and youth is drawn. The use which the editors have made of it implies their belief of its accuracy, though they have not favoured the reader with any evidence by which to form a judgment on this point for himself. Her father is described as ‘a lawyer and politician,’ the son of a clergyman, but of what church is not stated.

‘He was a man largely endowed with the sagacious energy which the state of New England society for the last half century has been so well fitted to develop. . . . To be an honoured citizen, and to have a home on earth were made the great aims of existence. To open the deeper fountains of the soul, to regard life here as the prophetic entrance to immortality, to develop his spirit and perfection,—motives like these had never been suggested to him, either by fellow beings or by outward circumstances. The result was a character in its social aspect, of quite the common sort. A good son and brother, a kind neighbour, an active man of business,—in all these outward relations he was but one of a class, which surrounding circumstances have made the majority among us. In the more delicate and individual relations, he never approached but two mortals—my mother and myself.

‘His love for my mother was the green spot on which he stood apart from the common-places of a mere bread-winning, bread bestowing existence. She was one of those fair and flower-like natures which sometimes spring up even beside the most dusty highways of life,—a creature not to be shaped into a merely useful instrument, but bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds. Of all persons whom I have known, she had in her most of the angelic—of that spontaneous love for every living thing—for man, and beast, and tree,—which restores the golden age.’

The history of Margaret's childhood is truly painful. A mind of extraordinary strength and promise was stretched and stimulated under her father's ruinously injudicious training, till it became a miracle of morbid precociousness. Her mother's influence on her childhood cannot be traced at all; and were it not for some of the later letters in the third volume we should be led to imagine that the ties of affection between mother and daughter were mournfully deficient, if not lacking altogether. She was often kept up hours after other children of her age were asleep, to

repeat her tasks to her father, who exacted a severe accuracy; and when, at last, fevered and over-excited, she was sent unwillingly to bed, it was only to be tormented with hideous sights the moment she closed her eyes, to wake in agonies of tears or of terror from some frightful dream, or to wander in her sleep over the house. The only remedy her sagacious and energetic father could find for these nightly horrors was sharply to tell her to 'leave off thinking of such horrors, or she would be crazy.' 'Poor child!' she writes of herself, 'Far remote in time, in thought, from that period, I look back on these glooms and terrors wherein I was enveloped, and perceive that I had no natural childhood.' This premature overdose of learning, not counterbalanced by the only influences which might have served as an antidote, stimulated the child's imagination so powerfully as to put her completely out of harmony with the commonplace every-day world around her. The pagan mythology seems to have been more real to her mind than the facts of the gospel; and sometimes she *prayed earnestly for a sign*,—that it would lighten in some particular region of the heavens, or that she might find a bunch of grapes in her path! Habit at last rendered her heavy tasks easy; reading became a passion, and the life of childhood was drained off at its very fountains into artificial channels. The account of her first acquaintance with Shakespeare tells very sadly both for parent and child. The little girl was but eight years old when her father found her, one Sunday afternoon, entranced over 'Romeo and Juliet.' He forbade the book, as not fit for the Sabbath; but after an outward show of obedience the volume was again taken slyly from the shelf, and the little culprit was ordered by her father to go to bed in disgrace.

'Into my little room,' she says, 'no care of his anger followed me.' Her father came in before he went to rest to reason with her about her disobedience. 'I listened, but would not feel interested in what he said, nor turn my mind from what engaged it. He went away really grieved at my impenitence, and quite at a loss to understand conduct in me so unusual.'

The painful part of this incident is the utter absence of moral sensibility which it displays; not merely that she should be guilty of an act of deliberate disobedience, such as no well-trained child would have thought of, but incapable of feeling that she had done wrong. Nor, in relating it, more than twenty years afterwards, does she seem to take any more enlightened view of the transaction, but only moralizes on the way in which parents misunderstand children. We imagine she would have written differently after she had a child of her own. The same defi-

ciency in moral sensibility strikes us painfully more than once in the course of these volumes; most of all in a disgusting passage regarding 'Madame Sand,' which the editors would, in our opinion, have done wisely to omit. It is very worthy of remark, that this deficiency may be found in connexion with the most rapturous admiration of abstract excellence, and of the 'nobleness and divinity of human nature.' Human nature is not so far gone, after all, as not to see the beauty of virtue. What it does not see is the turpitude of sin. Not by the sincerity with which we admire the good, but by the energy with which we reject the evil, is the true level of our moral character to be tested.

The defect of which we have spoken was not connected, as sometimes, with a cold insensible temperament. This child was capable of intense and passionate emotion and affection. Of this kind was her love of nature, as she made acquaintance with its beauty and glory in the flowers of their little garden, and the sunset skies which she watched from it, making a dark picture frame of the garden gate. The hours spent there are sadly spoken of as 'the best hours' of her '*lonely* childhood.' The 'passionate emotion' with which we are told she used to kiss and contemplate the flowers, in which her mother also took great delight, renders more strange and sad the apparent absence of that deep and confiding affection, which ought to be the deepest feeling of childhood, and which the divine hand has designed, like a hedge of roses, at once to beautify and protect the early steps of our path on earth. This, together with her unhealthy disgust at things and persons by whom she was surrounded, is thrown into more vivid relief by the story of a romantic and passionate attachment, such as perhaps only childhood is capable of, awakened in the child's heart by the visit of an English lady of accomplished manners and captivating person, who suddenly made her appearance in church, in the midst of the homely figures, and shrewd, narrow physiognomies, which were wont to irritate the young lady's aversion and disdain to a most exalted pitch. After this bright star had set from her sky, Margaret fell into a dull melancholy, to cure which she was sent to school. Here occurs the incident we before referred to, and which certainly wears the air of being somewhat dressed up and coloured. If accurately told, it was a turning point in her life and character, of which we can only regret that a wiser and deeper use was not made. A petty persecution, in which all her schoolfellows combined to punish her vanity, goaded her into the revenge of sowing discord among them. Being at length convicted of falsehood, the intolerable shame of the exposure almost cost her her life. Her teacher at length, by sympathizing kindness, overcame

the stubborn and proud spirit that at first resisted every effort, and won her back from the edge of the fearful precipice. 'When her strength was a little restored, she had her companions summoned, and said to them, 'I deserve to die, but a generous trust has called me back to life. I will be worthy of it, nor ever betray the trust, nor resent injury more. Can you forgive the past.' They did; and 'a wild-fire was turned in that hour of penitence at the boarding-school, such as has oftentimes wrapped court and camp in a destructive glow.'—p. 63. So far it was well. But the penitence was towards man, not towards God. Had a friend been near who could have seized a moment, such as may not be expected twice in a lifetime, to turn the thoughts of the proud but humbled girl from the *shame* to the *sin*, and to pour into her burning bosom the healing balm of atonement,—the assurance of pardon for the past and strength for the future,—that might have been indeed a turning point in life; and the fountain that would have sprung up at that point of the path, would have gladdened and purified every step and every scene of it afterwards. If our readers have made acquaintance with 'Fleda,' in Miss Wetherall's exquisite tale of 'Queechy,' or with little 'Ellie,' in the 'Wide, wide, world,' they will know all that we mean without our telling them.

It would be a laborious task to frame, from the disjointed notices on distinct pages, a correct chronology of this young lady's history; but, as far as we can make out, the incidents just referred to occurred a year or two after the period to which the following description refers. It is by the Rev. F. H. Hedge:—

'Margaret was then about thirteen,—a child in years, but so precocious in her mental and physical developments, that she passed for eighteen or twenty. Agreeably to this estimate, she had her place in society as a lady full-grown. When I recal her personal appearance, as it was then, and for ten or twelve years subsequent to this, I have the idea of a blooming girl of a florid complexion and vigorous health, with a tendency to robustness, of which she was painfully conscious,' (her sleep-walking, we presume, had been given up by this time,) 'and which, with little regard to hygienic principles, she endeavoured to suppress or conceal, thereby preparing for herself much future suffering. With no pretensions to beauty then, or at any time, her face was one that attracted—that awakened a lively interest—that made one desirous of a nearer acquaintance. It was a face that fascinated without satisfying; never seen in repose, never allowing a steady perusal of its features, it baffled every attempt to judge the character by physiognomical induction(?). . . . I said, she had no pretensions to beauty; yet she was not plain. She escaped the reproach of positive plainness by her blond and abundant hair, by her

excellent teeth, by her sparkling, dancing, busy eyes, which, though usually half-closed from near-sightedness, shot piercing glances at those with whom she conversed, and, most of all, by the very peculiar and graceful carriage of her head and neck, which all who knew her will remember as the most characteristic trait in her personal appearance. In conversation she had already, at that early age, begun to distinguish herself, and made much the same impression in society that she did in after years, with the exception that, as she advanced in life, she learned to control that tendency to sarcasm,—that disposition to ‘quiz,’ which was then somewhat excessive. It frightened shy young people from her presence, and made her, for a while, notoriously unpopular with the ladies of her circle.’

As a pendant, we may extract a portion of Mr. Emerson’s account of his introduction to Miss Fuller, then, in her twenty-seventh year.

‘She was rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of lady-like self-possession. For the rest, her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness, a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids, the nasal tone of her voice,—all repelled, and I said to myself, we shall never get far. It is to be said, that Margaret made a disagreeable first impression on most persons, including those who became afterwards her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem of others, and partly the prejudice of her fame. She had a dangerous reputation for satire in addition to her great scholarship. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them. . . . She had an incredible fund of anecdotes, and the readiest wit to give an absurd turn to whatever passed; and the eyes, which were so plain at first, soon swam with fun and drolleries, and the very tides of joy and superabundant life.’—pp. 268-70.

For the benefit of our young lady readers, we will give a sketch of Miss Margaret’s studies at the age of fifteen, and when at home (as we conclude from comparing dates) for the holidays.—

‘I rise a little before five, walk an hour, then practise on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French—Sismondi’s *Literature of the South of Europe*,—till eight; then two or three lectures in ‘Brown’s Philosophy.’ About half-past nine, I go to Mr. Perkins’s school and study Greek till twelve, when the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practice again till dinner at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but am often interrupted. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing for half

an hour or so, to make all sleepy; and, about eleven, retire to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice.'—p. 64.

In the year 1833, much to his daughter's regret, Mr. Fuller removed to Groton, Massachusetts. Here from five to eight hours a-day appear to have been spent in teaching the younger children. Over-study, as might have been expected long before, brought on an illness from which she narrowly escaped with life. A passage in her own account of this illness sheds an instructive light on that absence of warmth in her relation to her parents, on which we have already remarked, as so unnatural in a nature so passionate and intense.—

'My father,' she says, '*habitually sparing in tokens of affection*, was led by his anxiety, to express what he felt towards me in stronger terms than he had ever used in the whole course of his life. He thought I might not recover; and one morning, coming into my room, after a few moments' conversation, he said, 'My dear, I have been thinking of you in the night, and I cannot remember that you have any *faults*. You have defects, of course, as all mortals have, but I do not know that you have a single fault.' These words, so strange from him, who had scarce ever, in my presence, praised me, and who, as I knew, abstained from praise as hurtful to his children, affected me to tears at the time, although I could not foresee how dear and consolatory this extravagant expression of regard would very soon become.'—(p. 201.)

It is strange that parents so often commit the fatal mistake of taking for granted their children's affection, and making scarcely any positive and wisely directed effort to secure it. Nature, indeed, makes the tendrils bud, but skilful training has much to do in making them cling in the right direction, and with their full force of attachment. It was not long before the real power and value of this sacred tie were made terribly evident, by its being suddenly wrenched asunder. In the autumn of 1835, Mr. Fuller fell a victim to cholera. His daughter appears to have felt this tremendous stroke most poignantly. But, at the same time, under the influence of this heavy trial, her character at once begins to display amiable, unselfish, and noble features, of which we have previously seen few traces. Her widowed mother was ill-fitted to act as the head of the family, and it seems to have fallen, in great measure, to Margaret to fill the vacant post. And this she seems to have done in the spirit of the prayer which she has recorded: 'I have prayed to God that duty may now be the 'first object, and self set aside. May I have light and strength 'to do what is right, in the highest sense, for my mother, brothers, 'and sister.' One severe sacrifice to which she was called, was

the giving up an intended visit to Europe, on which her heart was greatly set. The circumstances in which she thenceforward found herself, no doubt powerfully tended to strengthen the masculine tendencies of her intellect and character.

In 1836, Miss Fuller left Groton to undertake some educational engagements at Boston. We presume that at this period she was in the habit of paying frequent 'visits to Concord,' for the next section of the book is so intitled; but when, or why, or how often these visits took place, the deponent saith not. At all events, it was now that Miss Fuller became an acquaintance, and we suppose we may say a disciple, of Mr. Emerson, whose portrait of her we have already given. Spite of all the disadvantages he enumerates, her sway over those who came fairly under her influence seems to have been something marvellous, almost magical. With an intellect now fully developed, and severely disciplined, with experience of life such as few women can attain, with extraordinary stores of learning and facility in using them, and with unbounded self-reliance, unquenchable vivacity, brilliant and copious conversational eloquence, and a discernment of character at once penetrating and sympathising, Miss Fuller was the centre of a large circle of friends, whom, as one of them *naïvely* assures us, 'she wore like a necklace.' If we believe all that Mr. Emerson tells us, this circle must indeed have been such a constellation of wit, wisdom, genius, and beauty as has rarely, if ever, been collected on earth. The very side dishes of the entertainment would have furnished a feast elsewhere. We dull-minded 'Englishers' have a homely proverb about geese and swans. But in this region of transcendental inspiration, the place of those useful though self-conceited bipeds was filled by birds of Paradise, golden eagles, or at least by purple and crimson humming birds. It was a '*necklace*,' not of diamonds merely, but of *koh-i-noors*! The fact is, that such a characteristically American vein of exaggeration peeps out every here and there in these volumes, as excites an uncomfortable uncertainty how much discount we ought to take off, in order to get at the sober literal truth. Happily, there is enough of what is really noble and admirable in Miss Fuller's character to out-top and overshadow, not only her own defects, but much that is injudicious or ridiculous in her friends. We are told, that it was at first intended to intitle the work, 'Margaret and her Friends.' We might have been tempted to suggest 'Save me from my friends!' as an appropriate motto for the title-page.

The magical wand with which this friendly sorceress wound her spells around those who came within her charmed circle, so that people who at first could not endure to be in the same room

with her, presently yielded to the mesmeric atmosphere, and patiently submitted to be strung on her 'necklace,' seems to have been her singular eloquence. But the real charm lay deeper,—in the force of her character, which made even her affectation seem more earnest than other people's reality, and in the ready sympathy, knowledge of human nature, and imperturbable assurance with which she seized the key of a character, and quietly made her way into its secret chambers. Her mind was, in one respect, much more French than English; it was eminently social, and needed the excitement of society to call forth its powers to their best advantage. She herself said, 'Conversation is my natural element. I need to be called out, and never think alone without imagining some companion. Whether this be nature or the force of circumstances I know not; it is my habit, and bespeaks a second-rate mind.' Hence it is not surprising that her writings, according to the general testimony of her friends, by no means do justice to her powers, nor yet the fragments of conversation preserved in these pages. The spirit of eloquence escapes when the living stream of speech is frozen into written words. It lies in what cannot be written: not in the words spoken, but in the speaker, in the speaking, and in the persons spoken to. It is a power not to be analysed, but to be felt; and the proof of which lies in its effects. And as real conversational eloquence is among the rarest forms of eloquence, so it is perhaps the quickest, surest, and most irresistible means of any, to exert influence over the minds of others. 'The test of this eloquence,' observes Mr. Emerson, 'was its range. It told on children and on old people; on men of the world and on sainted maids. She could hold them all by her honied tongue.'

There is no talent so dangerous to the modesty of its possessor as this sort of eloquence, because of the immediate and brilliant success which it achieves. The eloquent Margaret was not sufficiently superior to the weakness of human nature to escape this temptation. Mr. Emerson's remarks are amusing. It was a defect which he was not likely to overlook. 'Margaret at first astonished and repelled us by a complacency that seemed the most assured since the days of Scaliger. She spoke, in the quietest manner, of the girls she had formed, of young men who owed everything to her, the fine companions she had long ago exhausted. In the coolest way, she said to her friends,—

"I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own." In vain, on one occasion, I professed my reverence for a youth of genius, and my curiosity in his future,—“Oh, no, she was intimate with his mind,” and I “spoiled

him by overrating him." Meantime, we knew, that she neither had seen nor could see his subtle superiorities.'

In childhood, the young lady was so impressed with her superiority to those around her, that she persuaded herself that she was in reality the child, not of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, but of some European king and queen! Well may Mr. Emerson add, after one or two confirmatory quotations, 'It is certain that Margaret occasionally let slip, with all the innocence imaginable, some phrase betraying the presence of a rather mountainous ME, in a way to surprise those who knew her good sense. (ii. p. 3.)

One cannot read these sentences without feeling that they convey a silent but instructive satire on the sort of religion which consists chiefly in enforcing self-reliance, and glorifying the nobleness and divinity of human nature; and without regretting that the writer of them was not more qualified to expound to his friend and disciple that religion whose message is, 'Be clothed with humility; except ye become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of God.' Christianity has found out what is still a secret to philosophy, that the true soil for the growth of genuine virtue is to be made only by levelling that same 'mountainous ME' with the dust; and, what is more, it has found out the means of doing so.

We cannot contemplate the religious aspects of Madame Ossoli's character and life without painful and melancholy interest. In some passages of letters and journals occur noble sentiments of submissive trust in Divine Providence, devotedness to duty, and calm hope of the eternal future; touching which our only wonder is, how any deeply thoughtful mind can find room to rest them on so narrow a basis as the simple belief in the existence of a God, and the immortality of the soul. But these are the reflected lights of the Gospel, the sunlight in the sky, while the sun himself is below the horizon. Again we meet with ecstatic raptures of devotion, which, had they been uttered by some English Methodist or Scottish Puritan, would infallibly have been sneered at as hypocritical cant, by many who will admire them from the lips of a philosophic mystic,—perhaps on the principle on which we admire exotics, blooming in a soil where nature never meant them to grow. And again, we have deep sorrowful wailings, wonderings, and despairing longings such as sadly tell how poorly the vague though sublime generalities of natural religion can serve as an 'anchor to the soul, or fill the place of that faith which rests on a personal Saviour an ever-present, sympathising, yet all-powerful Friend. Perhaps the most painful intimation of this is in an extravagant rhapsody

addressed, after hearing Beethoven's music, to that departed composer as to a patron saint. So naturally does the heart, even when scornfully rejecting the idea of '*a Mediator*,' incline to link together human sympathy and divine power!

We know not whether, in these respects, Miss Fuller's views and feelings underwent any change after she became Marchioness Ossoli. Most certainly there was a marvellous change in her character; one striking feature of which is thus touchingly referred to by herself.—(iii. p. 217.)

'You say truly, I shall come home humbler. God grant it may 'be entirely humble! In future, while more than ever penetrated 'with principles, and the need of the martyr spirit to sustain 'them, I will ever own that there are few worthy, and that I am 'one of the least.'

This was written after the fall of Rome. Earlier than this, about the time of her marriage, she is thus described by her friend, Mrs. Story:—

'To me she seemed so unlike what I had thought her to be in America, that I continually said, "How have I misjudged you,—you are not at all such a person as I took you to be." . . . It was true, that I had not known her much personally when in Boston; but through her friends, who were mine also, I had learned to think of 'her as a person on intellectual stilts, with a large share of arrogance, and little sweetness of temper. How unlike to this was she now!—So delicate, so simple, confiding, and affectionate; with a true womanly heart and soul, sensitive and generous, and what was to me a still greater surprise, possessed of so broad a charity, that she could cover with its mantle the faults and defects of all about her.'—iii. p. 236.

We must not enlarge our extracts by entering on the details of Miss Fuller's visit to Europe, life in Italy, and marriage, or we should be tempted to present our readers with her graphic sketch of Thomas Carlyle, and with an anecdote of a rencontre with some of Garibaldi's troops at a country inn, which remarkably illustrates her energy of character, and influence over rougher natures. We have great satisfaction in informing our lady readers, that Madame Ossoli's husband was *not* one of the 'necklace' aforesaid.

'He is not (she writes to her mother,) in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which in its unflinching minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper and great native refinement.'—(p. 225.)

In the old days of 'Conversations at Boston' and 'Visits to Concord,' Miss Margaret Fuller had discovered that pride may be gratified to the utmost by that most intoxicating of all incense, the intellectual worship of cultivated minds, and yet the heart be unfilled and unsatisfied. She was unreasonable enough to be disappointed that she found no one 'to love her as she felt she was worthy to be loved.' Unreasonable, partly because she imagined that this must include as high an appreciation of her intellect as she had herself; but still more, because she fell into the mistake into which we suppose most of the lady advocates of the 'rights of women' do fall. She claimed that women should take exactly the same place in society as men; and yet wished to retain for them, intact, the ten thousand nameless and indefinable privileges and bewitching influences which belong to them solely in virtue of their position as 'the gentler sex,' and which men never dream of claiming or yielding among themselves. 'Let women be sea-captains, if they will!' exclaimed Miss Margaret. Well, let them! But let them not complain, in that case, if men leave off the inconvenient and expensive habit of falling in love; and let them never expect to see a ship's deck crowded with British soldiers calmly going down into their grave among the breakers, in order that the boats filled with '*sea-captains*' and children may get safe to shore!

Our last sentence reminds us of the melancholy and affecting conclusion of these memoirs, which, however, we will not spoil by extract, abstract, or comment. In place of which, as we have thus far touched upon the question of woman's position in society, as illustrated by these remarkable volumes, perhaps our readers will allow us to conclude with a fable, under which we fancy we can discern a lurking moral.

The legend says,—we will not be so impertinent to our learned readers, or so ill-bred to our unlearned readers, as to say in what ancient author it is, or is not, to be found, but the legend says, that once on a time, Selene complained to Zeus of the gross partiality which had allotted to her orb a light so much fainter than that of the god of day, and even that faint splendour ceasing and waning according to her relation to him. This inequality was a relic of chaos and barbarism, unworthy of an enlightened age. She spoke so eloquently of lunar rights and solar usurpations, solar arrogance and lunar degradation, that Zeus at length—*olli subridens*, as Maro hath it—with a lurking satire in his smile, nodded assent. The next day the new moon appeared, not as a timid, delicate crescent, but as a second sun, as bright, bold, and fiery as the god of day himself. When the first oddity of having two suns instead of one diminished, the

difference was not much noticed; but as the month rolled on, and the cool summer nights were changed into burning summer days, by this novel development of moonshine, all the world was worked up to a pitch of wonderment. How astonishing! How wonderful! How delightful! said everybody. One or two ventured to add—How disagreeable! And, as the novelty wore off, it *was* disagreeable. Poets began to mourn for the loss of their ancient fountain of inspiration. Lovers no longer rambled together in the moonlight,—they might as well walk out at noon-day. Sailors mistook the tides, and shepherds lost count in their calendars, because it was always full moon. Philosophers grumbled at being disappointed of a predicted eclipse. Physicians and policemen thought these daylight nights a great improvement; but every one else soon voted them a bore. The plants began to wither under the unnatural excitement. The nightingale took to singing by day, and going to sleep at night, like other sensible birds. One or two temples were consecrated ‘To the New Luminary,’ but the old temples of Selene were all deserted, and no offerings laid on her altars. It was a great relief when, at the month’s end the moon rose and set by day, and in the cool dark night men looked at the far-off stars and thought of what moonlight used to be. At length Selene saw her mistake, and acknowledged that in her short-sighted ambition to share the empire of her brother, she had lost a fairer and sweeter one of her own. Zeus again heard her petitions, and from that time, over the weary toils and anxious busy cares of life, the orb of day reigns supreme, and his sister only appears at times as a pale, graceful crescent at his side; but when the time comes of rest, and of family gatherings, and of gentle soothing converse, and of heavenward musings, and of solemn, tearful, or prayerful vigils, and of fairy dreams and healing slumbers, Selene shares the empire of night with the everlasting stars.

- ART. IX.—(1.) *Our Antipodes; or, Residence and Rambles in the Australian Colonies, with a Glimpse of the Gold Fields.* Three vols. By Lieut.-Col. GODFREY C. MUNDY, Author of 'Pen and Pencil Sketches in India.' Bentley.
- (2.) *Twelfth General Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners*, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1852.
- (3.) *Mr. Shilling's Lecture on the Australian Gold Fields*, delivered at the Society of Arts, June 16th, 1852.

WE have often of late amused ourselves with imagining one of our quiet, plodding great-great-grandfathers, of the prosperous times of George the Second, falling asleep some hundred years ago, like the beauty in the fairy tale, and awaking, refreshed with his long slumber, some morning in the year 1852. How overwhelming would be his astonishment at the many unheard-of, unthought-of objects which on every hand would claim his notice! Passing over the surprise which the altered appearance of the house, the furniture,—above all, the many domestic appliances, unknown a century ago,—how would the very newspaper of the present day astound him! These huge sheets, three times the size of the *London Journal* or the *Daily Advertiser*, over which perchance he had fallen asleep—those giant pages! What can they contain? There is the report of the Money Market, Consols, Long Annuities, Bank Stock,—these are familiar enough; but 'Steam-boat Companies,' what are they? 'Railway Shares,' what are they? 'Mining Shares;—'this is more intelligible, for our great-great-grandfathers were not proof against the seductions of 'mining property.' And, then, the 'Anglo-Californian,' the 'Agua Fria,' the 'Burra Burra,' the 'Cobre Copper Mine,' the 'South Australian,' where are these strangely-named mines? to what countries do they belong? But what are these closely printed shipping advertisements, filling column after column in front of the large paper? 'Steam to Bombay,' 'Steam to Calcutta'—Calcutta! that small factory; scarcely thought of until Colonel Clive went over, and yet a dozen advertisements of steam vessels, and 'line of packets' thither? And, 'Direct to California,' 'Steam to California,' that *ultima thule* of Spanish America, scarcely known, even by name! But what is this, strange as it must seem, to the two columns and a half of advertisements, all pointing to that unknown region, Australia? 'For Sidney direct,' 'for Adelaide direct,' 'for Melbourne, Geelong, Port Philip, Hobart Town,'

and still Australia, Australia, meeting the eye in each. Australia! what country can this be? The Hudson Bay Company had lately sent home wondrous stories how far their enterprising hunters had penetrated into the American wilderness; and Lord Anson had, within the last few years, 'put a girdle round the earth;' but Australia,—where can it be? He turns to the map of the world, not 'the map of the world, with the latest discoveries,' published by John Senex, in the year 1744, with its wide wastes of ocean in the south, and 'terra incognita' inscribed on regions where now are populous cities,—nay, where steam and the rail find a place; no, not to that well-worn old map, for it is useless now, but to Wyld's: Truly, if *he* has slumbered, the spirit of discovery has not. Look at those countless cities, stretching westward, westward, into the American wilderness, beyond the boundary of the Mississippi! Look at the clusters of islands studding the South Pacific! Look at that fifth continent, that new found world in the far south, our very antipodes. This is Australia, and thither are thousands flocking, for Australia could yield a home to the surplus population of all Europe, and still present wide tracts of fertile land crying aloud for tillers of her fields, and reapers of her abundant harvests!

A singular land is Australia; fertile, healthful, and, in many parts, beautiful; but still, as though in right of its antipodal position, looking very much like the world turned upside down to the European visitant. How different are its indigenous productions, animal and vegetable; how strange its kangaroo, its ornithorhynchus, and that paradox of Horace, its black swan! Its gum-tree forests, too, with 'the foliage so thin and pendulous, 'that when the sun is over head, one rides through the bush almost 'as utterly unsheltered as if there had been no trees;' contrasted with those which were a kind of myrtle, near two hundred feet high, and twenty or thirty in girth, and cast so deep a shadow at noontide, that 'it was literally the *nemorum noctem* of the poet.' But what are those to 'the absolute inversion of the seasons in these Austral portions of the globe?' As our pleasant traveller Colonel Mundy remarks, 'brimful of home associations, how 'strange is it to find May-day, the festival of young Flora, falling 'in autumn, and to see Jack-in-the-Green dancing about, clothed 'in the sere and yellow leaf. Guy Faux looks terribly out of 'season, and out of countenance, toiling through the streets (as 'I saw him doing on the 5th of November, 1848) in a terrific 'sirocco of hot wind and dust, with the thermometer at 100 in 'the shade. But, above all, Christmas! Sitting in a thorough 'draft, clad in a Holland blouse, you may see men and boys 'dragging from the neighbouring bush piles of green stuff, (oak

'branches in full leaf and acorn, and a handsome shrub with a pink flower and a pale green leaf, the "Christmas" of Australia,) for the decoration of churches and dwellings, stopping every fifty yards to wipe their perspiring brows.' This is whimsical enough; but it really appears as though a revised edition of the poets, ancient as well as modern, will be needed for Australia, since,

'How completely does its antipodal position falsify their images to the born Australian. Thomson knew nothing about the seasons, and Shakspeare is no longer the poet of nature. What does he mean by—

'The sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.'

The south wind brings sleet, and hail, and chilly hurricanes,—blighting and blasting every blossom it touches! What does Horace mean by his *rabiem notis*? 'tis a libel on our soft Australian northern breezes. 'Keen aquilon' is not keen, whatever Herbert may say or sing. As to the east wind, so much abused in English prose, if not verse, *here* it is the balmy breath of the Pacific,—the sweet sea-breeze, for whose daily advent during the summer, the Sydneyite watches and prays with all the fervour that inspired the '*aura veni*' of Cephalus. The veteran Spenser must have been dozing when he wrote of old January quaking with cold, for the Australian bard sings,—

'When hot December's sultry breeze,
Scarce stirs a leaf on yonder trees,'

And if December be hot, January is hotter still.'—*Our Antipodes*, vol. iii. p. 31, 32.

The climate of New South Wales, and of Western and Southern Australia as well, is, however, very fine. There are few cloudy days, and none of that uncertainty of weather which so greatly diminishes the pleasures of an English summer. To use the words of our lively traveller, 'A fine day is a matter of course; sunshine is the rule, clouds the exception;' and, strangely too, no one appears to fear the sun, even at midsummer. Masons and bricklayers, exposed to its full blaze for eight or ten hours a day, seem to suffer little inconvenience. The drought, and the consequent dry, parching air, are the greatest drawbacks; but 'still, it is a glorious climate; glorious in its visible beauty, glorious in its freedom from lethal disorders; priceless in respect to this latter feature, in the eyes of those who have known what it is to serve in countries where death multiform rides on the wind, lurks in forest or swamp, or riots in the crowded city.' The work from whence the above extracts have been taken, is by Colonel Mundy, an officer who had already seen some service,

both in the East Indies and in Canada, and who, as 'Deputy Adjutant-General in the Australian colonies,' became a resident for five years in Sydney, during which time he made various excursions into the interior of New South Wales, as well as to the adjacent colonies of New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and Victoria, together with a visit, just before his return, to the newly-discovered gold-diggings at Bathurst. 'Wholly unconnected with, and independent of, the colonies and communities he strives to delineate,' his work, on this very account, has a value which few other works on the same subject possess; while, as presenting a very graphic series of pictures of a land toward which the hopes and expectations of so many thousands are now tending, it deserves the attention both of those who are going and of those who stay. We shall accompany Colonel Mundy in his pleasant visits to these rising colonies, supplying or correcting their statistics from the recently published 'Twelfth Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.'

In June, 1846, Colonel Mundy entered 'one of the noblest harbours in the world, Port Jackson,' and the anchor was dropped just beside the spot where, in 1788, the first governor of New South Wales pitched the tents of the first British plantation in New Holland. Very different was the view that met the eyes of the new comer, not quite sixty years after. Long lines of well-built streets, one, George-street, extending two miles and a half in length; the endless succession of well-supplied and well-lighted shops; the handsome dwelling-houses, letting, in the more 'fashionable' quarters, at one and two hundred a year; and the beautiful villas in the outskirts, surrounded by their pleasure-grounds and gardens, where the natives of the tropical regions, together with those of more temperate climates, grow in unparalleled luxuriance, formed a pleasant scene for the eyes of the stranger to rest upon. The Australian cedar is profusely used in the fittings of the Sydney dwellings. 'It has all the beauty, in colour and figure, of the Spanish mahogany, but in solidity and closeness of grain the Australian cedar is greatly inferior.' The police appear tolerably active, the population, on the whole, quiet and decorous; and, with greater attention to sanitary laws, Sydney bids fair to become a city worthy of the mighty country to which she belongs. The inhabitants, generally, seem very prosperous. 'I have visited no part of the world,' says our author, 'where there appears so much of universal competence, so much equality of means, if such be possible. There must be few persons in New South Wales spending 1000*l.* a year; and there must be equally few who cannot afford a sufficiency of food, clothing, bread, meat, and firing, for

themselves and families, every day of the year.' The shopkeepers in Sydney largely participate in this prosperity; most of them reside in handsome houses, and many keep carriages.

In 1850-51, Colonel Mundy visited Van Diemen's Land, and the colony of Port Philip, now named Victoria. He was much struck with the fine situation of Hobart Town, and its noble harbour.

'The land in which the port is framed is three times higher than that of Port Jackson, the soil better, the timber finer, and the grand back-ground to the town, afforded by Mount Wellington—cloud-capped in summer, snow-capped in winter,—close in its rear, gives the palm of picturesque beauty, beyond dispute, to Hobart Town, and its harbour, over its sister port and city. The land tints disappointed me entirely,—nothing but browns and yellows; no verdure, everything burnt up. . . . Some of the suburbs are very pretty, the style of architecture of the villas, their shady seclusion, and the trimness of their approaches and pleasure-grounds, far surpassing those of the New-South-Wales capital. . . . The extraordinary luxuriance of the common red geranium, at this season, makes every spot look gay; at the distance of miles, the sight is attracted and dazzled by wide patches of scarlet dotted over the landscape. The hedges of sweetbrier, both in the town gardens and country enclosures, covered with its delicate rose, absolutely monopolize the air with its peculiar perfume; the closely-clipped mint-borders, supplying the place of box, sometimes, however, overpower the sweetbrier, and every other scent in the gardens. Every kind of English flower and fruit appears to benefit by transportation to Van Diemen's Land. Well-remembered shrubs and plants, to which the heat of Australia is fatal, thrive in the utmost luxuriance under this more southern climate. The old original *fuschia gracilis* attains here an extraordinary growth. Edging the beds of a garden near where I lived, there were hundreds of yards of fuschia in bloom. . . . Here I renewed my acquaintance with the walnut, and filbert, the horse-chesnuts, the lime-tree, with its beloved blossom, and the dear old hawthorn of my native land.'—*Our Antipodes*, vol. iii. p. 152-4.

All the landscapes in the neighbourhood are very beautiful,—'much more European than Australian in their character;' and the view from an eminence, 'looking over villas, and gardens, and wooded undulations, down upon the bright waters of the wide and hill-encircled harbour,' reminded our author of 'a peep' from a campagne near Lausanne, over the village of Ouchi, upon the broad expanse of 'clear, placid Leman.' The great drawback, however, on all this natural beauty, is the character of the inhabitants; the population of the island, centesimally divided, ranging under the following divisions:—'Free immigrants and born in the colony, 46 per cent.; convict, and emerged into

freedom, 51 per cent.; military and aborigines, 3 per cent.'
Among the gentlemen

'Who left their country for their country's good,'

Colonel Mundy had the pleasure of seeing the very unheroic Mr. Smith O'Brien, who was enjoying himself with his ticket of leave in a very pretty cottage, and far better off than hundreds of worthy Englishmen, whose only crime is their poverty.

The chief town in the colony of Victoria, Melbourne, falls far behind Sydney and Hobart Town, both in situation and appearance. It is—

'A well laid-out, ugly town, containing about 20,000 inhabitants. The adjacent country, visible from the highest look-out, is but poorly sprinkled with trees, and is at present herbless to a degree that I never saw elsewhere, even in New South Wales. The town is but the outlet for the splendid back country. . . . There is about Melbourne an air of progress and prosperity, apparent to the least observant stranger,—an air of bustle and business during the working hours of the day, and of solid comfort and easy competence, when the labours of the day are over. The middle and the poorer classes are so well off, indeed, that they have no necessity for extreme exertion.'—*Our Antipodes*, vol. iii. p. 280.

But whatever may be the comparative prosperity of the towns, in a new country like Australia, it is the country that offers the chief sources of abundant wealth, and for this

'The term squatter, inelegant as it may appear, is an official term in this colony. But it is applied to a different class from that to which it belongs in America, whence it is borrowed. The squatter of America is generally a small farmer or labouring man, with as much capital as he can carry in an old stocking, who, wandering beyond the limits of the district surveyed by Government, and consequently open to sale, has sat down, or squatted, on wild land, as the buffalo or the moose might do, with as great a right, and greater, to its occupancy, and no more liable to distraint for rent than his quadruped neighbour on the prairie. As the frontier of the state extends, and the surveyor approaches his 'farm,' the squatter either removes to 'fresh diggings,' or, taking advantage of the right of pre-emption, purchases, for the fixed price of a dollar and a quarter an acre, as much of his original squattage as he may need or can afford to make his own. I have lodged with an American thus situated near the head-waters of the Mississippi. His hut, built of substantial logs, cut from the 'oak-opening,' or grove, on the edge of which he was located, looked over a wide expanse of rolling prairie as far as the eye could range, dotted only with occasional clumps of timber.

'His herds, therefore, however far dispersed, were still within his ken, and needed no further care than that of himself and sons. How different from the forest pastures of Australia! He was but twenty-

two miles from a navigable lake, communicating with the St. Lawrence, and the same distance from his market, a small frontier town. . . . Such are the squatters of the far west, and such were some of the original squatters of this colony.'

But in Australia, at present,

'For the purposes of squatting, the waste lands (a term very improperly and imprudently given to the splendid territorial inheritance held by the crown, as trustee for the public) are divided into three classes: the settled, the intermediate, and the unsettled districts. In the settled, the lease is enjoyable for one year only; in the intermediate, for eight years; in the unsettled, or ultra-frontier lands, for fourteen years. The rent is 10*l.* per annum for a 'run' capable of carrying 4000 sheep, or 640 head of cattle or horses. The runs are not open to purchase during the lease, except by the lessee. On the expiration of a lease, it is competent for Government to put up all or any part of the land for sale, the lessee having the right of pre-emption at its fair value, which shall never be less than 1*l.* per acre. The assessment on stock is 3*½d.* for horses, 1*½d.* for cattle, *½d.* for sheep per head. . . . The English reader must understand that the lessees of crown lands, the squatters, are debarred by law from cultivating any part of their runs, except for the consumption of their families and establishments. Immense tracts, therefore, must remain untenanted by the plough, and continue to be primeval deserts.'—Vol. i. p. 277-79.

Although it seems difficult to understand why agriculture on a large scale should be thus prohibited, the advantages to the Australian colonies from the consequent extension of what our author calls 'the pastoral interests,' have been great. 'The honour of originating the Australian wool trade is due to Mr. John Macarthur,' who, going to England about 1803, displayed samples of wool grown by himself in New South Wales, to some brokers, and 'who, foreseeing the advantages to be derived from 'so important a branch of commerce, obtained for him a special 'grant of land, and a number of assigned servants.' Thus was laid the foundation of what bids fair to become the staple of the colony, the Australian wool trade.

The English reader, accustomed to the limited farming of his native land, must feel astounded at the gigantic scale of the farming establishments here, especially of the sheep-owners. The proprietor of Coombing,—an elegant country seat, with a fine background of hills, weeded to their summit,—Mr. Icely, has an estate consisting of 50,000 acres, 'with hundreds of thousands of acres 'of pasture rented from the crown, 25,000 sheep, 3000 head of 'cattle, and some 300 horses;' while 'there are about 45 miles 'of substantial three-railed fencing on the property!' This immense establishment is, however, outdone by that of Mr. Clark, who was originally a butcher at Sydney.

'In Van Diemen's Land, he has already purchased 50,000 acres, part from the crown, and part from private persons. This season he informed me he had sheared, in New South Wales, 90,000, and in Van Diemen's Land, 40,000 sheep, and had sent to England this year 1500 bales of wool, which at 20*l.* a bale, gives 30,000*l.* . . . In the shearing season he is compelled to collect at his head stations, about fifty or sixty roving, roaring, rowdy blades—wild hands when idle, but good at a 'clip.' On these occasions he takes care to be present himself.'—Vol. iii. p. 262-64.

The fine quality of the Australian wool may be judged from the statement, that Mr. Clark had sent home 'a fleece weighing 27 lbs., the growth of as many months, from one sheep, the staple of which was 21 inches long.' The proprietor of 'Salisbury Court,'—how English, indeed, how old English, is this name,—'a true grazier grandee of New South Wales,' also employs about a hundred pair of hands, pays in wages and rations not less than 3000*l.*, and was in 1851 assessed for 90,000 sheep. Although, as may be fairly supposed, there are not many Australian settlers possessing such more than patriarchal wealth in flocks and herds, still, the general amount of sheep at the 'stations,' as they are called, judging from advertisements, seem to range from 6000 to 15,000. 'Renting the sheep, with or without the pastures, is growing into a common practice, especially in this colony, Victoria. The lessee pays so much per annum for 1000 sheep (50*l.* to 80*l.* say). He gets the wool, and the increase of the flocks; and, at the termination of the lease, he delivers back the station with the stock, equal in condition, age, and numbers.' At present the price of a good sheep-station, with the stock upon it, including the run, and the premises, appears to be about 10*s.* a-head. Sheep, however, have been sold as low as 1*s.* 6*d.* a head, but Colonel Mundy considers the standard minimum value now to be 4*s.* or 5*s.* It is in this district that sheep-farming appears to be carried on with the greatest success. The natives are rarely troublesome; indeed, in some cases they have been employed as shepherds for four or five years past, and at one station have had charge of 6000 sheep. 'The native dog has been nearly extirpated by the liberal use of strychnine, and instead of the old practice of yarding the sheep at night, they are now encamped round the hut of the stockman. A grand saving in wages is thus made; for one man, or an old couple, can take charge of one or two thousand sheep.' In another portion of his work, Colonel Mundy tells us that the habit of engaging married couples for 'the bush,' as shepherds, or herd-keepers, is growing rapidly into use, for even children are found of service in carrying rations to the men in charge of the flocks. The wages in 1851 were high; 15*l.* to 25*l.* for shepherds, stockmen,

and draymen, while watchmen and hut-keepers,—offices which might well be filled by men too old for severe labour,—obtained 15*l.* per annum. The usual ration is, 10*lbs.* meat, 10*lbs.* bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ *lb.* tea, and $\frac{3}{4}$ *lb.* sugar, per week. During the busy season a handsome addition is made to their wages; lodging is always gratis, and where milk is plentiful a supply is furnished to them.

The shepherds of Australia, it may well be supposed, are not ‘Arcadian’ either in their tastes or habits. ‘The shepherds tend their flocks to their pastures by day, and bring them home at night. The hut-keeper cooks for the men, receives the sheep at night, and is answerable for them until the next morning.’ The shepherd, after he has led out his fleecy charge, sits lazily enough in the shade, not of a ‘spreading beech,’ but of a gum-tree, enjoying his pipe,—that is, if he be able to obtain its unclassical concomitant of tobacco,—but more generally amusing himself with playing on the Jew’s harp or accordion. The sale, indeed, of both these substitutes for music, Colonel Mundy tells us, is immense—‘five hundred accordions, and fifty gross of Jew’s harps, being considered small investments by one vessel. A shepherd has been known to walk two hundred miles from a distant station of the interior to purchase one of them at the nearest township.’ This ‘piping’ life of the shepherd is, however, contemned by the cattle-keeper, who, mounted on a spirited horse, rides for many miles through the bush for the purpose of collecting the herds. This employment, which has somewhat of the excitement of the chase, is a very favourite one, not only with the men, but actually with their masters.

‘You know the stockman by his chin-strapped, cabbage-tree hat, his bearded and embrowned visage, his keen, quiet eye. The symbol of his peculiar trade is the sheep-whip—a thick but tapering thong of twelve or fourteen feet, weighing, perhaps, a couple of pounds, affixed to a handle of a foot and a half at most. At the end of this cruel lash is a ‘cracker,’ generally made of a twisted piece of silk handkerchief. The wilderness echoes for miles with the cracks of this terrible scourge, which are fully as loud as the report of a gun. . . . I have seen a pewter quart pot all but cut in two by one flank of the sheep-whip.’—Vol. i. p. 315.

Much attention is paid to cattle, and also to horses, many of which are sent to India, and bring a good price. As there is in Australia ‘no artificial, or stored-up food for winter, or bad seasons, as in Europe,’ and as drought often tries the settler, there are now ‘boiling-down establishments’ in most of the pastoral districts, where sheep, and sometimes even cattle, are killed, and the head and fleshy portions being thrown away, the remainder is chopped in pieces and thrown into large iron vats,

capable of containing from sixteen to twenty-four oxen, or three times the amount of sheep. In these the fat is boiled out, skimmed off into buckets, and poured thence into casks, which are shipped for England. In 1850 no less than 743,000 sheep and 45,000 cattle were thus sacrificed, producing 160,000 cwt. of tallow. Alas! that animal food, so great a luxury to thousands of our countrymen, should have been thus comparatively wasted! We may mention, ere passing on, that in South Australia, olive oil is beginning to form an article of trade, and that very successful attempts at cultivating the vine have been made in various parts; indeed, there seems little doubt but that in a few years Australia, together with her other produce, will supply us with a very excellent dinner-wine.

Perhaps the most striking proof of the importance of the Australian wool-trade, as well as of the growing prosperity of the colony, will be found in the following statistical notes taken from the Report of the 'Colonial Land and Emigration Commissions for 1852.'

'In 1841 the value of the exports of wool amounted to 517,537*l*.

'In 1850 it amounted to 1,614,241*l*.'

Tallow was not exported until 1843, and then between 9000*l*. and 10,000*l*. worth was sent; but, in 1849, this export had risen to 249,932*l*., and in 1850 to 300,721.

'The whole number of sheep within the colony in 1849 was 12,102,540.

'In 1850 the number amounted to 13,059,324.'

Of this number seven millions belonged to Sydney district, and the remainder to Port Philip.

The number of cattle in 1850 was, in Sydney, rather above 1,500,000; in Port Philip not quite 400,000. From the same Report we extract the following, which affords a striking picture of the rapid increase of the colony both in population and in wealth.

'In 1841 :

Population, 149,669 Exports, £1,023,397.

In 1850 :

Population, 265,503 Exports, £2,399,580.'

Before quitting this part of our subject we may quote Colonel Mundy's intelligent remarks respecting the prospects of the emigrant agriculturist, or sheep-owner. 'From all I have read and observed, the mishaps of the majority of emigrants are clearly traceable to the idleness, ignorance, or imprudence of the sufferers. Let no one, therefore, embark heedlessly. The bush, believe me, is no rose-bush,—or, if it be, it has its thorns,

‘its carcs, its fluctuations, its reverses; still, with due care, the majority may fairly expect, if not large fortunes, still a certain competence.’

Hitherto we have surveyed only the surface of this mighty continent, but Australia has treasures also hidden deep in the earth. It was not until 1843, that the mineral wealth of New South Wales was discovered. As in the case of the gold-mines, so in respect to the earlier found copper, no one suspected their existence, except a German geologist named Menge, who persisted that the hills of South Australia were metalliferous, but whose opinion was treated, not only with incredulity, but with ridicule. Accident at length verified the geologist’s assertion. In 1842, the youngest son of Captain Bagot, whilst gathering wild flowers, discovered some pieces of grey slate, strongly tinged with the green carbonate of copper, and attracted probably by the brilliancy of its colour, the boy brought one of the pieces home. Soon after, Mr. Dutton, a neighbouring resident and sheep-owner, having ascended a little hill, to obtain a view of one of his distant flocks, was struck with the beauty of what seemed to be a patch of bright green moss, just at his horse’s feet. He dismounted, but, on closer view, found that it was copper-ore. Being on intimate terms with Captain Bagot, Mr. Dutton communicated his discovery, and then found that his friend’s son, on a spot hard by, had found a similar piece of ore. Mr. Dutton,—from whose interesting work, *South Australia and its Mines*, we have taken the foregoing account,—together with his friend, now applied to Government for the purchase of the land—no reserves being made in South Australia with regard to minerals—and at the fixed price of 1*l.* per acre they purchased eighty, within which the precious ore was found. Some Cornish miners, who had fortunately just arrived, were hired, and the Kapunda mine opened, and its produce during only a part of the first year amounted to 252½ tons of fine copper, which were sold in England for 6225*l.* But other ‘out-croppings,’ though less extensive than on the original land, were soon after discovered hard by. A keen competition was therefore commenced, and a hundred acres, put up to auction by Government, were purchased, after a sharp contest on the part of Captain Bagot and our author, at the large price of 2210*l.* In his table of the average produce of the various copper-mines in South America, and in England and Ireland, Mr. Dutton proves that those of South Australia hold the highest place. Since the date of Mr. Dutton’s work (1846) mining operations have been widely extended, the Burra-Burra mines now taking the lead; and the importance of this new branch of commerce may be estimated, when we find

in the Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, that while from] the vicinity of the above-mentioned mines, 8676 cwt. of copper was shipped in 1849, in 1850 the shipments rose to 44,594. In addition to this, a small quantity of lead was also sent.

But interesting and important as these statements might be, the gold discovery has thrown them wholly into the background,—indeed, with some people, the whole Australian continent seems to be considered as worthy of notice only on account of the precious metal which is drained from her rivers or dug from her mines. Although the district in which gold was first found has been long occupied by sheep-stations, or by small settlers, and the gold-bearing earth has been actually tilled, and the gold-bearing stream used for domestic purposes, still the presence of gold was not discovered until about fifteen months since. The probability that some portion of the regions of New South Wales were auriferous, was, however, pointed out by the Rev. Mr. Clark, a resident, as early as 1841,* and, at the same time, Sir Roderic Murchison, in Europe, was led to the same conclusion, from a comparison of the gold-bearing rocks of the Ural Mountains which he had explored with those of the Eastern Cordillera of Australia. In 1844—we quote from his own note, appended to Colonel Mundy's work—he published, in the fourteenth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, a comparison between the two mountain ranges, and in 1846 recommended the Cornish miners who wanted employment to emigrate to New South Wales, and there search for gold. In 1848, having received specimens of gold from two colonists, he wrote to Earl Grey, referring to the former comparison with the Ural mountains, but the minister declined to interfere. After 'the accidental opening of the golden gravel in California,' Sir Roderic publicly broached on various occasions the subject of the distribution of gold over the surface of the globe; his last and concluding views being put forth in the article, 'Siberia and California,' in the *Quarterly Review*, September, 1850. These views, however, as we have seen, attracted no notice, until, in the early part of last year, Mr. Hargreaves, a gentleman who had spent nearly two years in California, returned to New South Wales, and struck by the

* The following remarks of Mr. Clark, in a letter addressed to the Sydney *Morning Herald*, 24th May, 1851, are very curious and important:—'If we look at the globe, we shall find that in the longitude of about 149° or 150° east, extends the middle of the meridian chain of Australia, parallel by similar chains, having similar axes, in South and in West Australia. Exactly ninety degrees from this main Australian chain, occurs the auriferous Ural in 60° east; and exactly ninety degrees from the same chain occurs the north and south auriferous mountains of California, in 120° west. The fourth quadrantal meridian falls along the Atlantic between Brazil and Africa, both auriferous regions.'

similarity of its geological formation and external characteristics, he determined carefully to examine into it. 'After riding about three hundred miles, so as to intersect the country at numerous points, and spending two or three months in the prosecution of his object, he discovered gold, and established a company of working miners, at a point of the Summer-hill Creek,' a spot now known far and wide by its appropriate name, Ophir.

The general character and appearance of the gold district is well described by Mr. Shilling in his lecture, and from it the following extract is taken :—

'The Australian cordillera run in a line with the coast, and at an average distance of less than one hundred miles from the shore. Gold has been found on both sides of these cordilleras, and chiefly in the smaller streams, and bends of the rivers; but the basin of the Murray may be said to form the Australian gold field. . . . The very outline of these hills and mountains, almost without exception rounded, would make it probable that their surface irregularities have been caused by detritus, so as to give this peculiar characteristic to the scenery. Imagine a number of enormous hay-cocks, from 500 to 1500 feet high, packed as close together as impenetrable substances of such a shape could be crammed, their steep slopes, covered to the summit with the thin evergreen—or, rather, ever-brown, bush of Australia, and you will have a very fair idea of the general appearance of the gold districts. . . . The locality named Ophir, by Mr. Hargreaves, is a deep ravine through which flows the Summer-hill Creek from the lofty Canollus, between 4000 and 5000 feet high, on one side it is bounded by rocks of quartz, and schist, in some places almost perpendicular.'

Colonel Mundy, whose sketches give additional interest to his work, has afforded us a very picturesque view of Summer-hill Creek, and also of the Ophir mines. The next spot where gold was discovered was on the Turon River, from whence it was stated that small portions had been taken years before; indeed Colonel Mundy tells us that so far back as 1823, a convict of an ironed gang, working on the roads near Bathurst, was flogged for having in his possession a lump of rough gold, which the officer naturally enough imagined must have been the product of watches or trinkets, stolen and melted down. Sofala is the name given to this station; it is situated in the valley that forms the bed of that Pactolus of Australia, the Turon. These 'diggings,' Colonel Mundy also visited.

'As we topped the last of a series of small hills, which I thought interminable, my companion suddenly said, 'Stop, and listen.' I pulled up my horse, and heard, as I imagined, the rushing of a mighty cataract. 'It is the cradles,' said he. And so it was,—the grating

of the gravel or rubble, on the metal sifter of five hundred rockers! I shall not easily forget the impression made on me by this singular acoustic effect. Looking down into that wild mountain glen, it was almost incredible that this ceaseless crash could be produced by human beings, not one of whom was visible. Presently, as we descended upon the creek, tents, huts, and every other kind of temporary tabernacle were desecrated dotting the slopes and levels. . . . The camps are never entirely deserted, for one of every company remains at the hut, cooking, washing, and keeping guard in the absence of his mates. I saw no women, except a few 'gins' (native blacks), at the mines,—this is one of the most odious peculiarities of the gold-digging population.'—*Our Antipodes*, vol. iii. p. 373.

Near the Wallabi Rocks, the scene is very beautiful.

'As I despaired of preserving the shadow of an impression of it by effect of pencil, so do I feel my pen equally powerless; for a first-rate colourist, who had passed a life in the close study of nature, could have produced but a faint image of the swelling sea of mountain-forest lying before and below us: hill beyond hill, as far as sight could range,—and the devious course of the invisible Turon, distinctly traced by a motionless wreath of smoke from the bivouacs, sleeping on the mists of the river, and carrying the eye of the spectator along until it rested on the face of the Wallabi rocks, just illumined by the morning sun, which threw over it a veil of golden gauze. The landscape was truly lovely,—an epithet rarely to be applied to gold-mining regions.'—vol. iii. p. 384.

But amid the new excitement and general good fortune, at that early period—August, 1851, of the gold diggers, Colonel Mundy bears testimony to the injurious influence of this dream. He found no merriment among them, no cheerfulness.

'I found it no easy task to get into conversation with them,' he says. 'Some appeared sullen from disappointment; few communicative on the subject of their gains, and all imbued with the spirit of independence and equality natural in a community where all were living and labouring on the same terms. The miners, I observed, looked haggard and weather-worn about the face; but I fancy this jaded look proceeded rather from intense mental excitement, than from bodily hardship. More than one started when I asked them if they did not dream of gold at night; and admitted, with apparent shame, that not only did gold form the main subject of many a troubled night-mare, but that, in spite of excessive fatigue, involuntary thoughts on the same theme robbed them of the rest absolutely necessary to recruit their strength for the morrow's labour.'—vol. iii. p. 352.

At the time when Colonel Mundy left, the gold mines in Victoria had not been discovered. Mr. Shilling only describes them from report; but from his statement it appears that these mines are richer than the earlier found ones. Buniningong was

the first discovered: it is about forty miles from Geelong, and is on the edge of an open forest, in the midst of a beautiful agricultural country. Mount Alexander is more north, and there as is the case in New South Wales, it seems that the richest yield of gold is obtained from a stratum of blue clay, found at a depth of from two to nine feet. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, accurately to ascertain the amount of gold obtained from the Australian mines. The account up to December last, according to the Report of the 'Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners,' gives 464,668*l.* 15*s.* as the value of the gold shipped from Sydney to England, while the rough estimate of gold raised in Victoria between August 1st and December 6th, 1851, is thus given:—

In Banks in Melbourne	90,000 ozs.
Shipped	31,734
In Bank in Geelong	30,000
On the ground, or in merchants' and private hands	60,000
Total	<u>211,734 ozs.</u>

This, at 3*l.* per oz., is £635,202

When we contemplate statements like the foregoing, we are less disposed to be astonished at, however we may lament, the extravagant dreams, which these unexpected gold discoveries have led so many to indulge in. Above a million of money value, sent from Australia in less than half a year, and all in the form of gold,—bright, precious gold. No wonder that the eager, the excitable, all those who would 'make haste to be rich,' should be ready to bid farewell to friends and country, and set off for this new El Dorado. But be it remembered that the Australian wool-trade alone, amid the dearth of labourers, yielded in 1850, a result of a million and a half, and that the wool and tallow together, amounted to more than two million!

As to the profits of gold-digging to the miners themselves, this seems to be a question involved in great difficulties. Colonel Mundy, who visited them during the first excitement, and who takes a more favourable view than Mr. Shilling, bears testimony to the exaggerated stories even then current. The many marvellous tales of the earnings of the miners which found their way into the papers, were, he remarks, unfounded; and their effect was to unsettle the minds of credulous hearers and readers, who, believing that Aladdin's lamp was only waiting for them to rub it, gave up steady employment for gold hunting, and thereby too

often abandoned solid substance for a vain shadow. It is impossible to form a correct idea of the earnings at Ophir. 'Ten shillings a day was pretty generally named as the average,' but this he considers too low. But what is 3*l.* per week, as the remuneration for the wear and tear, bodily and mental, of gold digging? That great bodily labour is demanded—great, we mean, to the middle and higher classes, and those unaccustomed to active employment, we have the testimony of Mr. Shilling, a practical man, who expressly states, that although 'nothing' perhaps to navvies, and strong men, it is insurmountable by the 'sedentary and weak.' His estimate of the average remuneration is lower than Colonel Mundy's, although 'we can only surmise their gains from the accounts of the diggers themselves. 'Now there have been numerous failures at all the diggings,—even at Mount Alexander. The average earnings of the first 400 at Ophir, appear to have been about 10*s.* a day, but their success was most unequal. Mr. Forbes gives it as his opinion that where one gets 20*l.* or 30*l.*, fifty earn 10*s.* a day, and forty-nine scarcely their rations. Later still, a newspaper correspondent estimates the average earnings at 2*l.* per week, and 'says no one would set it above 3*l.*; few rated the average earnings at the Turon above 1*l.* a week.' In other parts, scores were not earning even their rations. At Mount Alexander, some estimate it to have been at one time as high as 3*l.* a day per man, but the Commissioner, at the same time puts it at from 15*s.* to 30*s.* Indeed, as Mr. Shilling truly remarks,—

"Isolated facts, accounts of individual success, create undue impressions; people are apt to forget the oblivion that attends failure, in reading the glowing accounts of one suddenly enriched. . . . Comparing all the accounts, it seems probable, that at a time when the mail and weekly escort were bringing down between 5000 and 6000 ounces weekly, the number engaged in mining operations approached at least 25,000."

Now, let us take the weekly supply of gold at its maximum of 6000 ounces, and the miners at only 24,000, and we shall divide but a quarter of an ounce of gold weekly among them,—that is rather more than 16*s.*, allowing for the highest price which has been given for gold at Sydney, 3*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*,—for six days hard labour, where the cost of mere living,—that is, broiled mutton, damper, and tea, is at least 15*s.* a week. We have therefore little doubt that these gold diggings after all are veritable lotteries; a few enormous prizes, like the 30,000*l.* so temptingly displayed in large capitals at the head of the old lottery bills, and represented in this case by Dr. Kerr's enormous 'Hundred

Weight,' and the more apocryphal 'Nugget,' said to have weighed 1300 ounces—set over against the thousand losers, concerning whose unfortunate reverses nobody ever heard.

We may remark here, that—

'As by far the largest supply of gold has been procured from the banks and beds of rivers flowing through accumulated masses of *débris*, either torn from the mountain side by some convulsion of nature, or brought down by the floods of past ages, even although a hundred weight has been found in the matrix, at one spot, it would be assuming more than we have any foundation for doing, to say that gold may be found anywhere, concentrated in large quantities, since every circumstance rather tends to prove that it has existed but rarely in masses, or at any rate, that these have been so broken up in the course of ages, and disseminated amongst the *débris* of the mountains, that it is now almost hopeless to search for matrix gold.*

And thus we find that no second huge masses of gold have been found; but even the most sanguine advocates of gold digging are compelled to content themselves with reports of the discovery of far smaller pieces, or a plentiful yield of gold dust.

Mr. Shilling gives numerous instances of the great uncertainty of success. The best 'claim' on the Turon, sold for 900*l.*, and the purchaser, during two days' trial, got 160*l.* towards the purchase-money. Another 'claim' sold for 700*l.*, but although seven pounds were found one day, and eight pounds the next, it did not eventually repay the buyer. While one party of miners gained 1500*l.* in less than five weeks, many others obtained scarcely a bare subsistence; and yet, he says, 'to see 'them toiling at their miserable task, delving away like madmen, 'carrying huge bags of soil to be washed, you would fancy—such 'was the infatuation even of the wretched losers—that they were 'making their fortunes, and almost breaking their necks to make 'it soon.' Mr. Shilling's final opinion indeed is, 'that it is very 'questionable whether the gross yield of the mines has as yet 'equalled the expense incurred in consequence of their discovery;' an opinion which we are well aware will be keenly controverted by some, but which has certainly strong statistical arguments to support it.

Among our contemporaries, this 'dream of gold' has awakened many speculations; while the daily press teems with theories and suggestions as to what is to be done with the mass of surplus gold, which will ere long, as they believe, flow in upon us. The *Daily News*, in a leader, some time since, suggested the great impulse which would be given to 'art manufacture,' if ornaments of 'precious glittering gold' should find a place in our drawing-

* Vide Mr. Shilling's Lecture.

rooms, instead of alabaster vases, and ormolu clocks and candelabra. There is, however, little probability of this wholesale employment of gold; but should its supply greatly increase, we think it would scarcely be unlikely that silver might take its place as the most valuable. While gold has been discovered in so many new regions, the supply of silver has scarcely increased beyond the regular demand, and we can imagine many stranger things than that the second precious metal might eventually become the first. Among some of the nations of antiquity a species of fine brass was, we know, more highly prized for ornaments than gold itself; and the almost priceless value of the Corinthian metal is familiar to every reader. Now, let silver become scarce in proportion as gold becomes plentiful, and the personal ornaments and the more costly plate will be made of the paler metal. When last year we contemplated that gorgeous and beautiful display of 'vessels of gold and silver' in the Great Exhibition, we were forcibly struck with the actual superiority in delicate beauty, of the silver plate. The chaste richness of the polished surface contrasting with, and throwing out the delicate pearly whiteness of the frosted portions; and the pure 'no colour,' of the dead silver, so admirably adapted to give effect to the minutest touches, impressed us most forcibly, as we believe it did more competent judges, with the great superiority of silver.

These remarks, however, are but in parenthesis,—for the probability of this excessive supply of gold is, indeed, a very remote contingency. Neither the produce of the Californian mines nor of the Australian have, up to the present time, much lowered the price of gold; and even should they continue to yield their precious stores in an abundance sufficient to meet the expectations of the most sanguine, we must bear in mind that gold has attractions for every nation, and that from the east, and west, and farthest north, thousands will press to the gold fields. The latest news from California has told us, that a continual stream of population was setting in from China towards that region of gold; and advices from Sydney inform us how the American diggers from California are entering her port by hundreds, doubtless soon to be followed by the Chinese, who, timid and plodding as they appear, possess great perseverance and industry; and, as we are informed both by Dr. Bowring, and Mr. White,—who as the agent for free labour in the West Indies, had ample opportunities for forming his opinion—possess also a spirit of combination, which, under certain conditions, render them even formidable.

To determine what is to be the effect upon prices of a con-

siderable addition to the stock of precious metals now existing in the world, is matter of extreme difficulty. In this case, the lights of the past are dim, obscure, and deceptive. We know, indeed, in the gross, that the discovery and opening out of the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru, during the early part of the sixteenth century, did at length, after a series of years, greatly lower the value of these metals, and caused a slow and gradual rise of prices, which hardly ceased even in the eighteenth; but how much was actually due to the additional coin in circulation, and how much to other economic causes, it is hard to say. To fix, with anything like certainty, the value of the money of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. seems impossible. It is well known that the coinage was then debased to a considerable extent; but there exist no means for ascertaining, with any certainty, whether the debased coin passed generally at its nominal or its real value, or at some rate between a nominal and a real value. If we take as a criterion the rental of the kingdom, as ascertained about that time, we must lean to the conclusion that a rise in prices had taken place in consequence of the debasement of the current money, of which the subsequent rise caused by the *real* depreciation of the precious metals themselves towards the end of Henry's reign, was only a sort of continuation. Taking, however, the value of money in the fifteenth century at as high a rate as can by possibility be admitted, it is still clear that the depreciated value of money at the present day cannot be attributed solely to any addition, made since, to the stock of gold and silver existing in the world. To account for it, we must refer to the various modes of economising the use of coin, which have been invented during the interval,—to the use of bills of exchange, bank notes, goldsmiths' receipts, government securities, and cheques upon banks,—by all of which the uses of metallic coins have been much narrowed, and their value depreciated.

It has been estimated, by persons who have taken pains to put together such vague evidence as exists with regard to this point, that the stock of gold and silver now existing in the world in the shape of money is about 400,000,000*l.* sterling, of which more than half is silver. This is probably under the mark. There seems reason to believe, that the money, as well as the population of China and its dependencies, where a silver currency has existed from time immemorial, is underrated, whilst that of Europe and other portions of the Asiatic continent is not over-rated. Hence, to produce any sensible effect upon this mass, the addition in the shape of actual coin must be very great; and if this addition be of gold coin, there exist causes to neutralise

that effect. In calculating the effect of an addition to the stock of *gold* in circulation, we must always consider that, save and except in England, *silver* is the practical standard. Hence, in those countries where paper money is little used, and sound principles of currency have prevailed, gold bears a *premium*, or *agio*. Persons who want it in preference to silver, are obliged to pay this premium in order to obtain it. Thus, therefore, the first effect of an addition to the gold money of the world will only be to destroy this *agio*. The next effect will be, to alter the relative value of silver and gold, and send the former out of circulation, by making it pass (as money) for less than it is worth, as compared with the gold coins. Neither of these phenomena have, however, yet occurred; although the *agio* has been, we believe, affected somewhat.

It has been usual with persons who are inclined to speculate sanguinely and rashly upon the probable effects of the additions to our stock of gold now making in California and Australia, to assume some annual quantity as added, and then reason upon it as if *this* was all that the question involved. This is very hasty logic, and is inadmissible by any person who calmly considers all the modern bearings of this curious question. In the first place, it must always be considered, that no sort of parallel can be drawn between the effect of the influx of gold and silver during the sixteenth century, and that of a similar influx now. At that time, coinage was used in effecting all payments, great and small. The modes of economising the use of money by means of bills, notes, and cheques for large transfers, were unknown. Hence, as the gold and silver flowed in from Spanish America, and was dispersed over Europe, it was immediately coined, with the exception of such portion as was applied to the arts and the purposes of luxury, in the shape of plate, gold and silver lace, chains, gilded ornaments, and other similar appliances. Nor must it be deemed that this, even at the commencement of the sixteenth century, was at all inconsiderable. Those conversant with the statutes of the Plantagenets and Tudors, (which cannot deceive us), know how widely spread the use of gold and silver lace was, at that time, in England, as well as of articles of plate, notwithstanding the great value of the precious metals up to that era. As the metals depreciated, this general appetite for plate increased, and went on until the civil wars, under the Stuarts, dislocated the whole ancient framework of civil society in England, relieved the landlords from their feudal burthens, and threw them upon industry, and gradually sapped the independence which, after the destruction of feudal villeinage, the industrious classes of this country enjoyed. Of the existence of this

general ease and competence, there cannot be any doubt. What says the old song? an excellent, because a simple witness,—

‘We took not such delight,
In cups of silver fine;
None under strain of knight
In plate drank beer and wine.
Now, each mechanical man,
Hath a cupboard of plate for show,
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.’

This quaint ballad was certainly written prior to 1660, probably much sooner than that. It is a true portrait of the mode of English life in this particular about that period.

Thus, then, whatever additions may now be making to the quantities of the precious metals, as we have intimated, we must always take into account that large portions will be consumed by the luxurious in all nations. Mr. Jacob and others who have gone into this question, have estimated the quantity of gold and silver employed in the service of luxury and the arts, in the shape of gold and silver plate, watches, ornaments, mountings, and gilding, as being nearly equal to that employed as current money. Without putting too much stress on *data* so vague as those upon which these conclusions are founded, it is yet very certain that large deductions must be made under this head; and these must increase should any considerable depreciation of the metals, in course of time, be brought about.

There are, in any event, however, sufficient reasons for concluding, that great delay must take place before the phenomena of depreciation really become apparent and palpable. In the first place, it must be recollected that, at present, in various countries a large portion of the circulating medium consists of paper, for which, in case of an extraordinary supply, the precious metals must, in all probability, be gradually substituted. This is the case in England at this moment. The Australian dominions are saturated also with a base paper currency, now almost destitute of credit. This is also the case with Russia, where the *paper ruble*, in point of value, bears the same proportion to the *silver ruble* that four shillings do to a sovereign. In the United States, there still exists a huge circulation of base paper, always at an open discount, varying from day to day, the fluctuations of which have caused mischief unspeakable in that otherwise prosperous country; and in Sweden, a depreciated paper currency has been pushed to an extent absolutely ludicrous. These monstrosities it is now probable time may correct. In England and the United States, the paper currency in circulation exists merely for the profit of bankers, and not for the conveni-

ence of the public, which, in point of fact, it often exposes, in both countries, to great danger. When a mass of paper-money, convertible into gold or silver on demand, exists, depending altogether upon some inadequate reserves of coin and bullion in the vaults of a bank, great danger must, from the fluctuations of commerce, periodically ensue. This we saw exemplified here as lately as in 1847; and in the United States, in 1836, scenes even of a worse description than those witnessed in England in 1847 occurred. If, then, there is to exist, in either of these countries, a government composed of men deserving the name of statesmen, we may anticipate coming ameliorations of these false and dangerous systems of fictitious currency. In the American States, the people are spontaneously bringing this about by the substitution of a circulation of gold eagles in lieu of discredited paper. In England, where the management of the floating paper is infinitely better than in the North American Republic, the value of the paper circulation is fully maintained. But this circulation, being in exchangeable value at par with gold, performs no function *for the public* which a metallic money would not accomplish equally well; whilst, on certain occasions, such as those of 1847, 1839, and 1825, it exposes the public to perils indescribable.

Unless, therefore, it is to be a maxim with British statesmen, that the private emoluments of bankers are to be preferred to the public safety, the time appears to be approaching when a further extension of the metallic basis of our national currency ought to be gradually brought about, by calling in and cancelling all bank notes for sums below ten pounds, and putting a gold coinage in the place of these notes. To this no really wise banker ought to object. It might, in some degree, diminish that profit which he derives from his fictitious circulation; but, whilst it did this, it would remunerate him, by rendering his operations in the aggregate much more secure. If we review the ruin inflicted upon all connected with banks by the monetary crashes of 1825-6, 1839, and 1847, we shall at once come to the conclusion, that had these catastrophes been mitigated or prevented, as they would have been by the prior withdrawal of all notes for sums under ten pounds, their body would have been largely benefited. To suppose, as some have done, that such an alteration as this involves any infraction of rights, is perfectly preposterous. Men unquestionably have a right to exercise the calling of a banker, if they deem it their interest so to do. That is to say, capitalists have a right to make an interest of their monied capitals, by temporary loans on certain descriptions of floating security. But surely the right to lend

money does not include the right to lend a fictitious money, or to make a profit by substituting one sort of paper security for another sort. This sort of banking must be governed by public convenience; and if the public safety require its diminution, it may be diminished without the slightest infraction of individual rights. That, both in England and in the United American States, such a diminution would be a vast national benefit, does not, in our opinion, admit of a moment's doubt.

Quitting this portion of the question, there remains for consideration another obstacle to the production of any depreciating effect upon the currency of Europe to arise from the additions now making to the precious metals, and more especially from the influx of gold. All the habits of the classes now dealing in money in European countries, (and to Europe the metals mostly find their first way,) are opposed to this depreciation. It must always be borne in mind that, to depreciate a circulating medium, the fresh accessions of precious metal must first take the shape of coins, and be circulated from hand to hand, supported also by an increase of the smaller and meaner coins. Thus to depreciate, for instance, the money of Great Britain, we should require a large addition of sovereigns in circulation, supported by an adequate and commensurate addition to the silver and copper coinage, and upon this might be founded an increase of paper securities. But the individual dealer in money does not reason in this way. He looks only at immediate interest, immediate safety, and immediate convenience. He is aware, too, if he understands the laws which govern the article in which he deals, that any depreciation of this sort, brought about in one country, cannot possibly continue unless it also be brought about simultaneously in all the countries with which the first has any intercourse, direct or indirect. In short, he knows that a depreciation of money, by an addition of coined precious metal, must be slow and gradual, and extend everywhere. Hence dealers in money never contemplate this as individuals; nor does such a supposition influence their actions. If, for instance, a merchant importing gold bullion lodges it with the Bank of England as a part of his account with that establishment, the directors do not send it to the Mint to be coined, and with those coins pay any cheques which the merchant may draw upon them. This would not suit their purpose. They let the bullion lie in their vaults and pay the merchant's cheques by means of their own notes, waiting some opportunity profitably to part with bullion so paid in. Hence that bullion is never coined. It, in due time, passes into the hands of some other merchant who has occasion to export it, and to obtain it he exchanges bills for it,

paying the Bank the discount. Thus, therefore, although gold and silver bullion in the hands of bankers may help to foster certain speculations, and to render floating capital more plentiful, they do not tend in the least to depreciate the circulating money of the country. They are not coined and put into the hands of retail dealers in the last degree. But unless this be done, though they may make floating capital more easy, no depreciation of actual currency takes place; the two things being as distinct as it is possible for any two things to be.

Taking all these considerations into account, our general conclusion is, that the immediate effects apprehended from such accessions to our stocks of gold and silver as are now taking place, are exaggerated, and by some very highly. These additions have now been going on for some years, and yet the effect produced upon the money of the world is so minute as to be hardly appreciable. The obstacles which we have described stand in the way of the depreciation apprehended; and thus far they have prevented it. Our opinion is that these apprehensions may continue to exist for a length of time, without being accompanied or followed by the consequences apprehended. It is probable that a large mass of the proceeds of California and Australia will, instead of being coined in Europe, find its way to remote parts of the globe, to China, to India, and other semi-civilized Asiatic countries, and there be used to administer to luxury rather than to increase the circulating money of these countries. Some such conclusion as this was evidently arrived at, by the committee which was appointed by the French assembly to inquire into the causes of a temporary alteration in the value of silver which then took place; and their general view is probably the correct one. Since the period of their '*Assignats*' and '*Mundats*,' and the enormous mischiefs caused by the fluctuations and discredit of these instruments, the French philosophers have keenly investigated all the phenomena of circulating money, and their conclusions as to all matters of this nature are generally to be relied upon.

Such is the view which our experience, as far as it has yet gone, seems to confirm; and in that view we are inclined, for the present, to rest.

A more important point, however, than the gold, is the question—how shall a sufficient number of hands be obtained, and swiftly enough, for the exigencies of this most important colony? It may seem at first sight strange, that while the tide of emigration has of late years been setting in so strongly toward the West, the great advantages of Australia should have been comparatively neglected. In 1850, only 15,938 persons having gone

thither. Even last year 21,532 was the whole amount of emigrants to New South Wales, while British North America received 42,605, and the United States 267,357. But the reason of this, as the Colonial Land Emigration Commissioners—from whose report the foregoing statement is taken—truly remark, is, the shortness and consequent cheapness of the voyage to America, the expense of transmission to Australia being *six times* as great. It has therefore been found necessary for the government to proffer large assistance to persons emigrating thither, and various benevolent persons have formed societies for the same praiseworthy purpose. Unfortunately, in too many instances a due selection of emigrants has not been made, and the idle, the careless, the unpersevering, have been sent to a land, where, although plenty awaits the industrious, the Scriptural rule is 'most strongly enforced, 'If any will not work, neither should he eat.' 'The persons most out of employment here,' says the 'Report of the Labour Office, Victoria, July 10, 1851,' 'are those who never ought to have come. Farming and mining are the staple employments, and these are not overdone; but care must be taken by philanthropic individuals, *only to send such as can labour hard for their living*. Bush work is no child's play, and masters who have to work hard for their own living desire that their workmen should be able to endure hard work also. Women, too, who know nothing of house work, and the duties of a family, are very unfit to be sent here.'

But although workers are emphatically required, there seems to be much work which might be done by men and women far advanced in years beyond the government standard. Sheep-keeping and sheep-shearing, might be undertaken by comparatively aged men, if already accustomed to that species of employment; while the easy duties of the hut-keeper, could be fulfilled by equally aged women; and thus the more laborious pursuits of farming or of domestic life be left to the younger men and women. We are gratified to find that attention has been pointed to this feature of the Australian 'bush' life; for it will go far to encourage what seems to us a desideratum in colonization, especially on a large scale—*family* emigration. So emphatically is it the law of nature, that the human race should be classed in families, we cannot but trace the failure of many an otherwise well-conducted scheme to the neglect of this great rule. Surely while the bold heart and the strong arm of youth are requisite, the cooler judgment, the lengthened experience of mature years are not without their value; while with how much more cheerfulness will the severer labours of the

colonist be undertaken, when he feels that although far distant from his native land, his family,—wife, children, father, mother, brethren, are still around him. It is on this account that Mrs. Chisholm's plan of family colonization is so deserving of approval; and its superior advantages seem to have induced the conductors of that large scheme of emigration from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, to adopt a similar plan. Indeed, as Colonel Phipps truly remarks in his letter to Sir C. Trevelyan, 'it really seems that what are usually considered the prohibitory clogs to emigration, the old and the very young, would now be most useful as forming anchors, by which a family would be held to a rural home, with plenty of space and plenty of food.'

Meanwhile, emigration to the antipodes is increasing. During the first quarter of the present year 7085 took their passage to Australia, while in April 4173 followed; and we doubt not when the reports of the two succeeding months appear, we shall find that a still larger number have sailed. But while thousands are thus quitting our shores, what have we as Congregationalists been doing for the hundreds of our own people who have left, or are about to leave us? The church of England is active, openly active; the church of Rome is, alas! most perseveringly and insidiously active; but have we, whose fathers sent the Mayflower across the then almost unknown Atlantic, with her precious freight of bold, true-hearted Christian men,—have we chartered a single vessel in which brethren bound to a far more distant coast could find congenial society, and join together from Sabbath to Sabbath in their old accustomed worship? Surely somewhat ought to be done; surely those principles which our fathers bequeathed to their children as a goodly heritage, are worthy transmission to this yet more newly found world; surely, looking with blameless exultation on those noble states founded by our pilgrim fathers two hundred and thirty years ago, we ought to arouse ourselves to the work now, and send forth our brethren with aid, and counsels, and heartiest prayers, to found, perchance, another New England on the shores of the far Pacific.

We had written thus far, when we saw in the *Times* of July 7, the most recent reports relative to the gold discoveries, contained in the despatches sent by Mr. Latrobe, Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria. From these it appears that the diggings are still very productive, and 'the gold fever,' as might be expected, more violent than ever. 'The total amount of gold shipped for England down to the 8th of January last, was 362,975 ounces, and Mr.

Latrobe declares, that he 'can contemplate no limits to the discoveries.*' This may appear a very attractive prospect; but what shall we say to the almost utter disorganization of society which has been its purchase-price? 'Clerks, public servants, gaolers, constables, resigning their situations; the post-master apprehending a total interruption of his important functions; the superintendent of the penal stockade,' announcing the resignation of his constabulary; even the surgeon of the lunatic asylum, 'more needed now than ever,' is his emphatic remark, fearing lest the attendants would throw up their situations; and, meanwhile, rent advancing 50 per cent., clothes, and articles of domestic use 100 per cent., meat selling at four times the usual price, and bread risen from 5*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* the loaf! Truly the 'curse of gold' is beginning to work. Would that the thousands now pouring in upon these shores may take the lesson so vividly placed before their eyes, and labour for the slower but certain gains of pasturage, agriculture, or traffic, rather than the precarious, the lottery-like rewards of the 'gold diggings.'

A strangely fascinating power has this dream of gold. All ages have testified to its resistless influence; and all ages, too, have borne witness to the delusive nature of its rewards. But again and again must the lesson be taught, and yet again and again will successive generations, at the risk of life itself, seek for what is, after all, not wealth itself, but its mere arbitrary representative. What is so unproductive as gold? From the period it is dug from the mine, or drained from the river-bed, it undergoes, unlike the inferior metals, a constant process of deterioration. 'Look at lead and tin,—manufactured in countless ways, their value is wonderfully increased; look at iron,—iron, the cheapest of metals! and yet who shall calculate its eventual value? Iron supplies the road along which our merchandise must travel, the vessels that bring our colonial produce to our shores, and the engines, and the looms, and the thousand forms of ingenious machinery which turn the raw material, worth the fraction of a farthing a pound, into fabrics worth many guineas; nay, the metal itself, wrought into steel, becomes literally 'worth its weight in gold;' while 'the precious metal' passes

* This, it may perhaps be suggested, remains to be proved. Certain is it that gold mines have never hitherto been found equally productive with those of the inferior metals. Throughout Europe there are copper and iron mines that have been worked for centuries, and still yield well. Cornwall, more than two thousand years ago, was visited by the Phœnicians for lead and tin, and lead and tin are still found there. But what has become of the gold mines of antiquity?—of the middle ages? Even those discovered in America, how greatly diminished is their yield. At this moment, what ancient gold mine is there still being worked? The chief supply of gold for Europe is now actually drawn from the mines in the Ural mountains, undiscovered twenty years ago.

* from hand to hand, losing its brightness, diminishing in weight, the mere symbol of that productive labour which is wealth in reality.

And thus it is that the united testimony of history and travel proves, that an abundance of the precious metals is quite compatible with great national destitution. The half-clad, meanly fed Hindoo, wears bracelets and bangles; and half-starved women, toiling in ill-cultivated fields, look gay with their gold earrings and nose-jewels. In Bombay alone, we have been told, on good authority, that the gold and silver ornaments worn by the natives there are most probably worth *five million pounds*! And yet, save among a few enterprising Parsees, where is the native wealth? Thus, our fathers came to talk of India as a land of untold wealth; and so it was, but not to the inhabitants, wearers indeed of costly jewellery, but living on a pittance of rice, and earning three farthings a day, but to the enterprising European, who repaired to the land where gold, and gems, and labour were alike cheap; and bringing back the produce of that land to Europe, where gold, and gems, and labour were far dearer, profited by the exchange.

Thus, if we look at the history of the world, we shall find that the gold producing countries have never been the wealthiest or the mightiest. Tyre, that 'queen among the nations,' did not own the mines of Ophir, she only bartered her manufactures for their produce; imperial Rome conquered gold regions indeed, but never obtained wealth by gold finding. And then, approaching modern times, how emphatic is the example of Spain. During the earlier period of the middle ages, the Christian kingdoms of Spain held high standing among the nations of Europe. Castile, Leon, Arragon, more wealthy, more civilized; far in advance of their northern neighbours were they, and they possessed, too, proud political rights. But the discovery of Peru completed what the expulsion of the Moors had only begun; and, before the close of the sixteenth century, Spain found, in her declining prosperity, her lowered political standing, her actual poverty, 'the curse of gold.' And the people that confronted Spain so boldly, and became so powerful, so wealthy, what was their land? mere wastes, actually reclaimed from the sea, yielding nought save to the most careful cultivation; and yet Holland, during the seventeenth century, stood proudly among the nations, wealthier, far wealthier than Spain with her gold mines, wealthy through agriculture and commerce alone. We might point to England, too; wealthy by her manufactures, her commerce, her iron mines, far more valuable than gold; to America, rising steadily in prosperity, long before California and its golden dream were

heard of,—indeed, the history of every prosperous community bears witness to the fact, remarked by a late writer in this Review, (No. XXIX. p. 109), ‘that the acquiring the material means of ‘enjoyment without vigorous exertion, seems contrary to the ‘economical laws of the universe.’ Indeed, persevering labour, whether in the field, the factory, or the counting-house, is the only legitimate road to wealth.

Would that the multitudes that are each day pressing toward our ports might be warned in time, and awaken from that delusive dream of ‘gold, gold, nothing but gold,’ and turn their attention rather to the boundless capabilities of the land of their adoption;—to the soil, that will yield them ‘thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold;’ to the flocks, whose increase has been, and will yet be, almost incalculable; to the trade which the wool, and the various agricultural produce will ere long open up to them—to all those rich and varied resources of a land which, in the emphatic language of Scripture, has been truly described as ‘a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and ‘pomegranates; a land of olive oil and honey; a land where ‘thou shalt eat bread without scarceness. Thou shalt not lack ‘anything in it.’

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

AFFAIRS AND BOOKS, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

AFFAIRS.

As we go to press the Elections show that there will be a gain to the Earl of Derby. But the gain will be small, even in appearance; and will prove treacherous when scrutinised. Ministerialists and Protectionists are not just now words of the same meaning. His lordship cannot hope to retain office, except upon conditions the most humiliating. Protectionist in heart, if he govern at all, it must be upon Anti-protection principles. If he would seem to rule, it can only be by his consenting to be ruled. The Earl of Derby no longer exists as the high-minded nobleman of the past, and every step in his present course can only add to his dishonour. But should the Derby ministry cease,—what then? That question will now be much in men's thoughts, and in the present state of parties, the seer must be gifted who can truly divine the future.

But the Elections have been in some other respects significant. No doubt, the Protestant feeling of this country has been used in many directions, as a cry wherewith to further the cause of Toryism and Protection. But in the case of multitudes this feeling has been too sincere to be thus purchased, and too wise to be thus duped. We should not have been prepared to do, in all cases, as some earnest religionists have done, but we understand their feeling, and can respect it. It is a feeling, moreover, that has been trifled with—insulted, and we wonder not at much that has happened. Material interests have value, but Christians have interests above them, which they value more. Nor is it merely on account of the religious bearings of Romanism that some thoughtful men oppose themselves to it with an intenseness which some other men do not well understand. Inquire of the exiled thousands from the down-trodden states of the Continent, as to the light in which this system presents itself to *them*. There is not one in a hundred among them who does not stand amazed at the blindness of our English Liberalism in this matter. As with one voice,

they declare it to be of the essence of the papal power that it should be the foe of liberty, in all forms, and in all grades. It never enters their thought to expect freedom where the priestly influence of Rome is ascendant. We would not suppress Romanism by persecution, neither would we stimulate it into insolence by unmerited patronage. We are lovers of liberty, and we do therefore watch with a jealous eye the known and avowed enemies of liberty. That tenderness towards Rome which works as so much cruel wrong to humanity, does not commend itself to our mind, either as Christians or as Men.

The new Parliament will include a greater number of Protestant Dissenters than have had place in our House of Commons since the palmy days of English Presbyterianism. We hope to see this new force act with an honourable efficiency—but to do so, it must act with concert. On such a field, war after the guerilla fashion can lead to no good issue.

The 'leading journal' has been endeavouring to persuade its readers that the parts of the Continent under the sway of Austria have not only become reconciled to the paternity to which they are now subject, but quite enamoured of it. The proverb says, that in France 'anything may happen;' and experience says, that in the *Times* anything may be written. Whatever effrontery may attempt, or baseness may perpetrate, may be expected, upon occasion, in those pages. If we credit what is reported from that quarter, we shall picture the young Emperor to our imagination, as passing through his Hungarian dominions amidst demonstrations of loyalty, second only to those which greeted Queen Victoria on her visit to Manchester. Baron Rothschild, the representative of our London Liberals, and at the same time the State Functionary, and great Loan Contractor, to the sovereign at Vienna, dared upon the hustings of the capital of these nations to assert, that Austria is, and has long been, in advance of Great Britain in the race of Civil and Religious Liberty! Whereupon a worthy journalist treats us with the following picture relating to this advanced state of freedom in the dominions of Austria, touching, at the same time, on this alleged popularity of the young gentleman at the head of this administration of Liberalism, in his recent appearance in Hungary:—

As soon as the intended visit of the Emperor was published, the greater part of the nobles living in Pesth prepared to leave the town. An order was immediately sent down from Vienna, that all persons bearing the rank of honorary chamberlain (a very numerous body), and every member of any order, should be in attendance to receive the Emperor in the capital. Accordingly some two hundred persons were got together. But, unfortunately, as no orders had been sent for their

wives and daughters, only fifteen ladies were seen dancing at the Archduke's ball, and most of these had hurried from Vienna for the purpose.

The system in force at present is to take revenge on the bodies of those who have no property; and for those who have, to strip them of all they possessed, and then leave them to enjoy their liberty as they can! We once before mentioned that Baron Vay, after having refused to accept the office of Viceroy of Hungary, which was pressed upon him by Dr. Bach, (Mr. Rothschild's model of a statesman,) was immediately arrested on charges connected with misadministration of Transylvania in 1848. His sentence has not yet been pronounced; but the whole of his property, we hear, even to his books and pipes, has been seized and sequestered. Another instance, of a still more painful kind, has just occurred in the person of Professor Dosa. This gentleman belonged to the Protestant college of Maros Várahely, and during the revolution he was appointed to some office among the Saxons, which he executed in such a manner as to have gained the esteem and affection of the inhabitants, although they were opposed to the cause of Hungary. This circumstance, and his well-known moderation, recommended him to the Austrian government, which repeatedly offered him any office he chose to undertake. Dosa felt bound to refuse. He was at once accused of participation in the revolution, and has been condemned to four years' prison, and the loss of all his property. Such is the system which Mr. Rothschild sustains in his counting-house, and praises from the City of London hustings.

Of course, such cases as these cannot have been without their effect in bringing together the few persons seen at the court of Buda. Even these few, however, the Emperor took care to offend by showing them the contempt in which he held them. He first received the clergy, then the citizens, then the peasants, and, last of all, the proud nobles of Hungary. Nor did he waste much time on them. He is said to have spoken to only two. They were two of the most insignificant, but then they had *accepted office*. The disgust felt at this insult was resented even by the degenerate Magyars who had subjected themselves to it by their attendance, and the next day the greater part of them kept away.*

Such is the version of fact, as supplied by private letters, to be put over against that of fiction, as supplied by Austrian journalism. The promised amnesty has dwindled to a mockery; courts-martial were never so busy; the young Emperor boasts that the sword is his only dependence, and the execration of the right-minded is settling fast upon his head. As it is in Hungary, so is it, in Lombardy. Men dare not speak—scarcely dare to breathe. Suspensions, arrests, confiscations, dungeons, secret murders—these are the characteristic appearances of the rule lauded by Baron Rothschild as that of an advanced Civil and Religious Liberty!

* *Examiner*, July 10th.

BOOKS.

In the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken* for this quarter, the best and most interesting paper is a leading article by one of the editors (Dr. Ullmann) on 'The Essence of Christianity and Mysticism.' Dr. Ullmann's book on the 'Essence of Christianity' has been translated into French, and appears to have been somewhat roughly handled by Gasparin, and others, in several of the religious periodicals of France. The author complains that he has been misunderstood, or misrepresented, on many points, and the article in question is his rejoinder to his assailants. The employment of the word essence, at all, has been deemed blameworthy by some of his critics, who think they perceive therein the cloven foot of that audacious neology which receives or rejects in Christianity whatever its caprice may determine. Dr. Ullmann appears to us to intend by the word essence (*Wesen*), only what we should probably express by some such phrase as 'essential characteristics.'

But the charge most strongly urged is that of mysticism. That there is not a little in our modern spiritualism open to this accusation is unquestionable. We are disposed to think it probable, from what we know of his other writings, that Dr. Ullmann may not have expressed himself on some doctrinal points with that definiteness and fulness which are to be desired. The German tendency to give even more than due prominence to the subjective element in religion, and the national habit of indulging in a mode of expression rather vague, abstract, and periphrastic, than truly philosophical, is sufficiently manifest in his writings. But in his remarks on mysticism in general, and in his condemnation of Ullmann as a mystic in particular, Von Gasparin appears to us somewhat deficient, both in knowledge of the subject, and in fairness of spirit.

Some confusion will arise at times in the minds of English readers, from the fact that the Germans have two words for mysticism while we have only one. In Germany *Mystik* is mysticism in a good sense. It answers to what we should term spirituality, experimental religion, or according to our old divines, heart-work. It is the enemy of Ritualism, Formalism—of mere Scholasticism. *Mysticismus*, on the contrary, denotes the corruption or exaggeration of *Mystik*. This is our word Mysticism. The two are distinguished much as we distinguish, in common usage, spirituality and spiritualism, religion and religionism, piety and pietism. But, as the adjectives cannot be distinguished as the nouns are, the advantage lies, we think, with our language, and the German phraseology on the subject is open to a confusion from which we are free. In giving so negative a definition of mysticism as he does—pronouncing it simply the repudiation of dogma, the substitution of feeling for truth, of rational Ego, or the emotional Ego, for the Authority of God,—M. Von Gasparin has shown himself too partial

or too hasty. The generalization is by no means so easy. No one who has studied the phenomena of mysticism—that strange tendency which has produced the most various and most contrary results—energy-intense and absolute inaction; Titans and lotus-eaters—Ego-theists, Pantheists, Nihilists,—the Umbilicani of Mr. Athos and George Fox,—the Brethren of the Free Spirit and Madame Guyon,—at once the contemners and the devotees of vision and of miracle, the opposite of self-annihilation and of self-deification—no one who has questioned these motley shapes, and listened to the Babel of their dialects, can imagine that the question concerning the nature of mysticism can be settled in so off-hand and curt a fashion. Dr. Ullmann knows what mysticism has been far better than his reviewer. The latter should be introduced to Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, and to Chancellor Gerson, countrymen of his in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and he would learn that mysticism allied itself in them with that antagonist scholasticism, against which Bernard enlisted it—that it animated and interpenetrated, instead of repudiating, dogma—gained from the schoolman a tongue, and offered in return a heart. Spirituality, or religious feeling, becomes mysticism when it asserts an independent standing for itself, apart from intelligence or moral order; when, not content with being a part, it arrogates to itself the whole of religion. It does so also when in its zeal against a false external authority it repudiates the true, when feeling and impulse are made an inspiration, and the zealot reads only in the internal Bible of self-will and the apocryphal book of fancy. Mysticism has clustered its luxuriance especially about the great doctrine of the union of the believer with Christ. It has lost sight, more or less, of the necessity of a Christ *for* us, in the emphasis it has laid on a Christ *in* us. Its error in this respect has lain in making the medium of such union, not faith, but intellectual intuition, or the reverie and the practice of the contemplative ascetic. It has represented this union, not simply as moral or spiritual—as consisting in a life which is lived by perpetual communication from the life which is in Christ—but as an essential oneness which confounds the divine and human personality, and which tends to obliterate the distinction between the sonship of Christ, and the sonship of Christians, as though all devout or thoughtful men were incarnations of the Infinite. Hence its close affinity with pantheism. This whole question concerning the nature of mysticism, is one of great and growing importance. It reaches far beyond any personal dispute between a German and a French divine, and in this broader view Dr. Ullmann has treated it on the whole dispassionately and wisely.

The next paper—'A Word on the Contemplation of Nature from the Christological point of View'—is foolish and fanciful. We thought it had been left to Jacob Behmen to find Christology in psychology, theology in metaphysics, and divine mysteries in natural phenomena. But here a Swiss doctor unintelligibly teaches how somnambulism and clairvoyance are ever recurring types which find their highest realiza-

tion in the life and death and prophetic office of the Son of God. Mankind would seem never to be cured of its old mistakes. Our modern theosophists may have a little more science, but assuredly no more wisdom than the old.

The 'Life of Luther,' illustrated by the able designs of König, with accompanying letter-press by Gelzen, is favourably reviewed; as is also a very different work,—'The Thoughts, Essays, and Maxims of Joubert.' Lechler's 'Prize Essay' on the apostolic and post-apostolic age, is noticed with deserved approval. Dr. Lechler has already made himself favourably known in Germany by his 'History of English Deism.' His book is, in fact, a refutation of Baur and the Tübingen school of criticism.

I. A Treatise on the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics. By GEORGE CORNWALL LEWIS, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. Parker & Son, 1852.—Mr. Lewis is a writer of sound judgment and cultivated taste, and all the productions of his pen have been the result of much reading and much thought. In the two handsome volumes before us, his subject is of greater compass and elevation than in his previous works, but he has brought to it the large information, and the calm ripe method of using his materials, which cannot fail to dispose an intelligent reader to attach much weight to his opinions. We hope to find occasion for making our readers better acquainted with the contents of these volumes, and in the meantime we think we shall best serve the author and our readers by transcribing the headings of the successive chapters of the treatise:—

'Introduction. Chap. I. On the Province of Politics. II. On the Division of Politics into Departments. III. On the Technical Language of Politics. IV. Upon the Methods of Observation in Politics. V. On the Applicability of the Method of Experiment to Politics. VI. On the Treatment of Political History. VII. On Causation in Politics. VIII. On the Determination of Positive Causes in Politics. IX. On the Assumption of False Causes in Politics. X. On the Determination of Hypothetical Causes in Politics. XI. On the Determination of the Positive Effects of a Political Cause. XII. On the Determination of the Hypothetical Effects of a Political Cause. XIII. On the Continuing Operation of Causes in Politics. XIV. On Political Theory, and the Universality of Propositions respecting Political Causation. XV. On Partial Theories, or Principles of Limited Causation, in Politics. XVI. On Hypotheses in Politics. XVII. On the Existence of a Science of Politics. XVIII. On the Art of Politics, and the Formation of Political Precepts. XIX. On the Application of Political Theories and Maxims in Practice. XX. On Practical Examples and Real Models in Politics. XXI. On Ideal Models in Politics. XXII. On Political Conduct. XXIII. On Prediction in Politics. XXIV. On the Fallibility of Political Practice, and its Causes. XXV. On the Securities against the Fallibility of Political Practice. XXVI. On Political Progress.'

To the student of political science this indication of topics must, we think, be attractive, and to every man whose tastes dispose him to such studies we say—procure Mr. Lewis's volumes, and read them.

II. On Mundane Moral Government, demonstrating its Analogy with the system of Material Government. By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

8vo. *Blackwood*, 1852. This is a carefully-written book, and if its reasoning, as regards its ultimate and professed object, should not be so conclusive and satisfactory to the reader as it appears to be to the author, the process of the argument is so pregnant with truth, and so rich in ingenious and suggestive thought, that no man possessing any inclination towards such speculations can read the book without interest, or without being sensible that he has done so with advantage. Mr. Doubleday's theory is, that as Gravitation is the great law of the material universe, on which all its other laws depend, so Excitement, coming from without, and taking the shape of motive to action, is the great law of the moral world, from which all other laws have their origin and dependence. So far, we see nothing in Mr. Doubleday's theory to which exception may be taken. The physical nature of man is of course affected by physical causes, in common with all physical existences; and no man will dispute, that, as the material universe is governed by material laws, so the moral universe is governed by moral laws—the names given to the forces in action in either case being of no moment. But it is not within these limits that the difficulty lies. It is when we attempt such an exposition of these moral laws—that is, of this susceptibility of excitement and of the forces acting upon it—as may solve the mysteries of the moral government under which we find ourselves, that anomalies thicken upon us, and difficulties begin. To do something towards such an exposition Mr. Doubleday has placed metaphysics, philosophy, and history, under large requisition, and, as the result, finds his way to a series of conclusions—partly negative and partly positive. Nationalities, gradations of rank, the ties of family and religion, are enumerated as facts which belong to human condition, from the laws of it, and which external force may not change? These are the negative conclusions from our author's argument—the things which governments may not do. The positive conclusions are, that the idea of property is inseparable from the idea of society; that man is always in a state of change, and probably of progress; that the progress of civilization is the progress of a force which we designate by the term—public opinion; that no reaction against oppression will secure to a people freedom, except as they are otherwise prepared to make a good use of it; that the property of communities becomes insecure only as the owners of it become negligent of the duties which it imposes; and that the safety of the higher classes depends, not on depressing, but on wisely elevating, the condition of the lower. To these wholesome issues, as to so many laws of 'Mundano Moral Government,' does Mr. Doubleday's argument conduct him. His reasoning does not remove difficulty in our view as it does in his own, but it is to a large extent weighty and conclusive, and we commend it cordially to our readers.

III. *Deutsches Wörterbuch*. Von JAKOB GRIMM und WILHELM GRIMM.—The second part of this great work has just appeared. Well might the magnitude of such an undertaking have daunted even the indefatigable Brüder Grimm. One can scarcely imagine their looking

all the various difficulties connected with it unflinchingly in the face during fourteen long years. Less enterprising minds would have shrunk in dismay as month after month brought in raw material from all conceivable corners of the country, contributed to an amount which occupied two men for six months early and late, merely to accomplish an alphabetical arrangement of it. The material thus acquired was the result of a well-laid plan, the only one, indeed, by which success appeared at all attainable. Numerous letters were addressed, without regard to station, calling, politics, or age, requesting the individual to take a certain author, read him with great care, and mark upon papers (the size of which was accurately prescribed) those words which were in any way remarkable, either in themselves, from the peculiarity of their relation to the context, or as being characteristic of the style of the author—the word and the passage were then written on the said pieces of paper. The authors selected are those included in the last three centuries, from Luther to Goethe, and many of later date. Those writers would naturally be of most importance whose creative power had been felt to extend to the enriching or improving of the language. Luther stands foremost as the father of the present high German. Goethe somewhere says of him: 'Whatever has nourished the spirit and form of language, whatever has revived and called forth the flowers of modern poetry, we owe to none more deeply than to Luther.' Next to him, probably, would come honest Hans Sachs, the master-singer, who, all the world knows, was guilty of exactly 131 plays, 64 farces, 59 fables, and an indefinite number of miscellaneous pieces, without in any way injuring or neglecting his trade of cobbler. Verily, the seeker of curious words out of such a collection of curiosities as his writings, must have had enough to do. Though Sachs may, as an author, have been first undervalued, ~~and~~ since in some danger of being unduly exalted by means of the extravagant praise of Goethe, yet his position in regard to the progress and development of the German language is second only to Luther. Then there is Fischart. We really should like to know who was sentenced to bring to light the infinite oddities of the greatest German satirist—quaint Johann Fischart. The titles of his books are alone sufficient to show his despotic, daring, and capricious mastery of the language; and when he surrenders himself to the very spirit of satire or of humour, he defies all boundaries of acknowledged German, and coins an entire vocabulary of his own, a plan doubtless very convenient to himself, but scarcely so to his readers in the nineteenth century. Jean Paul might be thought bad enough, but as a coiner of apparently unintelligible 'words and non-words,' he is immeasurably below Fischart; and then in him we have of course the advantage of modern German.

There is perhaps no other language which so thoroughly expresses all variety of mood and mind as does the German; which will admit of such infinite diversity of style, and is so susceptible of moulding according to the individuality of the writer's mind and character.

The labours of the Grimms are now supplying what has long been a great want, in tracing the progressive culture of the German nation as it has left its trace upon their language. The work lays down no laws respecting its future development, but is to present a view, accurate and comprehensive, of the course of the language. Whatever the Grimms undertake, they will execute thoroughly and well; therefore our good wishes for the success of this noble national monument may be somewhat superfluous. We cannot, however, suppress them, nor the hope that it may not be without its influence on the present German style, in arresting its almost universal deterioration.

IV. *The Elements of the Gospel Harmony: with a Catena on Inspiration, from the Writings of the Anti-Nicene Fathers.* By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Fcap. pp. 256. Macmillan. 1851.—We regret that circumstances have prevented us from calling the attention of our readers more promptly to this volume. It is, we believe, Mr. Westcott's first publication. It does him great credit, and is full of promise. It is a rare thing to find so much ripeness of manner and substance in a first performance. The subject of the volume is—the Inspired Origin of the Gospels. And the argument of the author may be said to consist in an attempt to turn the guns of the enemy against himself. In peculiarities common to them all, as compared with profane authorship in those times; and in differences of style, manner, matter, and object, in the several Gospels, as compared with each other, as well as from alleged discrepancies, our author finds,—not grounds of exception to the claims of these records to be received as records of inspiration, but evidence of the most instructive kind in support of their pretensions in that respect. All these features combine, in his view, to present, not only that unique record, but that oneness as regards the truth, with that manifoldness as regards mode, which was to have been expected in a divine revelation. Mr. Westcott brings both learning and acuteness to the working out of this conception. Much of his reasoning will no doubt be regarded, by minds of a sceptical turn, as more ingenious than trustworthy—more fanciful than solid. But our sceptics are not infallible, especially on subjects of this nature. We demur, ourselves, to some of Mr. Westcott's minor criticisms and speculations, but we are persuaded that there is a broad stratum of truth underlieing his whole argument, and for this reason we should urge our readers to make themselves acquainted with the book. The following passage will suffice to show that the writer is fully alive to the condition of mind with which he has to deal in the treatment of such a subject.

‘During the last two centuries we have steadily proceeded from one extreme in philosophy to the other, and the successive assaults on Christianity have exhibited a corresponding progress. If, on the one side, we have advanced from Hobbes to Hegel, on the other we have passed from Toland to Strauss. Religion and metaphysics are now contemplated from within and not from without: the world has been absorbed in man. The opponents of Christian doctrine in the 17th and 18th centuries were generally men of reckless and abandoned impiety, while now they

claim its blessings without a church, affect its morality without a covenant, assume the name of Christ without acknowledging a personal Saviour, and regard Christianity itself as a necessary truth, independent of any Gospel-histories, and unsupported by any true redemption. They have abandoned the 'letter' to secure the 'spirit,' and in return for the mysteries of our faith, they offer us a law without types, a theocracy without prophecies, a Christianity without miracles; a cluster of definite wants with no reality to supply them; for the 'mythic' theory, as if in bitter irony, concedes every craving which the Gospel satisfies, and only accounts for the wide spread of the 'delusion' by the intensity of man's need. Christian apologists have exhibited the influence of the same change; they are naturally led to value exclusively those arguments which meet the exigencies of their own times; and so it is now a common thing to depreciate the outward evidences of religion, which are not, however, the less important, because they are not conclusive to some minds. Historical proofs must necessarily claim attention, even where they cannot convince; and, as aforetime, many who did not believe for Jesus' words, believed for his very works' sake. 'So still the external array of Christian evidence may kindle the true inner faith, and in turn reflect its glory.'—Pp. 3, 4.

V. *Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D. 8vo. Parker and Son. 1852. The lectures are designed to indicate what our English thinkers on moral subjects have been doing since the revival of letters. The men pass successively before you, and the various results of their thinking are presented for your benefit. Such a manner of lecturing or writing upon any science possesses peculiar interest. Disquisition is relieved by a dash of history and of biography. But it is in danger of becoming more attractive than profitable, more showy than profound. Dr. Whewell's lectures are agreeable and instructive reading, so far as they go; but if we except Bentham, to the exposition of whose opinions on moral subjects one-third of the course is assigned, the information presented is necessarily limited and superficial. Locke, for example, is disposed of in half a dozen pages, and, we regret to say, after a manner which has been too common of late in Cambridge—a manner that fails to do justice to our great Englishman. We should state, however, that little satisfactory as is this account of Locke's principles, it is less open to exception than some of the statements published by the author, on the same subject, some years since. Professor Sedgwick has disgraced himself utterly by his loose and inaccurate discourses on this subject. On the whole, the volume before us is entitled to a place with those of Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh on the same subject—but the student of moral philosophy will not, of course, regard any one, or all, of these publications, as anything more than preliminary helps to his proper course of reading.

VI. *Ruhe ist die erste Bürgerpflicht, oder vor fünfzig Jahren.* Von WILLIBALD ALEXIS. George Haring, or, as he calls himself, Alexis, is one of the most readable historical romance writers of whom our Teutonic neighbours can boast. He is best known, in this country especially, by his 'Walladmor,' which was for some time popular under the delusion of its being a production of Sir Walter Scott. His romances of 'Der Roland von Berlin,' 'Cabanis,' and others, give very admirable pictures of different periods in German history. In his characters he

indulges too far his apparent fondness for the dark side of human nature; this last romance gives us mere sketches of the good characters, while the bad ones are pertinaciously elaborated. His style is always light and graceful, and he is more successful than most of his countrymen in keeping up the interest of the story, though of the plot in the present work it is too soon to speak, as two volumes only have yet appeared. The time chosen is immediately before the battle of Jena, and therefore somewhat too near upon us to allow the author free scope for his satire in describing various characters then attached to the Prussian court. With all his talent and attractive power, Alexis loses not a little from that marked peculiarity, only expressed, or expressible, in the word Berlinism.

VII. *The Republic of Plato, translated into English, with an Introduction, and Analysis, and Notes.* By JOHN LLEWELLYN DAVIES, M.A., and DAVID JAMES VAUGHAN, M.A., *Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.* Fcap. pp. lviii, 418. Macmillan. 1852.—This is a translation of the 'Republic of Plato,' made from the Zurich edition of 1847. The translators profess to have derived much assistance in their work from the admirable German translation by Schneider; but their own claims to praise for the manner in which they have acquitted themselves in their task is indisputable. The 'Introduction,' from the pen of Mr. Vaughan, is such as to warrant confidence in his scholarship and discrimination. It is justly said, that from no one book in the series of Plato's works may the mind of Plato be so fully learned as from his 'Republic.' While not by any means insensible to the defects and mistakes of his author, Mr. Vaughan holds him, as might be expected, in sincere admiration.

'Where,' he writes, 'in the whole range of uninspired authors, is there to be found a more powerful champion of that spiritual element in man, which superficial knowledge and imperfect education have too often a tendency to stifle and ignore? Plato's works are a standing protest against that school of philosophy which, strong in the possession of a partial truth, insists upon studying only the laws of succession and co-existence which present themselves in the phenomena of the material world, while it forbids its pupils to listen to the instincts of the reason and of the soul, to hope for an immortality, or to believe in a God. Plato's works are also the antidote to that philosophy, which, while it charms the reader with maxims betraying the most profound insight into the things of daily life, would have him believe that everything to which human nature is prone is good, because natural, and thus would annihilate in the mind the sense of sin. Lastly, Plato's works are also the unconscious antidote to the excesses of that speculative theology which attempts to destroy altogether the objective side of Christianity, to sublime it into an idea, or evaporate it into a subjective residuum. The thoughtful student of the republic will find in Plato an experiment, wrought, as it were, once for all, in the great laboratory of the world, and while minutely examining the results of that experiment, he will see that there is a limit beyond which no purely subjective theory will explain all the facts which must be taken into account.'

VIII. *Daniel Caspar Von Lohenstein. Seine Trauerspiele und Seine Sprache.* W. A. Passow.—This is the first of a series of treatises accompanying a reprint of the older German drama, on the plan

of Tieck's German theatre. Lohenstein was born in 1635, and wrote all his tragedies while very young. We must confess that we are quite at a loss respecting the merits of any of his productions, or indeed of those of the Silesian schools generally. Were we of German extraction, we should undoubtedly seek rather to ignore the labours of Herr Lohenstein and a few of his contemporaries, than to drag their absurdity, and disgusting sentimentality, into the more truly poetic light of our much-abused nineteenth century.

IX. *A Lecture on the Historic Evidence of the Authorship and Transmission of the Books of the New Testament.* By J. P. TREGELLES, LL.D. *Fcap. Bagster.* 1852.—Ours is an age of action and hurry—anything but an age of meditation and calmness. It is, in consequence, an age of small books—of small books even on the greatest and gravest subjects. We do not commend this characteristic of our times; we rather deplore it, and regret to see the extent to which even scholars and wise men are obliged to conform to it. The author before us, for example, is highly qualified to produce a good book on the 'Historic Evidence' of the Christian Scriptures; but, in place of producing a book that might embrace something like the whole subject, he is obliged to content himself with a brief, attractive volume, that may be read at a sitting. What *could* be done in the space to which he has restricted himself, he has done, and done well. To minds inclined to depreciate historical evidence, these pages are sufficient to indicate the kind of argument which is available on this subject. Dr. Tregelles has said enough to show that the man who rejects the historic certainties in favour of the Gospel, is bound, in consistency, to give up historic certainty altogether. Such is the real state of the question—let our sceptics affect what they may to the contrary. The past has demonstrated ~~thus~~ much, and so will the future.

X. *Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission.* By R. W. VANDERKISTE, late London City Missionary. 12mo. *Nisbet.* 1852. Those who are not disposed to visit what are sometimes called 'the dens of London' in person, may do so in safety, and much to their advantage, as we think, in company with the author of this volume. It consists not so much of the 'simple' as of the terrible 'annals of the poor.' It brings us in contact, however, not with poverty merely, but with ignorance and vice in all the forms admitting of description. The first chapter gives a general description of the district of Clerkenwell; the succeeding chapters describe the different classes of the population separately, such as the Catholics, the Infidels, the Intemperate, and the Criminal. We doubt much if there be a body of men in Christendom entitled to more sympathy and encouragement from the Christian and the philanthropist, than the sincere and devoted among our city missionaries, especially when, as in the case of the author of this narrative, they happen to be men of education. The book is one of the sort which the politician, the moralist, and the Christian should read. We cite the following passage as showing that the class of religionists who are such a pet people with some of our liberals just now, are persons

who know how to unite care of the pelf with care of the poor. It presents a picture, also, of the manner in which the great mountebank of his order acquires himself on his state occasions. The scene is in St. George's Roman-catholic Cathedral, Southwark.

'Being a dark winter's morning favoured the *exhibition*, but the moiety of daylight which was not excluded by the curtains, lessened the *dramatic effect*. It was of course high-mass.

'The altar is certainly a magnificent structure, and within its precincts, on another less important occasion, I counted no less than one hundred and fifty-six lights. On the left is the throne of the cardinal, who, on this occasion, was to preach. Abundance of scarlet and gold are seen in every part, which forms a studied contrast with the plainness of the cathedral itself, and the organ and choir gallery, which wear an extremely mortified appearance. The organ is an excellently toned one, and excellently played, and the choir is full and effective—the music fascinating. On entering and paying sixpence, I was presented by the verger with a ticket, of which there were different kinds given. I walked towards the middle aisle to secure a good seat, but was at once stopped by a man in a black robe, whom I understood to be a member of a holy guild: he pointed to the side aisle, and receiving my ticket, said, 'That way.' Taking no notice, I walked forward, but he stopped me, saying, 'You must go there.' I inquired in a whisper, 'Why?' although I certainly did not fully need the information, and was told, not very civilly, it was because I had not paid enough. In passing to this second-rate accommodation, I observed others were furnished with much worse. These were the poor, who are admitted on payment of one penny, which payment I have observed to be scrupulously exacted. These are placed in long *pews* on either side, at the back of the cathedral, railed off from the other portions of the edifice, as at Moorfields, &c., and are not allowed seats at all. The procession of priests, holy boys, &c., which passed twice around the aisles, consisted of upwards of sixty individuals, the leading priest sprinkling *holy water* on either side, which is supposed to have some sanctifying effect on the edifice and its occupants; each of the members of the procession carried a candle of great size, and a number had notes, singing as they perambulated, and accompanied by the organ. Then mass proceeded, after which a hymn was sung; and Cardinal Wiseman, with mitre on head, and crook in hand, was processed with great pomp to the pulpit. He ascended the stairs, preceded by one attendant priest, and followed by another, who stationed themselves on each side the cardinal in the pulpit. Positions being thus arranged, he was helped off with his mitre by the priest on his right, who, on receiving the same, devoutly kissed his hand; the cardinal then committed the silver-headed crook to the priest on his left hand, who also kissed his hand on receiving the same.

'The sermon consisted chiefly of a detail of the paraphernalia of the ancient Jewish church, attendant on its rites and ceremonies, and of the divine light, the *sheckinah*, that filled the temple, from which a comparison was drawn of the superior glory of the Christian church, as possessing the body, blood, and divinity of our blessed Saviour, 'ever present in the adorable sacrifice of the mass.'

XI. *Political Elements, or the Progress of Modern Legislation.* By JOSEPH MOSELEY, Esq., B.C.L. Fcp. pp. 309. Parker and Son. 1852.—'What I propose, in the following pages,' says Mr. Moseley, 'is 'to pass under review and contemplation the events that have transpired 'in this country within the last thirty years,—to try if there be not 'some truths, some principles, to be found, that may serve to explain the 'past and to enlighten the future.' This is a very legitimate object, and Mr. Moseley finds that the great principles of political action in recent times have been Conservatism and Reform; that these principles

have been of universal operation, affecting all functions, all order, all parties, all classes; not operating in all alike, nor in all adequately, but to be found in all. Both these principles—the principle to conserve, and the principle to improve—are reckoned as great principles of humanity; as true, and therefore potent. It is the wise, conjoint action of these principles which secures all healthy progress. All parties are true, as they hold the one or the other of these principles in its true proportions. Few of our readers, we presume, will demur to these statements. It is when we descend from these abstractions to actualities, and attempt to determine in given conditions what may or may not be accounted as a wise action of these principles, that the need of discrimination commences. And here we are far from finding all the assistance in the pages of Mr. Moseley which his outset seemed to warrant us in expecting. But though there is a great want of conclusiveness in this part of the treatise, there is much just and wise observation in it, and we think it probable that the author will live to do something more thorough in political science than he has yet done.

XII. *Wesley the Worthy, and Wesley the Catholic.* 12mo. Ward. 1852.

—This volume consists of a reprint of two articles on John Wesley, one from *Kittos Journal*, written by Dr. Dobbin, describing Wesley as the 'worthy;' the other from the *American Methodist Quarterly Review*, describing Wesley as the 'catholic,' or as the unsectarian evangelist. As will be supposed from this statement, the delineations thus placed before the public are almost wholly eulogistic: but though both papers are able, and well-meant, we do not think that the publication is well-timed. At a juncture when the majority of the followers of John Wesley in this country are extolling his authority so unwisely and so obstinately, as to hazard the entire wreck of the cause which he has bequeathed to them, the thing needed is discrimination, rather than eulogy; a little of the sort of writing that might enable the followers of Wesley to see that a system evidently moulded according to the circumstances of one century, may be anything but adapted to the circumstances of another. The foolish notion that John Wesley was so good that he must have been inspired, is at the root of all their mischiefs. We wish them to see differently on this subject, because we wish them well.

XIII. *The Lily of St. Paul's: a Romance of Old London.* 3 vols. Fcp. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1852.—This is a story of 'Old London,' presenting pictures of the persons, the people, and the doings, in sport and otherwise, of our metropolis in the fourteenth century. It opens with the appearance of Wycliffe before Courtney and the Convocation in St. Paul's; and the history stretches on until the bones of the Reformer are taken from their resting-place to be consumed by fire, and cast into the river Swift, at the foot of the old town of Lutterworth. The story has the admixture of love and adventure which belongs to a 'romance,' but it is a pure tale, well told, and which may amuse and instruct, but can harm no one.

XIV. *Heroes of the Bible.* By W. S. EDWARDS. Fcp. Snow. 1852.—In our younger days, Hunter's *Sacred Biography*, and Robinson's

Scripture Characters, were in nearly all religious libraries, and familiar to everybody. But a generation has passed since then; and with the new faces have come new tastes, and new modes of thought, requiring that old subjects should be presented after another manner. With a change of generations, there will assuredly be a change of tastes, it may be wholly for the better, or wholly for the worse, or partly the one and partly the other; but come it will. Mr. Edwards appears to have felt this, and has aimed to traverse the old ground in a new spirit. We commend the attempt—we only regret that the author should so have paganized his personages as to call them 'heroes.' The cant use of that term among us we owe to our Anti-christian leaguers, and the grave employment of it connected with anything Christian should, for that reason, be eschewed by all Christian men.

XV. *Geschichte des Alterthums*. Von MAX DUNCKER.—Although we cannot exactly exclaim with regard to the Germans as the Irishman did of the ancients, that they had taken all his ideas, still we may with some right complain (?) that they have taken, and are on the road to exhaust, every possible mine of research and discovery, literary, scientific, or nonsensical, which either we or they themselves may have discovered. Not content with innumerable histories of their own country, displaying every shade of variety between the poles of readable and unreadable, they have still found abundant leisure and talent to devote to the histories of other lands. With all his enthusiasm about Fatherland, the genuine German has a perfect passion for what is foreign. He generally knows far more of foreign history than of his own, frequently more of foreign literature and manners, and, from a very sufficient reason, always more of foreign politics. They are more ready than any other nation to adopt foreign customs, when thrown among them, and their whole literature gives proof of the ready access found by foreign genius, and the powerful influence which, at different times, has thus been exercised upon it. And this has been the great safety of German literature: it would otherwise long ago have mouldered away, as surely and as unheeded as the oldest ruin in the fastnesses of Suabia. Our own historians have been acknowledged and imitated by them as the best models, leaving us but little start of them in point of handling, none in matters of research. Ancient oriental history has long been a favourite study. Herder sent all the poets diving among the roses and bulbuls of Persia: Hafiz was necessitated to talk German: then followed histories of Ottoman poetry, of Arabian caliphs, Assassins, Hindoos, &c., till, in the present day, research and discovery have taught us to accept what we thus learn of these countries, as an actual representation of human mind and manners, not a mere table of dates and names.

The first volume of Dr. Duncker's work on this subject relates only to the Egyptians, and the history of the Semetic tribes down to the appearance of the Persians. We are therefore inclined to fear it will be somewhat unduly elaborated in proportion to the remaining three volumes. There are some historians who give their readers credit

for knowing too little, and others who conveniently attribute to them an astonishingly accurate possession of all leading facts. On this head, Dr. Duncker achieves the pleasing medium of the considerate, as lying between the offensive and the complimentary. He gives interesting accounts of the nature and peculiarities of the different scenes of his history, agreeably combining his information respecting the customs, manners, and religion, with translated legends. It is a book which must be read with great pleasure by educated people, and we are glad to hear there is already the prospect of a second edition.

XVI. *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen; being a Narrative of the Principal Events which led to Negro Slavery in the West Indies and in America. Two vols. Fcp. Pickering. 1848 and 1852.*—Concerning these volumes, the intelligent author of *Friends in Council* says:—‘What I aim at, then, in this narrative, is ‘to show how the black people came into the New World; how the ‘brown people faded away from certain countries in it; and what part ‘the white people had in these doings.’ For this purpose the author has had access to valuable unpublished documents in the keeping of the Historical Academy of Madrid—documents which have been made the more available from their being collected and arranged with great care by the Spanish historian Muñoz. The truth of the story, in many of its parts, is more strange than fiction, and it is told throughout with the intelligence, humanity, and grave simplicity becoming such a theme. Of course, it gives you a sort of early history of the New World, with accounts of the distinguished men who were the first to make it known and familiar to the people of the Old World. The work should obtain a wide circulation; but, from the slow piecemeal manner in which it is making its appearance, it hardly will do so.

XVII. *The Free Church of Ancient Christendom, and its Subjugation under Constantine.* By BASIL H. COOPER, B.A. 12mo. pp. 400. Cockshaw.—This series of publications bids fair to do much credit to its projectors, and to the writers engaged in it. The press is the most legitimate agency for such effort, and eminently adapted to the purpose. We have never known much good come to either party from platform speeches, or oral polemics of any sort, on the questions at issue between churchmen and dissenters. It may be very strange, very provoking, that it should be so, but, so far as our observation has gone, so it has been. It would be pleasant, we seem to think, could we change the thinking of a nation in a day; but Providence seems to say, that upon grave subjects that would not be safe, and that therefore it shall not be. Are we, then, to allow great principles to slumber—to be forgotten? By no means. We are to labour—to labour hard, to promote them, only being careful that our labour shall be such as may contribute, not to frustrate, but really to further, the said principles. If the *Library for the Times*, as this series of works is designated, be continued as it has been commenced, we expect to see it do much service in the right direction. Hitherto, the learning, the ability, and the temper displayed in this series of works, are highly honourable

to the parties concerned; and this volume from the pen of Mr. Cooper, the last that has appeared, is by no means the least in its claims on that portion of our countrymen who are possessed with an honourable solicitude to know the truth.

XVIII. *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 2 vols. fcp. Boston. Twentieth thousand.—Bravely done, Harriet Beecher Stowe! We never read the words 'twentieth thousand' with any approach towards the delight we felt on seeing them upon the title-page of a book so rich in humane influences—humane influences in behalf of that remnant of sufferers within the limits of Christendom who the most deeply need such sympathisers. Harriet Beecher Stowe distinguishes justly between the transatlantic slaveholders who are such from circumstances, and those who are such as approving of the system; but to all persons who wish to see society as it is in the slave states of America, and to all who would be the means of diffusing a humane abhorrence of the slave system, we say, with our deepest emphasis and earnestness, read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and see that you get it read by as many besides as may be possible.

XIX. *Narrative of a Residence in Siam.* By FREDERICK ARTHUR NEALE. Fcp. *The National Illustrated Library.* 1852.—This book relates to one of the few countries concerning which it may be said that we have still much to learn. Mr. Neale makes a frank confession of his disposition when in Siam to pass his time in the amusements, much more than in the useful pursuits, of the place. He must, however, have had his eyes about him when there, and have possessed considerable powers of memory, as well as of observation, to have become the author of the book before us. The author professes to give an account of the 'Manners, Customs, and Laws of the Modern Siamese,' and he does so with every appearance of fidelity, and in a style which interests as being of the free and natural description proper to this subject. About three centuries since, the Siamese were conquered by the Burmese; from that time Siam may be said to have a history, and these two races have since lived a sort of French and English life, being often at war with each other. In those regions, a people once known must be always known, so completely stereotyped there is everything relating to man and his adjuncts. We know more of these people than we did, and the necessities of our Indian Empire will require that we should know more still. This instructive volume is neatly printed, and the illustrations add to its value.

XX. *History of the Council of Trent.* From the French of L. F. BUNGNER. Fcp. 552. Johnstone. 1852.—The controversy with Rome bids fair to wax much hotter. Our Free-trade liberals, to many of whom the safety of Christianity would seem to be as nothing, compared with the safety of their markets and their gains, are taking good care that the men who regard Christianity as from heaven and hold all things earthly light in comparison with it, shall not lack motive to be up and doing. To all right-minded men, every new display of a sceptical 'indifferentism' on this subject is as a new call to religious earnestness.

If the question as between Protestantism and Romanism were a question to be settled by evidence, the book before us would alone be sufficient to bring this discussion to a close. But ignorance, prejudice, and self-will, partly among Romanists, and fully as much with a large class of pseudo-Protestants, constitute the barriers opposed to such an issue. The triumph of truth, however, must be sought by the iteration of truth. The translator of this history has prosecuted his labours with the sanction of the author, and has received from him his 'last corrections and additions,' so that the English edition is more complete than the French. We wish the book a wide circulation. It is both good and cheap.

XXI. *The Course of Faith; or, the Practical Believer Delineated.* By JOHN ANGELL JAMES. 12mo. Hamilton. 1852.—In an excellent preface to this volume, the author has described the course which he has taken in the exposition of his subject. His aim has been to steer at an equal distance from those who seem to make the intellect everything in religion, and those who seem to make the emotions everything. His delineation of a life of faith includes the joint action of intellect and emotion—the consecration of head and heart to God. Our religionists erred not a little in both the extremes adverted to at the beginning of the present century. But the better education, both of ministers and of society, has pretty well put an end to delusion in such forms. Mr. James's volume consists of thirteen discourses, delivered to his congregation at a week-day service some years since. They have been revised for publication, and the large circle of readers to whom every production of his pen is welcome, will find in them a new treasure.

XXII. *Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn.* Von ARTHUR GÖRGEI. *My Life and Acts in Hungary.* By ARTHUR GÖRGEI. 2 vols.—The preface of GÖRGEI's book commences thus: 'The resistance of Hungary against Austria and Russia was suppressed. Kossuth and Szemere, with their followers, saved themselves, like the Poles, on neutral ground. I refused flight, and the majority of the unfortunate defenders of Hungary against New Austria followed my example.' From this first statement we may augur somewhat of the nature of those which follow throughout these volumes. How far the flight or non-flight from Hungary was a matter of will, it is difficult to comprehend. On the 13th of August, 1849, the Hungarians were forced to surrender to the 3rd corps of the Russian army, under the command of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Graf von Riedieker, at Zaránd. The officers, separated from the soldiers, passed the night in the open air upon a ploughed field, and were the next morning transported to Kis Jenő, under Russian escort. GÖRGEI left them on the third day, and was seen no more. The officers, about 8000, were then escorted by the Russians to Sarkad, where they remained about ten days, and thence, still under Russian escort, to Gyula. Here they experienced the fate which, in Sarkad, they had only suspected; at this place they were to have been delivered to the Austrians, and a division of

Austrian cavalry made its appearance, but nothing transpired. Towards the end of the same month of August, on a Sunday morning, all the Hungarian officers were summoned to appear in the palace of Graf Venkheim, where the Russian general resided, with orders to bring their swords. Up to this time they had been allowed their arms; but when Graf Montanova was despatched by the Austrian Baron Haynau to receive the Hungarian corps from the Russians, the Austrians feared some outbreak, from the inveterate hatred entertained against them by the Hungarians, and therefore prudently begged the Russians to secure the weapons before taking charge of their owners. Many of them had broken their swords, or given the best in remembrance to those Russian officers who had befriended them. Arrived at Arad, with forced marches and Austrian escort, they were the same night divided. Those officers who before the war had not been in the Austrian service, were sentenced, without distinction of rank, to serve as common soldiers under the Austrians. Those who had already been in the Austrian army, gave in their names, and were the same evening imprisoned in the fortress, beyond hope of release, though, as some happy instances have proved, not beyond the possibility of escape. In the face of such facts we call upon common sense to answer whether flight was optional? Görgei had led his army, wilfully, obstinately, and against all orders, into a position from which escape was impossible. These are the words of one who was present at each step of these proceedings, and who has, accordingly, a right to speak.

Judging from this work alone, and giving credit to its artful mis-statements and deliberate fabrications, we must pronounce Görgei as undoubtedly the *only* hero in all Hungary. Its statesmen were imbecile, its officers good for nothing, and its soldiers cowards. Yet to this solitary patriot, strangely enough, the country owes its present ruin! One of the patriotic acts upon which the general so plumes himself was the amnesty given to those officers who had quitted the Austrian army before the war began, but had then resumed their arms in the defence of their country. Görgei would have us believe that this amnesty was owing solely to his intervention. He tells us, that he took the first steps towards it, through the minister Von Bach, in the month of May, at Klagenfurt, and that he could not act *sooner*, as his own life was not secure. Whereas it is known that he received his pardon before the capitulation, on the word of Field-Marshal Prince Paskiewics. Further, that he was not sent to Klagenfurt from Grosswardein until June, at which latter place he professed to have received the amnesty. That is to say, according to his own statements, he was pardoned at Grosswardein in June, and escorted thence by Major Von Andrassy, to Klagenfurt, where he has since remained; yet he talks of being at Klagenfurt in May, amnestied, and exerting himself in behalf of his brother officers. But alas for the ingratitude of man, these said officers now maintain that they all received their pardon in the months of March and April, before Görgei had cared to raise his little finger in their behalf. Our space forbids us bring-

ing forward proofs which we could adduce respecting the true time when this amnesty—this feather in Görgei's cap—really took place, and how very little he had to do with the matter.

Were this the only statement against which we could furnish contradictory evidence, it would surely be sufficient to occasion grave questioning as to how far we are to place reliance on the word or honour of a man who could thus write. But this falsehood does not stand alone; and to those who will take up the book to read it in implicit faith, never troubling to ask if it be true or false, we would say—Lay it down again; read *Bleak House*, read the *History of Timbuctoo*—anything which does not basely distort the noblest thoughts and deeds of humanity, or vilify the upright actions of honourable men. The ground taken throughout the work is such as tends, in our judgment, rather to condemn the author, than to serve in any measure as the desired vindication of his acts. All those who are interested in the subject will rejoice to hear that this matter is not to rest here, that men fully competent are about to put us into possession of the means of judging between Görgei and those whom he has laboured hard to traduce.

The Religion of Geology, and its connected Sciences. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D. Fcap. pp. 408. Collins. A cheap reprint of a work of sterling value.—*Far Off; or, Asia and Australia Described.* By the author of 'Peep of Day.' 12mo. pp. 316. Hatchard. The fourth thousand of a series of descriptions about countries, peoples, and missionaries, designed to be as interesting to the young in pious households as fictions; and they are so. The book includes nearly fifty illustrations.—*A Comparative View of Popery and Scriptural Christianity.* By SAMUEL HULME. 12mo. pp. 275. Partridge. An intelligent, judicious, and effective manual on the subject to which it relates.—*Of Happiness in its Relations to Knowledge.* By JOHN FORBES, M.D., F.R.S. 12mo. Smith, Elder & Co. An introductory lecture delivered at a mechanics' institute; knowledge being viewed in the good influences natural to it, personal, domestic, and social.—*Romanism in Rome.* By ISAAC ROPER. Fcap. pp. 36. Snow. Mr. Roper here describes what he has seen in Rome, and in Italy generally, as illustrative of the genius of Romanism, and gives us his thoughts about it. The pictures and the thoughts are alike just, and adapted to convey the right impression.—*Notes on the Ecclesiastical and Monumental Architecture and Sculpture of the Middle Ages in Bristol. Part II.* By GEORGE PRYCE. Fcap. pp. 47-106. Bristol is rich in middle-age antiquities, and Mr. Pryce has given himself to his work in the right spirit, and with an effectiveness that is highly creditable to him.—*Welsh Sketches, chiefly Ecclesiastical, to the Close of the Twelfth Century.* Fcap. pp. 160. Darling. A treatise in which the probable is not well separated from the improbable, nor the sense from the nonsense.—*A Lecture on Inspiration.* By HENRY P. BOWER. 12mo. This paper, which was read before the tutors and constituents of the college at Airdale, is too brief to admit of the adequate treatment of such a topic; but the author shows himself observant of the thinking of our time in relation to this subject.—*The Crucifixion: a Poem, in Twelve Books.* By JOHN RITCHIE. 12mo. pp. 476. Simpkin. John Ritchie should have found some better employment for his time and money.—

The Rhine and the Reformation. By the REV. J. D. SMITH. Fcap. pp. 206. A visit to the Rhenish provinces brings Mr. Smith into the presence, at least in imagination, of the existing and the bygone in the religious history of the continent; and here is a book about it, intended, and adapted to strengthen Protestant feeling, and which by many readers will be felt to be well adapted to its purpose.—*The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* By JAMES BOSWELL. A New Edition; with an Introduction and Notes by ROBERT CARRUTHERS. 8vo. A pleasantly 'illustrated' edition, from the office of the 'Illustrated London Library,' of what must ever be a very pleasant book.—Certainly the idea is a happy one.—*The Gold Valuer.* By JAMES H. HATHERSTON. Fcap. pp. 64. Smith, Elder & Co., 1852. The Gold Valuer includes a table for ascertaining the value of gold as naturally produced or artificially amalgamated; with a familiar explanation of the art of assaying gold and silver, or the mode of ascertaining the portion of pure gold in any given quantity of metal.—*Bible Fruit for Little Children, gathered by the Rev. E. MANNERING.* 12mo. Snow, 1852. The right sort of book to be in the hands of 'little children,' and of those engaged as teachers of such.—*Lectures on the Typical Character of the Jewish Tabernacle, Priesthood, and Sacrifices.* By FORSTER G. SIMPSON, B.A. Fcap. pp. 334. Hamilton, 1852. Simple and sensible discourses on a subject adapted to awaken interest in village congregations.—*A Biblical and Theological Dictionary.* By the REV. JOHN FARRAR, Classical Tutor of the Theological Institution, Richmond. 12mo. pp. 656. Mason, 1852. In so far as we have examined this neat volume, we find it adapted, as proposed, to serve as a help to Christian families, and in the teaching of Sunday schools, day-schools, and Bible-classes.—*The Life of Hugh Hugh, D.D.* By his son-in-law, HAMILTON M. MACGILL. Fcap. pp. 572. Johnstone, 1852. The second edition of a work, which is valuable from the character of the man to whom it relates, and still more from its relation to events in the recent history of the United Secession Church.—*Notes on the Book of Revelation.* By the REV. ALBERT BARNES, with Preface by the REV. E. HENDERSON, D.D. Fcap. Knight & Son, 1852. This volume completes Barnes's Explanatory and Practical Notes on the New Testament. The view taken of the Apocalypse by the author is the old Protestant view, as it is sometimes called, regarding it as a foreshadowing of remote changes to take place in the history of the Church and the world.—*Life of Napoleon Buonaparte.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Second Edition. Revised by his Son. The first volume of a reprint in the Illustrated London Library.—*Michaud's History of the Crusades.* Routledge & Co. A new and cheap issue, in English, of the best work on its subject in European literature.—*A Book for the Seaside. Religious Tract Society.* An interesting and instructive companion for persons in quest of health or pleasure near the sea.—*Romanism at Home.* By KIRWAN. Johnstone. A book that has done service to Protestantism in America, and is fitted to do service to the same cause among ourselves.—*The Fraternal Memorial of the late Rev. William Fernie.* Hamilton. Memorials of an estimable minister of the Gospel, removed in the midst of life and usefulness.—*The Sailor's Prayer-Book.* Snow. This is a manual of devotion for sailors, whether at sea, or at home with their families. A good book for its purpose.—*The Gospel and the Great Apostasy.* One of the essays on Romanism as contrasted with pure Christianity, to which the Religious Tract Society awarded a prize. The author has seen the operations of Romanism, and especially of Jesuitism, in India, as well as in this country.—*Political Economy Illustrated by Sacred History.* Seeleys. Mr. James Taylor, the author of this little volume, discovers more wisdom in the Bible, even on this subject, than some people would expect to find there. But on monetary questions our wise

men have crotchets, and Mr. Taylor holds some questionable notions in relation to them.—*Oracles Interpreted.* By the REV. J. G. HEWLETT. Partridge & Co. An explanation of many 'Scripture difficulties,' in which the author has availed himself of helps from some of the latest and best sources.—*Reality; or, Life's Inner Circle.* By MRS. SAVILLE SHEPHERD. Shaw. The aim of this religious fiction is to bring out the difference between the hollow and the sound in religious profession in the more educated and wealthy classes in this country. Its tendency is of the right kind.—*The Idol Demolished by its own Priest.* By JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Blackwood. The second thousand of a work designed as an answer to Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on Transubstantiation*. It is a book of considerable power, both in its logic and in its rhetoric.—*The Mystery Solved.* By the REV. E. M. DELL, A.M., M.D. The object of the publication is to show that the bane of Ireland is in its Romanism and Priestism. The book is full of facts bearing on this point, and the case is, we think, fairly made out.—*Religion in its Relation to Commerce.* Needham. Twelve Lectures by Wesleyan Ministers, 'delivered in Jewin-street Chapel, in the City of London.' Such attempts to give a more practical breadth to the Christianity of the times deserve marked encouragement.—*Funeral Services for the Rev. Thomas Lewis, Minister of Union Chapel, Islington.* Snow. An appropriate memorial of a most estimable man.—*Daily Bible Illustrations.* By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A. Oliphant. This volume is intitled 'Isaiah and the Prophets,' and completes the series of Readings and Illustrations from the Old Testament. It includes more than sixty engravings, chiefly from the recently-discovered antiquities in Khorsabad.—*An Attempt to Illustrate the Chronology of the Old Testament by the year of Jubilee.* By the REV. G. B. SANDFORD, M.A. Rivingtons. The difficulty of such an attempt lies in the uncertainties of Jewish history as to the regular observance either of the Sabbath or of the Jubilee years. But the author has consulted the best authorities, and done the best perhaps that could be done with his subject.—*The Three Shams.* By the REV. BREWIS GRANT, B.A. A pamphlet consisting of three Lectures, designed to show that the Pope in pretending to be the successor of St. Peter, is a sham; that the Church of Rome in pretending to be Infallible, is a sham; and that the Douay Version of the Scriptures, eked out by Tradition, and pretending to be God's Revelation to man, is a sham—and, suffice it to say, the thing designed to be shown is shown, not only logically, but with considerable humour.—*The Illustrated London Geography.* By JOSEPH GUY, Jun. An attempt to teach geography with less technicality—less in the way of a catechism than is usual in school-books, and by a more constant use of the map and diagrams. It is moderate in size and cost, and its design and execution are excellent.—*The Illustrated London Drawing-Book.* By ROBERT SCOTT BURN. This work, as well as the preceding, is part of the 'Illustrated London Library.' It includes about 300 illustrative drawings or diagrams. It realizes everything to be desired in such a work.—*The Elements of Grammar taught in English Questions.* By the REV. EDWARD TRING, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and *The Child's Grammar, being the substance of 'The Elements of Grammar taught in English.'* By the same Author. Macmillan. Small books, and treating as they profess, only upon the 'elements' of grammar, but presenting them with much clearness and skill, so as not to repel by the artificialness, but rather to interest by the naturalness, of the mode, in which the knowledge is communicated.—*The Analysis of Sentences Explained and Systematized, after the plan of Becker's Greek Grammar.* By J. D. MORELL, M.A. Theobald. This work is cognate with the preceding, as designed to aid in primary education, and owes its origin to the want of a work of the kind as felt by the author in his experience as one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

